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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XXX.

PART II.

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THE GAMEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE GAMEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

BY J. M. GLEESON.

MY face and hands were cooling in the limpid brook; its babbling music filled me with delight. A little gray rabbit hopped out of the dense bracken and sat straight up to look wide-eyed at me. Gray, wet clouds were driving from time to time across the face of the purple hills, but the sun shone strong in the deep valley, where the little air that was stirring was moist and warm.

I had been tramping through County Wicklow, Ireland, and as the miles reeled off, the world seemed very lovely. All the time the mischievous clear brook that kept the winding road company sang soft or rippling songs to me until at last I hearkened and was brought down; and, stretching myself at full length upon the bank, crushing the dark, thick green grass, I dipped my face in the brook, and cooled my wrists, and drank deeply of its sweet waters. And then it was that she came — the gamekeeper's daughter. How I had thrilled in the old boyhood days as I read of little Fritz, the forester's son, fowling-piece on shoulder and game-bag at his side! and how my spirit had flown out of the window of the ugly little school-room, to wander with him through the dark forests where his father guarded the deer and wild boar for his princely master! And later, when the little school-house grew misty in the dim past, the forester's daughter, rosy of cheek and blithe of heart, took the place of little Fritz in my reading. I imagined her by the door of her father's white-washed, green-embowered cottage, one hand bent above her eyes as she scanned the wooded heights and listened for the deep music of the hounds, or as she stood among the foam-flecked horses, the dogs romping about her as she refreshed the tired hunters with great draughts of home-brewed ale. But in the fierce struggle of after

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life all this had been put away from my thoughts and was forgotten like the childhood times of hobgoblins or steel-clad knights.

And so it happened that as I lounged by the brookside and heard a voice, not unmusical, calling across the open, I started at the sound, sprang up and saw her, just as long years ago I had seen her in imagination — rosy of cheek and blithe of heart, a halo of fair hair about her head, a huge dish held at her side from which she dealt out food to great fat white ducks and monster gilded cocks and black-and-silver hens. And then, no less wonderful, there stepped out of the tall bracken a lovely creature with dappled coat and gentle, soft eyes — a Japanese hind, which, all unafraid, trotted up and nuzzled at the dish, and begged prettily for a share of the golden grain. And a gust of wind came down from the fir-clad hills, bending the tall grass before the gamekeeper's daughter and rippling the yellow halo of her head.

And there appeared, silent as ghosts, a herd of fallow deer on the edge of the deep-shadowed woods: splendid young bucks with horns still in velvet, soft and large; timid does watching warily, one eye on the little long-limbed fawns. And the sun, filtering through the green leaves, touched here and there the tawny, spotted coats, turning them to gold. And presently two stags, proud of their newly grown antlers, stepped out from the herd into the sunlight, and approached with queer stiff-legged little steps, now holding the head high in royal pose, then lowering it with pointed muzzle and ears thrown forward, and always ready to spring away on the instant to the safety of the shadows and the company of the herd.

And I saw all this and knew that it was not a dream, although it was as I had dreamed it long ago. And I felt that for those who could and would perceive, the world was never more beautiful, and all the dreams come true if only we would but open our eyes and see.

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

I KNOW a well-bred little boy who never says "I can't";
He never says "Don't want to," or "You 've got to," or "You sha'n't";
He never says "I 'll tell mama!" or calls his playmates "mean."
A lad more careful of his speech I 'm sure was never seen!

He 's never ungrammatical — he never mentions "ain't";
A single word of slang from him would make his mother faint!
And now I 'll tell you why it is (lest this should seem absurd):
He 's now exactly six months old, and cannot speak a word!

Hannah G. Fernald.

"Oh, Dorothy!" called Jim, from his room.

But above the clash of the duelists' rapiers on her page Dorothy was not able to hear, and she only crammed the book deeper into the cushions of the lounge and said, "Oo-oo-oo!" in a shiver of excitement.

Presently he called again: "Dearest cousin!"

Her eyes brightened as she whipped over a page.

Another pause, and then Jim stuck his head out of his door and looked down upon her where she sat curled on the hall floor, her elbows digging into the seat of the lounge and her fingers running madly through her pompadour. "Dot!" he exploded.

"He 's killed him! he 's killed him! he 's dead!" cried Dorothy, in a rapture of innocent glee.

"He 's not, either. He comes to life in the next chapter and behaves like kymo," said the superior Jim.

"Don't tell me — don't! Oh, you mean thing! Well, what is it you want?" This last because her cousin had quietly taken the book from her and was now sitting on it.

"D' you chance to remember how much we paid for Grace's birthday present?"

"Four dollars."

"Really? How nice! 'Picture for G., four dollars.'" He began to scribble in a sad-looking little account-book, but paused at Dorothy's objection: "*You* did n't pay four. I paid my half."

"Oh! that 's so. Too bad. Four dollars would be a fine starter. See here, Dot, dad has called for my month's accounts and I 'm straightening 'em out. You 'll help a fellow?"

"Oh, yes." Dorothy was very amiable so long as her book served as throne for Jim. "How much out are you?"

"How much?" This with some impatience.

"Yes. What do you have to account for?"

"My month's allowance, I told you!"

"But I mean — here, read me what you 've written."

Jim, plainly annoyed at her stupidity, held the book aloft and read in a teasing tone, "'Picture for G., two dollars,'" then stopped and looked quizzically at her over the top of the book.

"Jim, I should think you 'd make up your mind to keep track as you go along."

"So I did."

"You did?"

"Certainly. Did that very thing. Had the usual scene with dad, came upstairs, sat down at my desk, made a good resolution that *this* time I would put down every blessed thing as I bought it, swelled with self-esteem, chucked the book into the back corner of my desk, and never thought another word about it from that day to this. Was ever a fellow so put upon? There I was, with the best intentions in the world, and, as you see,"— he threw out his hands,— "balked on every side!"

"You old goose! And can't you remember a thing?"

"Yes," he replied after thinking a moment.

"Yesterday I bought a postal card, and the day before some banjo strings."

"Put them down quick! Now try again."

"It 's your turn."

"Well, there was the dance, you know."

"That 's so. How much?"

"One-ninety — no, one-eighty."

"'T is done. Go on."

"It 's your turn."

"I 'll give it to you. Please hurry." He waited with pencil uplifted and eying her closely. Each item as it fell from her lips was instantly noted in the book, and he was ready for another.

"Did n't you have your wheel mended?"

"I did. How much?"

"*I* don't know. Fifty, perhaps."

"Fifty. Go on."

"No — wait. I remember; it was sixty-five."

"Rectified. Sixty-five. Continue."

"And — um — um — you bought a new cleek."

"That 's down. Go on."

"Some golf-balls."

"How many? How much?"

"I don't know. Don't you?"

"Yes. What else?"

"Some car-fares, probably."

"Probably. How many, should you guess?"

"Why, I have n't the faintest idea."

"Call it seventy-five. Go on."

"That tie you 're wearing."

"Fifty. Go on."

"Newspapers, maybe?"

"There *must* have been. 'Papers, ten cents.' Go on."

"But, Jim, I can't think of another thing!"

An accusing silence followed, the pencil wiggling impatiently in the air. "Really, Dorothy," he complained, as she offered no further suggestions, "you must n't be so slow. Dad 'll be crazy."

"I 'll get *my* accounts, too!" cried Dorothy, inspired, and returned in a minute with her neat, well-kept book, with the aid of which, and by dint of much brain-racking, they finally succeeded in getting an imposing list of items. Then came the balancing, a distressing matter.

"You should have two sixty-three left. Have you got anywhere near that?" asked Dorothy.

He thrust a hand into his pocket, extracted one dime and one penny, and held them out on his palm, looking at her reproachfully.

"What! Only eleven cents? Is that all? Do we have to make up all the rest?"

"'Make up'! Indeed we won't, mademoiselle. We 'll have to *account* for it."

"Oh!"

They went all through the list, revising prices, amending and re-amending, with occasional appeals to other authorities for greater accuracy — as when Jim flew down the back stairs to ask the cook what would be a likely price for bakers' crullers, or Dorothy manœuvered in the lower hall till she had enticed her aunt out of the library, only to demand of that astonished lady, "Quick, Aunt Mary! Did Jim buy that belt last month or this?"

"Dorothy," called the dreaded uncle from the library, "what is that boy up to? I told him to come down and show me his accounts."

"Oh, he 'll be down presently, I guess," said Dorothy, and tore upstairs to report dolefully, "You got it *last* month, and uncle 's in a stew for you to come down."

"Well, I 'm in a stew, too!" said Jim, in a hurt tone. "Then I 'm still a dollar shy, Dot. How 'll I fix it?"

"Can't you think of *anything* you 're in the habit of getting?"

After reflection, he timidly suggested that perhaps he 'd had his skates sharpened; but as it was May, they decided not to record that expense.

"However," he cried in triumph, "I *did* lend you forty cents!"

"But I paid you!"

"Well, I must have lost some," he continued. "Yes, I 'm sure of it. 'Lost, sixty cents.' There! That balances to a cent. How pleased and proud dad will be! Thank you, Dot. *Au revoir!*"

Fifteen minutes later he came running back upstairs, to find his mother on the lounge with Dorothy, and down he sat between the two with a force that was positively unpardonable.

"Would n't accept my accounts," he announced indignantly. "Wanted dates. *Dates!* Ever hear anything more unreasonable? As if I 'd sit down and make up a lot of bogus dates!

Why, 't would be *cheating!* What are you laughing at, mother?"

"Was I laughing? I did n't mean to."

"Well, *would* it be fair?"

"I suppose not."

"Of course it would n't. And he pounced on that item 'bout Dot, and said, '*Mm!*'—no, not like that—'*Gmm!*'—that 's more like it—you know the way he does—'*Gurrum!* So you lent Dolly forty cents? Did n't she pay you?' And I 'm such a guileless dunce I had to giggle right out, 'n' say, 'Course she did. She always does.' And then he said '*Gurrum*' again, like the radiators when the steam 's coming into 'em. And he fished out a bill from Bancroft's and stuck it under my nose. I thought that bill was paid ages ago! Pretty idea sending my bills to another man! Why was n't it sent to me, I 'd like to know?"

"Why, it was, Jim!" cried Dorothy of the accurate memory. "They sent it 'way back in March. Don't you remember?"

"No, I don't. Then why did n't they send it to me *again?*"

"Possibly they thought it more profitable to send it to your father," suggested Mrs. Saybrooke, mildly, and her son sniffed.

"Well, he produced that and handed it out with *such* an air. He said, 'What do you make out of *that?*' I said I could n't see that I made anything; I thought I had lost on it. He said, very impressive-like, 'No, I am the loser,' and I said, 'All the better,' and then he sailed into me. The usual oration, you know: wasteful habits—ignorance—value of money—not grudging me all I wanted—only I should n't waste it, till finally he ended by saying the only way to keep me from wasting money was not to give me any to waste, and *I could n't have any allowance at all this month!* Now!"

"Whew!" said his listeners.

"I almost hated dad for that!"—with a vengeful click of his teeth.

"Oh, no, you did n't, Jim!" his mother protested, turning to look at her son.

He considered. "Well, no; no, I did n't hate him; but," with sudden animation, "I wish I *had* hated him!"

"But I 'll fix him," he prophesied direfully. "You 'll see!" After prolonged mental search for a means of bothering his father, he struck his knee in a rapture. "I 've got it! I 'll behave! How that *will* faze him!" And he retired happily to bed, hugging to his bosom the thought of his sinister revenge.

For a time his plan worked beautifully, and Mr. Saybrooke, coming out of his room the following morning, was startled and gratified to have his neck caught in a strangling if affectionate clasp while a jovial voice sang, "Hello, old blessing!" in his ear. Before leaving for his business the stern father had proffered a handful of car tickets, and in the course of the next few days the culprit's mother employed him on various odd tasks and errands, these little expedients saving him from absolute penury, although living was nevertheless a serious problem. Still the stricken one waked with an incipient grin trembling on his mouth, went to bed with a giggle, and was all through the day "the sweetest little being ever walked on two legs," as he confidentially informed his cousin, adding that he could "feel the improvement sticking out all over him like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

But Jim was human—very—and this docility could not last. One evening the exasperations of his impecunious state affected the boy's temper; he found relief in waxing riotous, and a paternal summons was quite disregarded as Jim raced noisily upstairs, drowning entreaties and commands in a merry catch trolled at the top of his lungs.

Mr. Saybrooke followed, clutching his paper. All was quiet on the second floor, and after calling in vain the harassed gentleman flung himself into an arm-chair in the sitting-room and tried to comfort himself with the stock reports. He was half-way down the column when a far-away voice called, "*Whoop!*"

"James, come here."

A head protruded from behind a corner of a bookcase and an anxious voice inquired, "Daddy dear, did you say, 'All 's out 's in free?'"

"I said, 'Touch home for Jim Saybrooke.' Come out here."

He came, finger in mouth and dragging a reluctant foot. "Am I 'it'?"

"You are. Does n't your conscience prick, old man?"

"No sir; it claws."

"It does, does it? Good enough! Go to your room and let it claw — no; go up to the loft and wait for me. Now, march!"

Click! went Jim's heels, up flew his hand in a military salute, and as he about-faced and marched off his father called after him, laughing, "Remember, now! just give yourself up to remorse."

As Jim passed out of the door he was unaffectedly sorry for his misbehavior, and grieved that he had not consistently carried out his scheme of revenge. When he reached the stair-foot he was grieving that his evening must be wasted, and as he opened the door of the loft, or clubroom which was the property of Dorothy, himself, and six kindred spirits, he was already planning what he would do when released.

But in the meantime he must find some occupation, and having lighted the lamp, he cast a searching eye about the big, oddly decorated room. What were those sheets of paper scattered on the piano? Why, surely, that two-step he was composing! He bore down upon the papers, gathered them together, and, putting on the soft pedal, played his composition over with increasing satisfaction. It was better than he had supposed. That place that had n't pleased him before — well, it was n't quite right, but he seemed almost to hear how it should go. Let 's see, now. The sheets of scribbled music were disregarded, and Jim's fingers wandered experimentally over the keys. Gradually, bit by bit, the thing came to him until he almost — not quite — wait — no — ah, good! and with a little squeal of triumph the inspiration came, and he bent over the keys delightedly, pounding out the desired chords. That was good — that *certainly* was good. He pounced on his score, smudging out the old notes and writing in the new. Those bars were repeated farther on; he looked for the place and made his correction. Now! He 'd play the whole thing over. He did, looking happier every minute. "Hooray! That sounds O.K.! I believe that 's not half bad!" he cried, flirting ten gifted fingers in the air; and then, forgetting caution, he pressed the loud pedal and sailed into his two-step so vigorously that the room rang with the lively air. The last chords sounded with a superb crash, and, with his hands still resting on the keys, he drew a long, happy sigh.

"James," said a quiet voice.

If Mr. Saybrooke wished to startle his son, he must have been satisfied with the jump that young gentleman gave. Recovering himself, "Did you hear my two-step, dad?" he inquired excitedly, adding, "*I* did n't hear *yours!*"

"I am not deaf," said dad, with crushing literalness.

Jim smiled. "Let me play it to you again!" he begged, fingering his music longingly.

"No, I thank you. James, do you happen to remember why I sent you up here?"

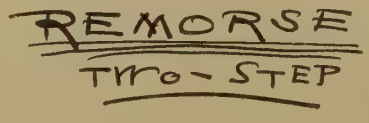
"Yes," said Jim, leaving the piano and walking toward his father. "I was bad. That was why."

"What did I tell you to do?"

"You said I was to give myself up to remorse." He attempted to get his hands on those broad, unbending shoulders, but without success.

"And this is the way you do it?"

Jim hesitated a minute, looking from his father's severe face toward the piano and back again. Then he suddenly fled to his seat, caught up his stubby little pencil, and drove it wildly across the top of the first sheet of music. Gathering the rumpled pages together, he rose and presented them to his parent with a polite bow. Glancing down, Mr. Saybrooke read in great black letters:



"I am glad to know," he said, "that you obey me so literally. Now please go to bed."

The boy obeyed. The father's unusually stern manner prevented his asking for his two-step back, though he looked at it, tightly rolled in Mr. Saybrooke's hand, with infinite wistfulness. "P'r'aps he 'll give it to me in the morning," he thought hopefully, saying good night in the hall. In the morning Mr. Saybrooke seemed not to know that such things as two-steps existed; and oh, crowning anguish,

though he searched into the most remote corners of his brain and nearly demolished the piano, Jim *could* not recall that particular little strain without which his whole composition was as naught.

Time passes, even for the poverty-stricken, and at last only one week remained before allowance-time. But *such* a week! A ball-game, a Dutch-treat lawn dance, and a concert, not one of which Jim felt that he could miss, and yet he had funds for only one half of one! He was thinking mournfully of these facts, one evening when he strolled in to dinner, and was pretty silent, till his father came in a few minutes later and handed him a roll of music, with the explanation, "I was passing Damon's to-day, and noticed that they had some new music in the window, so I brought you home a bunch of jigs, kid." Pleasant things do sometimes happen, it seemed, even to persons who had to economize, and the "kid" brightened, accepted his jigs gratefully, with a hearty "Thank you, dad!" and glanced them over, trying the opening bars in a repressed whistle, unreproved by his mother.

"'HAD TO OWN UP THAT IT WAS N'T ANYBODY BUT BAD LITTLE JIMMY!'" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"That last march of Norton's," he murmured. "Glad to have that — good as any he 's written, *I* think. Hello! here 's something that 'll just suit you, Dot. A song of De Camp's, all about apple-blossoms and sunshine and fat little girls with dimples. No, I don't mean anything personal. Don't get mad. I like the looks of it, myself. What 's this? Oh, *dad!* you know I loathe that thing. I shall take it back and exchange it for something good, you old smarty. Well, let 's see how this goes. . . . Humph! Why — WHAT!"

He had whistled the first bars, looked puzzled, glanced at the title, and then given a yell of astonishment.

Like lightning he slapped over the page and stared at the gorgeous red-and-black cover. No, there was no mistake. Dorothy, peeking over his shoulder, read in a megaphone voice:

REMORSE,
Two-step.

BY
J. C. SAYBROOKE.

"What is it? What J. C. Saybrooke? *You* did n't write it?" demanded his mother. But

Jim, after hopping up and giving one little prance of delight, rolled the music into a speaking-tube and telephoned across the table in hollow tones:

"Dad! Explain!"

The young composer's cheeks were about as pink and his eyes as bright as they well could be; but when his father placed a check on the waitress's tray and ceremoniously directed, "Take it to Mr. James," he became a little more bewildered and enraptured than before.

"*Thir—ty—five!*" he said in hushed accents. "Dad, you 've *got* to tell what it 's all about."

Thus coerced, Mr. Saybrooke produced a letter and handed it to his wife, who mercifully relieved the curiosity of the family by reading aloud at once:

H. Broughton,
Music Publisher.

May 9, ——.

My dear Mr. Saybrooke: Yours of the 8th inst. received, and I hasten to assure you that I have not forgotten your name, your face, nor your old-time characteristic of being ever anxious to help out the under dog. In this last particular your letter proves that you can have changed little since the days of Sheldon School. Glad as I should be to do an old school-mate a favor, it is entirely contrary to my custom to buy and publish any inferior music, for reasons of personal interest; therefore when I tell you that I will print the two-step you forwarded you will understand that it is solely on the merits of the composition itself that it is accepted. It has a swing and spirit that will make it popular, I believe, and is, moreover, distinctly original. Your young protégé has talent and should cultivate it. But why the singular title? I presume you have no objection to the substitution of one more suitable. If you will let me know the name of the composer I will at once forward the payment and bring out the two-step. Believe me, dear sir, heartily glad to be able to oblige an old friend.

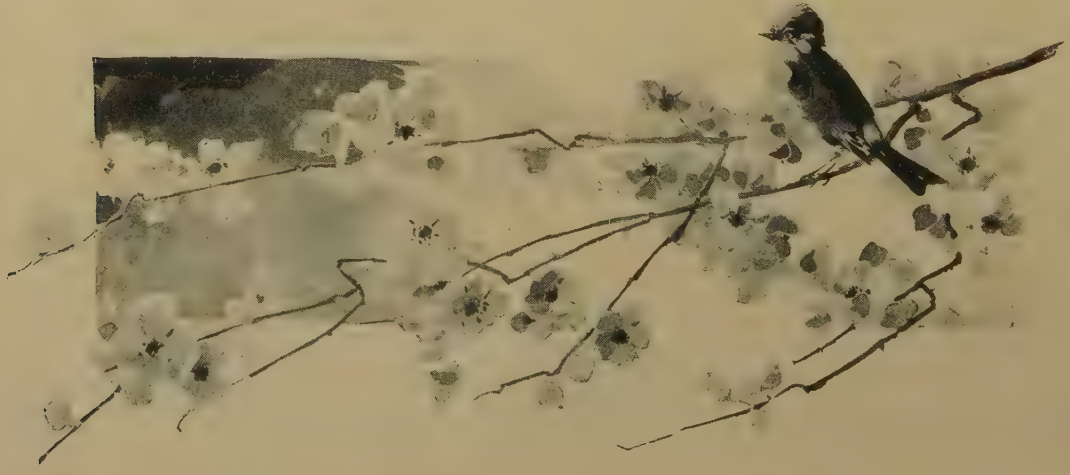
Cordially,
Herbert Broughton.

Only Jim seemed unimpressed by this surprising epistle; and he tore around the table to his somewhat embarrassed parent. "And then daddy had to own up!" he chuckled, strangling his sire with the right arm. "Had to own up that it was n't anybody but bad little Jimmy, that he was the needy young 'composer,'"—change to the left arm,—"and that the only reason Jimmy was needy was that his daddy had cabbaged his pennies," hugging with both arms now. "Say, I can go to the concert and the ball-game and the dance *too*, can't I? Hooray! Great Cæsar! I can't decide whether to sit down and eat, or go and play you 'Remorse'—I 'm so glad you did n't let him change the name!"

They finally persuaded him that eating was the thing to do; but in the first wait between courses he hied himself to the music-room and gave them "Remorse" in his very best manner. When he returned, Dorothy, who was n't musical but had some little skill with her pen, was declaring, "It would make a lovely moral tale. I mean to write it up and see if *I* can't earn thirty-five dollars."

"So it would," said her aunt, encouragingly. "You 'd better try it, dear."

But Jim, with a saucy but fond glance at his father, murmured, "The moral is all right, dad. I 'm going to save most of this money, and I 'll keep account of every penny of it!"



A MAY-TIME PORTRAIT.

HANNIBAL, THE LION PRESENTED BY MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE TO THE NEW YORK ZOÖLOGICAL PARK.

HANNIBAL INTERVIEWED.

I AM "Hannibal," of Cage No. 1 in the lion-house, New York Zoölogical Park. In choosing "Sultan" and me as the chief attractions of this collection of lions, tigers, leopards, jaguars, chetahs, and pumas, the Zoölogical Society has done well. I am the gift of one of the greatest living givers of good things, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, a king in his own right, with a crown of good deeds.

This is my picture; and Sultan is the only lion who says it flatters me. As you see, this ruff of tawny yellow-and-brown hair framing my face is fifteen inches wide; and the heavy fringe along my sides, and my huge tail-tuft, are such as are given—in my country—only to kings of my race. Yes, I know Sultan is a little larger than I am, and some of the artists praise his form; but the real glory of a lion is his hair.

Yes, I am glad at last to be really settled in life. My days in fear of the hunters' rifles, and my long journeys in small, dark cages in bad-smelling ships are now over. I like this place immensely, and will travel no more. This floor of maple wood, these walls of jungle-green tiling, and that frieze of desert-and-palm tiling are very much to my mind. The sleeping-dens are a trifle cool, but the Zoo people say my lungs will be all the better for that. The steps to the balcony are so high it is laborious to climb them, but the view from the gallery above is worth the effort.

My mate, "Cleopatra," is very handsome, and is very sweet-tempered—for a lioness.

Am I appreciated here? Dear me, yes. Half the visitors ask for me, and all of them admire me. Even a lion likes to be appreciated. Many times a day I roar my complaints to the People in Front, and when Sultan, Cleopatra, and Bedouin Maid join me, the whole building trembles and everybody stops to listen. This is the best building to roar in that I ever tried. A good roar every half-hour or so keeps a lion from getting lonesome; but men who try it for amusement generally get into trouble.

SPRING IN THE VALLEY.

By Mary Austin.

When the catkin 's on the willow
And the tassel on the birch,
The wild bees from the hiving rocks
Begin their honey search.

Brown wings among the browner grass
And breast all brightening yellow—
Pipes up from meadows as we pass
The lark's call, clear and mellow;
Now wakes the burnished dragonfly
Beside the glinting river,
That shakes with silent laughter where
The iris banners quiver;
Now on the budding poplar boughs
The tuneful blackbirds perch:
For the catkin 's on the willow
And the tassel on the birch.

Now stalks the solemn crow behind
The farmer in the furrow;
The downy owl comes out at dusk
And hoots beside his burrow.
Now blows a balmy breath at morn
To call men to the sowing;
Now all the waterways are full,
And all the pastures growing;
Now truant anglers drop a line
To catfish and to perch:
For the catkin 's on the willow
And the tassel on the birch.

MOVING DAY IN THE WOODS.

LANDLADY: YES; WE HAVE A COUPLE OF NICE LIGHT ROOMS ON THE THIRD FLOOR.
MRS. WOODCHUCK. HAVE N'T YOU ANYTHING IN THE BASEMENT? MY HUSBAND IS AFRAID OF FIRE AND WILL NOT GO UP SO HIGH.

"DICK," THE SEA-GULL.

By P. J. M.

Out in the ocean, about four miles off the shore of Rhode Island and just south of Narragansett Bay, is anchored Brenton's Reef Lightship. Some thirty-two years ago the lonely watchers on the ship had their attention attracted by a sea-gull that so far put aside his wild nature as to swim close to the vessel in search of food. The friendliness and the trustfulness of the bird immediately won the hearts of the keepers, and soon he was supplied with all the food he wanted. Not only this but every day, without a break, the bird, which by this time the men had named "Dick," came back, and just as regularly was he supplied. This soon grew into a habit; and the preparation of Dick's allowance became one of the cook's fixed duties.

There would have been nothing very remarkable in a wild sea-fowl following an instinct that led it to repeat a search for food so

regularly and so bountifully successful, were it not for its later history. One day near the 1st of the first April following Dick's appearance at the light-ship, he was missed, and was not seen again until about the 1st of the next October, when the same programme of daily feeding was resumed and kept up as during the previous year. Then, as the 1st of April drew near, Dick would again take himself off to his summer home, wherever that might be, only faithfully to return with the following October.

This repeated going and coming, with the constant round of daily feeding, was kept up for *twenty-four consecutive years;* and Captain Edward Fogarty, in charge of the light-ship, writes to us that the last seen of the old fellow was in April, 1895, when, according to his custom, he left for his summer vacation, but, for the first time in twenty-four years, failed to return the next October.

What became of him no one knows. His great age may have so enfeebled him that he was unequal to the long flight to and from his unknown summer home. He may have chosen to stay there, or he may have died of old age.

It was noticed by the ship's keepers that during his last visit Dick plainly showed the effects of his increasing years, and that he was no longer able to hold his own with the other gulls in maintaining his exclusive right to the bounty thrown out from the light-ship.

The Smithsonian Institution knew the history of Dick's visits, and was desirous of obtaining his remains when he died; but, while it is possible that in his later life he might have been captured and forced to end his days on shipboard, there was not one on board the light-ship so false as to make the attempt or to permit it in others.

The reports of Dick's arrival and departure were faithfully recorded by the captain in his ship's records as if they were an important item of marine news; and in the neighborhood of Newport, at least, he was as well known a character as any pet elephant or monkey within the safe confines of a zoölogical garden is to the girls and boys in the cities. Dick's cage and playground was the whole Atlantic Ocean, if he had wished, but he was faithful to the friends whom he had always found faithful to him.

DICK LEAVING THE BRENTON'S REEF LIGHT-SHIP.

In Chaucer's Youth.

By E. A. Pennell.

On a fresh, sweet morning of May, in 1359, a gay company of lords and ladies might have been seen cantering out of the little English town of Reading. Their merry chatter and laughter mingled musically with the bird-notes that tinkled through the morning air; and the brilliant coloring of their attire seemed to vie with the glory of the early sunbeams and the dewy, flowery meadows along the way. One might readily know this was a royal party, for the warlike figure at the head was unmistakably that of King Edward III. Close beside him rode the Black Prince on his black charger. Following them rode the Queen and her ladies; Prince John and his pretty girl-bride, Blanche; Prince Lionel and Elizabeth; and the two young princes, Edmund of Langley and Thomas of Woodstock. After these came a score or two of attendants — knights and ladies, squires and pages.

Conspicuous among the latter was Elizabeth's young favorite, Geoffrey Chaucer, who in later life became one of the greatest of England's poets.

Evidently he was the favorite of others besides the countess; for, as he cantered along on his sleek little palfrey in the midst of his companions, he was telling them tale after tale, and constantly provoking bursts of laughter by his quaint jokes and gestures. Now and then he fell behind, and, riding close to the hedges that bordered the road on either side, plucked a blossom or two to toss into the lap of some smiling maiden; or, growing more bold, he plaited for his fair mistress a tiny wreath of daisies, to him the dearest, daintiest flowers of the field. More than once, too, he was summoned to the side of Prince John, whom he had met at Hatfield the previous year, and who, always a friend to the boy, was afterward the best patron of the poet.

Even without the entertainment that Chaucer furnished, the whole party had cause to be merry. Only the day before, the Sabbath bells had called them to the Benedictine Abbey of Reading to witness the wedding of Prince John and Blanche, Duchess of Lancaster; and now they were hastening to London to spend the week in public games and all sorts of merry-making at court.

The pleasure of anticipation rang in their voices as they talked of the feasting and dancing in prospect, and in every group there was a ripple of new enthusiasm when one mentioned the festivities of Thursday. On that day there was to be famous jousting. Heralds had proclaimed throughout the country for miles around that a tournament would be held, in which the Mayor of London, with the sheriffs and aldermen, would undertake to hold the field against all brave knights who might accept the challenge.

This was the event of the week, not only to the pleasure-loving nobility, but to the city and country folk as well. Everywhere were signs of preparation for the coming holiday. In the

towns through which the highroad ran, and in the streets of London, were displayed the colors and emblems of favorite knights, or the arms of the city of London, according to the sympathies of the people.

At the castle on the morning of the gala-day all was bustle and excitement, and at an early hour the train of courtiers and ladies was on the road again, considerably larger and no less merry than before. Bustle and excitement reigned, too, in the streets of the surrendered city as they passed through. On all sides were people on foot and people on horseback,—"peple poore and peple riche," as Chaucer remarked,— all of them in exuberant spirits, and all going one way.

Not far outside the city the royal party came to the place where the lists had been prepared for the jousting. It was then a "fair large place" called Crownfield, but is now known as Cheapside. Here they found a host of eager spectators already in their places — a motley crowd of villagers and city people in the lower tiers of seats, and above them the gentry and the lesser nobility, filling the galleries to overflowing. In the middle of one side was a covered balcony hung with purple and white, the colors of the royal bridal party. Hither the ladies and guests of the court were conducted, amid the enthusiastic greetings of the assemblage, which rang out again and more cheerily than ever when Lady Blanche took her place on the daintily cushioned throne prepared for the Queen of Love and Beauty. The childish sweetness of her face was dignified by her crown of pearls and amethysts; and her fair hair fell in long plaits adown her robe of royal purple bordered with ermine and gleaming silver. On the front of her pure white gown of sendal was broidered the crest of her husband, Prince John. Around her sat the ladies of the court, and her father, Henry of Lancaster, with King John of France, and many of his nobles, Edward's prisoners at Poitiers.

A splendid sight met their eyes as they glanced around the vast inclosure. Over the rough framework of the galleries hung rich tapestries of many hues, forming a background for the banners of the contending knights. The peasantry and gentry wore colors and shades as varied as their rank; while the lustrous crimsons and blues of the velvet gowns of the nobility were relieved by the spotless white and the heavy gold trimmings of the ladies' coverchiefs. Below in the lists were sergeants-at-arms "priking up and doun" to keep order in the eager crowds; and heralds stood ready to announce the beginning of the contest.

"Daughter," said Duke Henry, after a few minutes' enjoyment of the scene, fascinating though familiar as it was, "methinks the people waxeth impatient of our delay."

Lady Blanche signaled to the heralds with her slender scepter, the trumpets sounded merrily, and the gates at either end of the lists were thrown open. Twenty-four knights, well mounted and armor-clad, entered through each

"SUDDENLY A PAGE DASHED TO HIS SIDE AND PRESSED A FRESH BLADE INTO HIS HAND."

gateway in double rank. They advanced slowly into the ring to allow their squires and pages to find place behind them. The excitement was visibly increasing throughout the rows of spectators. In the balcony it was no less intense.

"By my halidom!" exclaimed King John of France, looking where the shields bearing the arms of the city of London showed the position of the mayor and his staff, "they are a warlike company! Those young knights, whoever they be, must bear themselves well if they would win."

The contestants were now drawn up ready for the fray. On one side were the mayor and the four sheriffs, protected on the flanks by seven of the aldermen, and in the rear by the remaining twelve. On the opposite side were the twenty-four knights who had first presented themselves in answer to the challenge of the mayor, each one eager to show his prowess before the lady whose scarf he wore.

A second time the trumpets sounded, and the heralds proclaimed the rules of the tourney. The weapons allowed were the lance and the sword, the latter to be used only to strike, not to thrust. A knight unhorsed or forced back to his own end of the lists was considered vanquished. A conquering knight might be forced to face two or three assailants at a time, but in that case a second sword would be allowed him.

Again the trumpets rang out "loude and clarioun," and the heralds cried, "Do now your *devoir!*" Instantly the front ranks met with a tremendous shock in the center of the lists. The people gazed breathlessly at the dust-enveloped mass to distinguish the victors.

"The mayor conquers!" shouted many voices, as his opponent was seen to be unhorsed and declared vanquished. Several other knights were rolling in the dust under their horses' feet. Reinforcements from the second ranks were joining in the strife, but the victory was plainly with the mayor's side before the heralds' "Ho!" recalled the knights to their places.

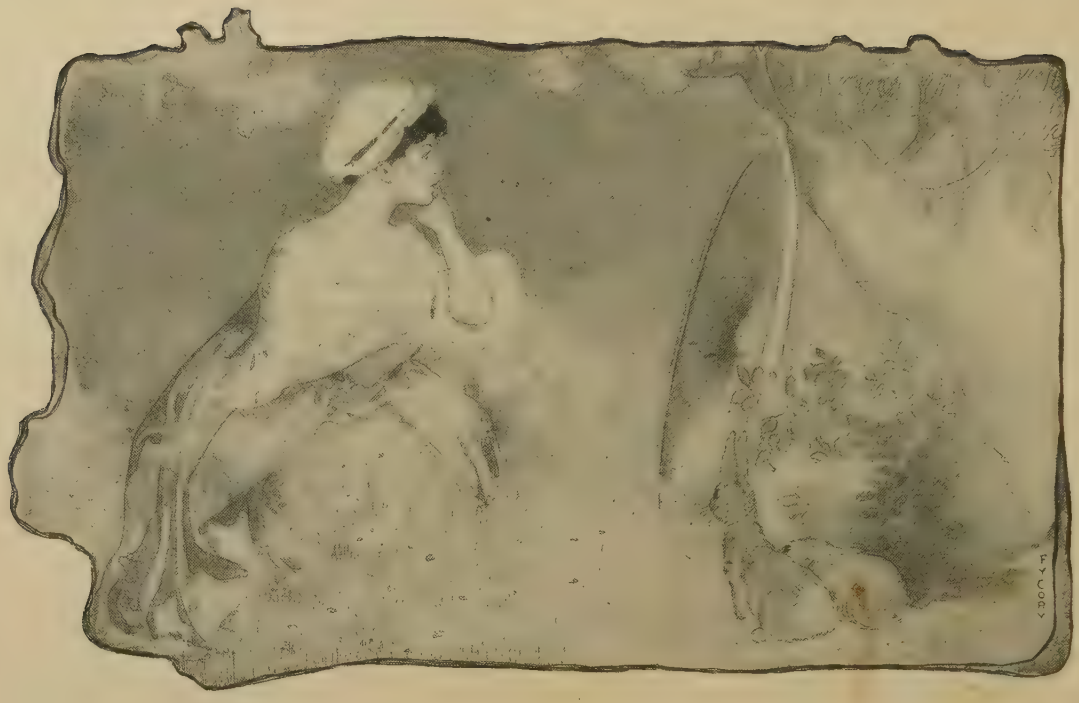
In the second and third encounters the sheriff, whose place was at the mayor's left, was easily the victor, as again and again he drove an enemy back, back to the opposite gate. The interest of the spectators was centered on him, and prophecies of yet another victory were made.

In the fourth encounter, however, he lost his lance and was obliged to draw his sword. Now he was gaining ground again, when two knights came to the aid of his opponent. For a few moments longer the young sheriff held his own bravely, wheeling his horse around, striking now here, now there, and parrying the blows of his assailants with consummate skill. But by an unlucky stroke his steel snapped. He was lost! Already his antagonists were forcing him back and demanding surrender. Suddenly a page dashed to his side, pressed a fresh blade into his hand, and swiftly withdrew. With renewed vigor the sheriff defended himself. The outcome of the contest was very doubtful. Then all at once victory was assured when by a few masterful strokes he scattered his enemies and stood alone, the conqueror of the day.

"The voice of peple touchede the hevene" as all recognized his prowess. Amid cheers and confused shouts of "Largesse! Largesse!" and the blare of trumpets, the heralds led him to the foot of the balcony, where the Queen of the Tourney stood ready to give him the victor's crown. The ceremony was interrupted by cries of "Unmask! unhelm him!" The sheriff obeyed the demands of the people, removed his helmet, and revealed — the face of Prince John of Gaunt! Before the lusty cheers that greeted him had begun to subside, the mayor and his comrades entered the lists again, and, saluting the Queen, uncovered their heads. The mayor was transformed into King Edward, the three remaining sheriffs into the elder princes, and the aldermen into well-known lords.

Cheer after cheer arose, and mingled with shouts of "God save such a king!" were heard cries of "The page!" "Bring out the page!" And, with slow step and downcast eyes, Geoffrey Chaucer was led before the throne.

That night, while the stars blinked sleepily before the brightness of the perfect moon, young Chaucer stood long by his open window. His mind's eyes were looking far into the future, when he should be in the wars — perhaps a squire of the King himself; for that evening had seen him made squire to Prince Lionel, and a firmer friend than ever to Prince John.



DAME QUIGLEY'S GLASS.

By Eva L. Ogden.

See-saw, Margery Dawe
Sold her bed and slept on straw,
Sold the straw and slept on grass,
To buy herself a looking-glass!

Margery darling, Margery Dawe,
What was it you thought or dreamed you saw
In that quaint old, worn old looking-glass,
That you gave up your couch and slept on the grass,
To purchase that ancient looking-glass?

Was it set with diamonds, or rubies, or pearls,
That the fairest of all the Puritan girls
Sold her great four-poster hung with chintz
(Never such goods before or since!)
Only to buy that queer old glass
And watch her shadow across it pass?

Nay; this is the legend that floated to me
From a little old town at the edge of the sea;
With it a handful of fragrant grass
And the empty frame of a looking-glass.

Massive and stern, hard-featured and brown,
Dame Quigley dwelt in the old shore town.
Her back was broad, and her will was strong;
Not even the judge dared do her wrong!

One day the town burned witches ten,
And when it was over, went women and men
To their darkened homes with one accord,
Marveling much at the ways of the Lord.

Dame Quigley sat in her own south door
As the long procession wound up from the shore.
About her the fragrant, blossoming grass,
At her feet an ancient looking-glass,
She sat in the sun to watch them pass.

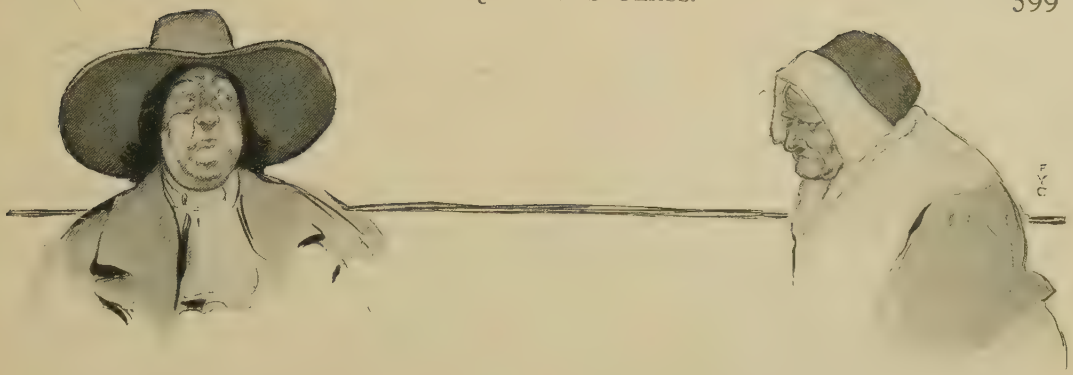
And she mocked them bitterly, crying: "Come see
Yourselves as ye look to the Lord and me!
In the still, strange depths of this mirror old
Naught but the truth may any behold.

"If a man lead the life that a man should lead,
True and just to his neighbor in word and deed,
His face shall look back, his form shall pass
Over this searching looking-glass.

"But cruel and unjust let him be,
No sign of face or form shall he see;
Sunlit sky and wave-green grass
Are all that will show in the looking-glass!
Burners of women, behold and see!
Ye are naught, ye are naught to the Lord and me!"

Squire and parson, clerk and judge,
Dame of degree and household drudge,
They who prated of doing the Lord's good will,
And yet could be cruel and unjust still,

With scornful mien, or with angry eye,
Gazed each in the mirror as each passed by.—
Sunlit sky and blossoming grass
Were all that showed in the looking-glass!



Then the voice of the dame rose shrill and high
As the long procession wound slowly by:
"'Ye who perverted my merciful word
Have cast yourselves out of my world,' saith the Lord."

That very night, as the sun went down,
She shook from her feet the dust of the town;
The judge in his gateway watched her pass,
And she curtsied, and left him the looking-glass!

Now this is the reason that Margery Dawe
Gave up her couch for a bed of straw,
Sold the straw and slept on the grass,
To buy for her soul that looking-glass.

THE BABY'S NAME.

By Tudor Jenks.

What should we name our baby?
We gathered a score of books,
Consulted grandparents, uncles, and aunts,
Considered the baby's looks.

We did n't like "Zephaniah"
Or "Matthew" or "Theodore";
We looked through the family Bible,
We discussed a hundred or more.

Some were "too high-sounding,"
Others were thought "too tame";
Some did not seem "quite fitting,"
None was the "just right" name.

What should we call the baby?
We argued it, pro and con,
Till at last we reached a final choice,
And we called the baby John.

A MAY-TIME MORNING IN HOLLAND.

TRAINING FOR INTERSCHOLASTIC ATHLETICS.

(Second Article.)

By G. W. Orton.

KRAENZLEIN, FORMER WORLD'S CHAMPION BROAD JUMPER.

MAKING HIS BEST RECORD OF 24 FEET 7½ INCHES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA'S RELAY GAMES IN 1898.

This was a world's record at the time. Note the elevation he has attained, though he has just left the take-off. Note also the manner in which the arms are balancing and aiding his body.

THE BROAD JUMP.

Every school-boy thinks that he can broad-jump, and so he can to a certain degree. But this event is one which should be gone at systematically to get the best results. The jumper should first carefully notice his stride on going up to the take-off, so that he can mark off a distance (say 25 yards back), and by stepping on this mark with one of his feet as he runs by he will be sure to strike the take-off when he comes to it. The jumper cannot be sure of getting his best efforts into his jump unless he is practically sure of hitting the take-off. After this has been acquired, the athlete can get to work. In this run the jumper's highest speed should be reached at about 10 or 12 feet before the take-off, so that he can gather himself for the jump. After leaving the take-off he should shoot out and up. He must have elevation or his efforts will be in vain. He should go into the air at an angle of at least 45 degrees. A good way to get this elevation is by placing a hurdle in the jumping-pit and jumping over it. The jumper should gather himself together as he goes through the air, and at the finish, just before alighting, he should force himself on by a spasmodic effort with his arms and body. The legs should also be held forward so that they will strike the ground at the farthest possible distance. Practice will show how far out the feet can be

thrown without the athlete's falling back into the pit. It must be remembered that the greater the speed the farther out the feet can be thrown with safety. A great deal of practice is necessary to become a good broad jumper, but this is an event which it is not well to practise too frequently, as it is very hard on the legs. The broad jumper will therefore not expect to get at his best during his first season.

After the jumper by long practice has acquired his form in getting the take-off and his elevation after leaving the take-off, he should not practise more than three times a week; and when he is getting into fine shape he should do his very best but seldom, as this event is one that is liable to leave strained tendons.

The jumper should train for speed, which is a prime necessity. In addition to this he should also train regularly as a sprinter, directions for which were given last month.

THE HIGH JUMP.

HIGH jumping has made great progress during the last few years, due to a greater attention to form. "Mike" Sweeney, the holder of the world's record, and I. K. Baxter, the amateur world's champion, are the best exponents of this sport. They have both reduced high jumping to a science, and by employing their methods a jumper can get the best results. The run from the side and the simple scissors style of high jumping — throwing one foot over and then the other — have been relegated to the past. Now the best high jumpers go at the bar almost directly from the front, or even directly. After leaping from the ground a half-turn is made in the air, so that when the height of the bar is reached the jumper has his side to it. When rising to the bar the forward leg is thrown high into the air to clear the bar, and

KRAENZLEIN LANDING IN THE BROAD JUMP.

Note the way the legs are thrown out. It looks as if he would fall back into the jumping-pit, but his momentum will send him forward. This jump was taken when Kraenzlein made his then (1898) world's record of 24 feet 7½ inches.

PRINSTEIN OF SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY, CHAMPION BROAD JUMPER OF AMERICA.
MAKING HIS RECORD JUMP OF 24 FEET 9¾ INCHES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA'S RELAY GAMES IN 1899.
Note the elevation and the manner in which the arms are used to balance the body in its flight through the air.

the shoulders are thrown back and the arms up and out to aid the rise, the other foot being kicked into the air at the same time. The result is that the body is thrown out of the way, the legs escape the bar by the scissors movement mentioned above, and the jumper generally alights with his face to the bar. This is the style of Baxter, Sweeney, Spraker, Jones, W. Bryd Page, and J. D. Windsor, the best high jumpers that we have ever had.

The object of going straight at the bar, or nearly so, is to use all the muscles in jumping from the ground, which is impossible under the old style. The young jumper should practise at a low height until he first of all masters the turn as he rises to the bar. This must be timed very nicely, or one leg or the other will hit the bar, no matter how high the body may be. The turn must be learned before anything else is done. Then the jumper can pay all attention to the swinging of the feet over the bar. If the forward foot is brought up smartly and the other follows with a sort of jerk, the body will be thrown into the air and the height attained will be greater. After learning the first movements, namely, the turn and the scissors-like movement of the legs over the bar, the jumper should then try to get more aid from his body and arms. Baxter is the best example of this. He uses the waist or the middle of the back as a sort of fulcrum. By practice he has gained almost perfect control of his body while in the air, and he thus aids himself in getting over the bar. Baxter is the most economical jumper that we have; that is, he can clear a greater height in proportion to the natural spring in him than any other jumper: and he does this because of the manner in which he throws his feet after leaving the ground, and especially because of the great upward drive he gets through throwing the shoulders back just at the right moment.

As already has been stated, the young jumper will do well to aim at getting form

before he gets height, and with that once accomplished he will make consistent advancement. The high jumper will find that broad jumping will not benefit his high jumping, as it will give him a tendency to jump into the bar. The high jumper should be just as careful about his take-off as the broad jumper, and a little watchfulness will soon show him at what distance from the bar he should make his jump. The young jumper will also have to find out for himself at just what angle to the bar he should approach it in order to clear it most easily. This angle varies with the jumpers mentioned above; but practically they all go at the bar almost directly from the front.

I. K. BAXTER, WORLD'S CHAMPION HIGH JUMPER.

JUST CLEARING THE BAR. RECORD 6 FEET 3⅜ INCHES.

This picture illustrates the great part which the body takes in high jumping. By throwing his body into the position seen in the illustration, he has brought up his left foot. Now, by a swing down and out of the left arm, a kick upward with the right leg and an upward heave of the shoulders, his body will clear the bar.

THE POLE VAULT.

LOOKING back on H. H. Baxter's record of 11 feet 5 inches, made nearly fifteen years ago, and remembering that the present world's record by Clapp is only 5½ inches higher, one might suppose that American athletes have stood still as far as this event is concerned; but a close investigation would reveal quite the reverse. In H. H. Baxter's time (by the way, he is no relation to the Baxter of the present day) the pole-vaulter was allowed to move the upper hand on the pole. This was a great advantage, even though it did not degenerate into climbing the pole, and this style is at least 6 inches higher than the present style, in which the upper hand must not move. Thus Clapp's present record is much better than it appears. Also, there are now many men who can do close to 11 feet, indicating that a high standard of excellence has been attained.

The first thing that the young vaulter has to learn is to get his take-off so that he can pay all his attention to getting over the bar. After getting his distance, or while he is learning this, he should learn how to leave the ground. After planting his pole firmly, the vaulter should spring into the air, guiding his body by means of his arms and the pole. The legs should be shot up into the air so that

I. K. BAXTER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

CLEARING 6 FEET 3 INCHES AT THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIPS IN 1900.

Note the movement of the first leg over the bar and the great control of his body that Baxter has through his arms and legs.

they will clear the bar, and so that they can be used as a sort of fulcrum to get the chest out of the way of the bar. When going over, the body should be swung so that it faces the bar. The momentum of the run and the spring should carry the feet into the air and give the body the half-turn just noted. Just before the body gets to the bar, the arms should lift, the back straighten, the legs drop down, and the body drop over the bar. It will be found that a better lift can be obtained if the lower hand is moved up to the upper hand. This is allowed, as the rule refers to the upper hand only, and the vaulter is free to move the lower hand if he so desires. Here, again, the young athlete should be cautioned against trying for height before he learns the form. Of course, practically, it may happen that the exigencies of competition may require him to try for height on special occasions; but he should remember that if he is ever going to become a champion he must first get the form or he will not get the best results.

The young vaulter must, in this event, get *two* take-offs, so to speak. He must get his take-off so that he will not have to worry about placing his pole for the vault. Then he will have to find out the varying heights at which he will grasp his pole in clearing the bar at different heights. This varies according to the lift that the vaulter may have, or the run or the spring into the air that he takes, and each young vaulter will have to find this out for himself. He should choose that height on the pole at which he can swing his body and legs clear up above the bar. Then, with a lift of the arms, he should be able to drop cleanly over on the other side.

The vault is somewhat of a gymnastic feat, and it requires a great deal of strength in special muscles of the arms and shoulders. It is well, therefore, for the vaulter to take special

exercise for the arms, shoulders, and back. But the two points that must be especially borne in mind are the swing of the body and legs into the air and the lift of the arms. These two movements must be nicely timed, and it will take considerable practice to get them perfect. The young athlete must remember that in this, as in other field events, form often counts for more than natural ability, and that if he is to succeed as a college or club athlete he should aim at perfection in form above all things.

SPRAKER OF YALE, INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE CHAMPION HIGH JUMPER.
RECORD 6 FEET 2¾ INCHES.
He jumps on the same principle as Baxter, and the picture shows him just after clearing the bar.

THE SHOT PUT.

SHOT-PUTTING, like hammer-throwing, is one of the oldest field-sports known. The Scots have tried their strength by putting the "stane" for many hundreds of years, and it is still much practised as a sport throughout Scotland. Very many school-boys do not properly put the shot. The writer remembers being at an interscholastic meeting where not a single boy *put* the shot. They all *threw* it. In putting the shot the weight leaves the hand straight from the shoulder.

The shot-putter is allowed a seven-foot circle in which to get his run. He stands back at the farther side of the circle, and, poising with the weight in his hand, he moves up, not by stepping but by a sort of glide, keeping the one foot forward until it reaches almost to the other side of the circle. Then the putter reverses his feet, the arm holding the shot shoots forward and upward, propelled not only by the momentum gained in moving across the circle, but also by all the weight of the body, the strength of the thighs and back, and the power of the arm. The arm is shot straight out from the shoulder. If there is no stop from the beginning of the movement at the farther side of the circle, and if the putter has used his whole weight and strength on the reverse foot-movement, he has attained perfect form.

The great obstacle to be overcome is a tendency to stop after gliding up to the front of the circle; for if this is done the athlete might just as well put standing still. There must be continuous motion from the beginning. After the young shot-putter has mastered going from the glide to the reverse he should then pay all

his attention to seeing that in that reverse, and especially in the last drive, which is simultaneous with the shooting out of the arm, he uses the weight of his body and the strength of his legs.

The young shot-putter should, therefore, have weight behind him; and if he has mastered the form indicated above, every pound will count. This is one reason why a shot-putter can stay in competition for so long and keep his form. The heavy man generally gets heavier as he grows older, and the increase in weight makes up for the decrease in speed, so that a shot-putter may get the same distance when thirty-eight as he did at twenty-six. It is this fact that gives the young shot-putter plenty of time to master the form, and he should do this, if it takes two or three seasons. By not trying to get distance at first the young athlete will soon find himself getting the form, and then he will make much greater and much surer progress.

I. K. BAXTER.

RECORD 11 FEET.

The picture shows him just after rising to the bar and just before lifting with arms and shoulders to get the body over the bar.

Both the shot-putter and the hammer-thrower should take a little general exercise for their bodies, and they should do some sprinting and running to get them fast on their feet.

THE HAMMER THROW.

No event in the athletic calendar has undergone more radical changes during the past five years than the hammer throw. Up to the advent of Flannagan, "Jim" Mitchell held the world's record. Mitchell threw with a single turn, and his record of close to 149 feet at this style has never been approached by any hammer-thrower, with the exception of "Willy" Woodruff, the former Pennsylvania star. With Flannagan came the double turn, and he startled amateur weight-throwing circles by increasing the record to over 150 feet. Then in 1900 Plaw, a young man from California, came along, and with the greatest ease threw the hammer over 160 feet, using a triple turn. But Flannagan, unlike Mitchell, who was too old to adopt a new style, at once adopted the triple turn, and ever since he has kept the record ahead of the Californian. Flannagan was able to change to the triple turn so easily because in

Ireland he always threw with a triple turn; but there the circle was nine feet instead of seven, as it is in this country.

Flannagan and Plaw are therefore the models for the hammer-thrower, and there is no event which the sturdy young athlete should begin earlier than this one. By using a 12-pound hammer, the youth of moderate weight, say 150 pounds or even 10 pounds lighter, can develop the style which will be the same when, later on, he gets into college or club athletics and has to use the 16-pound hammer. In the days of Mitchell weight and strength were needed in an extraordinary degree to get the best results. The newest style demands a certain amount of weight and strength, but particularly a great deal of cleverness in getting the turns swiftly and with ever-increasing speed. Of course, if the heavy man can get the speed in his turns he will do all the better.

The young hammer-thrower should practise the turns until he has learned them perfectly. He will find that it is necessary to use all the circle to get in the three turns. The movement will be easily explained to those who know how to waltz, for the turn is almost exactly that part of the waltz step which precedes the reverse. For those who do not know how to waltz the following explanation may illustrate the point. The one foot or leg should be used

SHELDON OF YALE, WORLD'S CHAMPION SHOT-PUTTER.

Just after the shot has left his hands. Sheldon gets his whole body into his put.

DEWITT OF PRINCETON, PUTTING THE SHOT.

as a pivot, and the most of the weight should rest on it. The thrower should revolve on this foot for the first turn, and repeat the motion for the second and third. The first turn should not be very fast, the second should be faster, and the third should be at the greatest possible speed. The hammer should not be revolved around the head in a horizontal position, but it

DEWITT, INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPION HAMMER-THROWER.

Getting ready for the first turn in the hammer throw.

should describe a turn half perpendicular, so that when it leaves the hands it will sail out and forward with a good elevation. The hammer should leave the hands cleanly and with no pull back. On the contrary, the whole weight and power of the shoulders and thighs should be put into the last effort. It will be found that when the hammer leaves the hands the thrower will not be facing the direction in which he is throwing, but that he will be three quarters facing to the rear. This will allow the athlete to get the elevation to the hammer, as it will go nearly over the shoulder. But different throwers face at various angles to the direction of the throw. As a very great deal of the success in this event depends on the speed of the turns, they should be practised until they become second nature. Then, and not till then, will the thrower be able to put into his throwing all the power of which he is capable.

McCRACKEN OF PENNSYLVANIA, FORMER INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPION, THROWING THE HAMMER.

He is on the last turn, and is just coming around. As he alights, down and around will come the hammer, and then off over his left shoulder.

PLAW OF CALIFORNIA, PACIFIC COAST CHAMPION, THROWING THE HAMMER.

He has just made his first turn. The next two turns will be made with increasing rapidity, until the hammer at last leaves his hands at full speed.

It will be noted that in all these suggestions for track events stress has been laid on a general development, that is, that the sprinter, distance-runner, and other young athletes should have good back muscles, strong hearts, healthy lungs, etc., if they hope to attain their limit of achievement; and the interscholastic athlete must lay the basis of his college championships while still at school.

JO JOBSON GETS A NEW JOB.

By R. F. Bunner.

Jo Jobson, when wrecked on the billows,
On a bellows just floated ashore;
But the land that he reached was a desert,
So his troubles by no means were o'er.

Starvation is slower than drowning,
But a blacksmith—now what can he do
In a land where they never use horses,
And where camels need never a shoe?

Jo still had his big, breezy bellows,
And he was not dismayed in the least;
For soon each tired traveler paid him
To fan both himself and his beast.

THE ENCHANTED GLOBE.

By Nina Moore Tiffany.

Our globe of glass holds fishes three;
Gay, golden-scaled, they flash by me.
I stand and watch their ringèd eyes,
That will not wink nor change in size,
And wonder if they ever sleep,
Or day and night that stare must keep.

But, oh! such lovely colors gleam,
As round and round my goldfish stream!
Their floating tails are fans of light,
That wave and quiver in their flight;
Their sides flame fire as up they dart,
Swift as the wish that makes them start.

And now I see a thing so queer—
Six fishes in the water clear!
Three large, and, gliding down below,
Three small, that just above them go.
Which are the real ones, those up high,
Or these that grow as they pass by?

Mama says all of them are true;
Papa says none of them! Yet you
May plunge your hand right in and touch
The three that puzzle me so much;
For as I gaze straight down, just three
Turn solemn upward looks on me.

STRANGE NEST-BUILDERS.

By Allan Leigh.

I. A FEATHERED LAMPLIGHTER.

When Mr. and Mrs. Nelicurvius Baya went to housekeeping they selected a delightful little spot under the eaves of a cottage just alongside of another young couple whose home was already half made, and then they commenced to build.

Mrs. Baya found it quite proper to do her share of building, for she, too, belonged to the industrious family of weaver-birds. She helped her husband bring grasses, and it was truly wonderful to see how deftly the little pair would weave the pieces in and out, the bright yellow heads bobbing about vigorously all the while.

Before very long the house began to take shape, and, odd as it may seem, it was built downward instead of upward, and as it progressed it took the form of a decanter turned upside down. By this time, however, Mrs. Baya was no longer to be seen. When the upper part of the house had been built a partition was run across it and a boudoir thus made for her use. Her good husband brought her the necessary materials, and she made a cozy little nest, after which she laid her eggs and sat upon them.

Mr. Baya's work was not yet done, however. He continued to build until he was satisfied with the outward appearance of his home, and then he turned his attention to the inside and laid out three rooms besides his mate's. But in the meantime he did not forget the dear little mate sitting so faithfully on her eggs, for many a dainty morsel he carried to her, and many a kind word he chirped to her.

At last the home was finished, and it was a happy little bird that perched on a bush near by and chirped with a full heart at the sight of the long nest swaying gently in the breeze. He sat there as dusk came on, telling the whole world of his happiness in the best way he could. He was a poor singer, but his voice was sweet to hear because his heart was full of joy. As he sat there a firefly swept by like a tiny meteor, dim in the daylight not yet faded. A thought shot through the mind of the happy bird. He darted off to a neighboring pool, and, taking up a bit of moist clay, hurried with it to his home. Quickly he pasted it to the wall of one of his rooms, then darted out and, hovering with fluttering wings in the air, pounced upon a luckless firefly which, proud of its silvery glow, was flying by. Back again to the new home, up through the small hallway, and with a push the glowing captive was fastened in the clay to shed its light in the cozy chamber. Again and again the same thing was repeated, until not only the interior was all aglow, but even the outer doorway and roof, when night came on, shone bright with a silver radiance. What splendor for the Baya family, and how proud they must have been!

Just why the baya should light up his dwelling nobody can tell. Some say it is because he does n't like the darkness; others that it is to dazzle the eyes of plundering bats; others say that he does not care for the light, but only

wants to eat the fireflies. The birds like to build their nests near others of the same kind, and one traveler says he has seen as many as a hundred of these nests hanging from the eaves of one cottage.

One can easily believe that a bird with the

THE WEAVER-BIRD "LIGHTING UP" ITS NEST.

intelligence to light up his dwelling must be able to do many more things. And so he is. Indeed, the baya does so many wonderful things that it needs a great deal of testimony to convince those who have not witnessed his feats that the truth is being told of him. They who have seen trained canary-birds perform will have less difficulty in believing than others, though the canary does not compare with the baya in either intelligence or courage.

II. AN APARTMENT-NEST IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA.

THE middle of Africa is hardly the place where one would expect to find an apartment-house; and yet, if a complete house of several rooms on one floor makes an apartment, then there is such a thing in the middle of Africa. True, both builder and occupant is a bird, but why should that make any difference?

This bird is a first cousin to the storks and herons, though it would never be suspected of it, for it is quite lacking in the solemn dignity for which those families are famous. Besides, it has the very plebeian name of "hammerhead." At least, that is the name the Dutch colonists in Africa have given it, because its head really looks very much like a tack-hammer. Scientific men have rechristened it in Latin *Scopus umbretta;* but most persons will probably continue to call it hammerhead.

A great many other birds build very elaborate nests or houses, but none seem to have acted with quite the same modern architectural spirit as the hammerhead. Most birds, too, are content with providing warmth and shelter for their little ones, without having any care for themselves; but our bird seems much more civilized than that. It is not a very large bird — not more than twenty inches in length; yet it builds a house nearly ten feet long, and lays it out in rooms!

It selects a sheltered ledge of rock when possible, sometimes choosing a spot almost inaccessible to man, but sometimes building also on the open plain. The structure is half as wide as it is long, and has a domed top, as if the feathered architect knew that the arch is the strongest possible shape. The walls are built of twigs interwoven firmly and filled in with clay; and so substantially is the work done that, when completed, a heavy man may walk over it without injuring it in the least. The house is built on a slightly inclined surface, and the door is placed at the lower end in order that the floods of rain which fall in that country may not pour into the dwelling.

The doorway is the smallest opening possible for the bird to enter, and is frequently so disguised that it is no easy matter to discover it, even though you may have first seen the bird dart through it.

The outer doorway opens into a small antechamber, which leads through a small entrance into a larger room, which in its turn opens by a doorway into a spacious apartment raised one step above the floor of the other chambers and

carpeted with soft leaves and velvety moss. In the last and choicest apartment the mother bird lays from three to five snow-white eggs; and there the little birds first peep forth from their shells.

The middle chamber is used as a store-room,

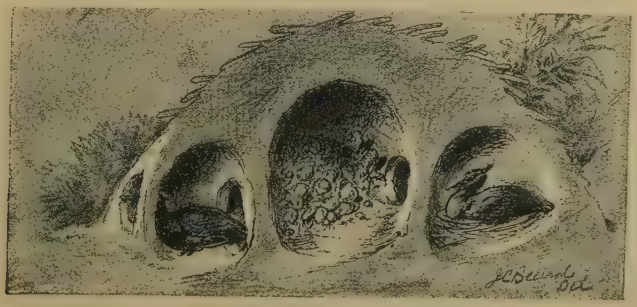
THE HAMMERHEAD'S NEST.

where provisions are carefully laid away for the use of the little ones in times when danger keeps the old ones from going forth, or when from any cause food outside becomes scarce. The small anteroom is quite bare, for there the parent not sitting on the eggs stands guard. With its body pressed close to the earth and with its head thrust forth from the entrance, it watches vigilantly for danger. There is no apparent difference between the father and the mother bird either in looks or in attention to the eggs or little ones, for the father sits on the eggs and feeds the babes as faithfully as does his mate.

The several rooms are separated by walls of twigs and clay very deftly worked together, though of course they cannot rival partitions made by the human workman, with his lath and plaster. These active birds are not content, however, with simply making a good, strong, warm house, for any bright object which they are able to carry they thrust among the twigs of which the house is built, so that their nests sometimes gleam with these shining bits which they have collected. Whatever their purpose, the birds seem to have a liking for bright things, and when they are near human habitations they do not hesitate to pick up and make off with anything that takes their fancy. They have made such a practice of this that whenever a man loses his pipe or his knife, or a woman some glittering thing, away they go to the hammerhead mansion and seek for it.

The hammerheads have a plumage of an umber brown color, with purple-brown bands across the tail. The beak is longer than the head and very black, and the head is crowned by a bushy crest that is very beautiful, but which gives to the bird's head the resemblance to a tack-hammer before noticed.

Hammerheads are found in southern Arabia, Central and South Africa, and Madagascar.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE HAMMERHEAD'S NEST.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Said grandmama
To grandpapa,
A-dozing in his chair:
"When you I see,
How glad I 'd be
To sleep as you do there!"

Said grandpapa —
To grandmama:
"A foolish wish you make!
When you I see,
How glad I 'd be
If I could keep awake!"

Nell Kimberly McElhone.

A MERRY LITTLE SHEPHERDESS.

THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.*

By Howard Pyle.

Chapter V.

HOW KING ARTHUR'S ROYALTY WAS DECLARED.

Now when the next day was come the Duke of North Umber and his six knights-companion appeared upon the field in front of the castle of Camilard, as he had duly declared that he and they would do. And those seven champions appeared in very great estate; for in front of them there rode seven heralds with trumpets and tabards, and behind them there rode seven esquires — each esquire bearing the spear, the shield, the crest, and the banneret of the knight who was his lord and master. And the seven heralds blew their trumpets so exceeding loud that the sound thereof penetrated unto the utmost parts of Camilard, so that the people came running from everywhere. And while the heralds blew their trumpets, the seven esquires shouted and waved the spears and the bannerets.

So they paraded up and down that field three times for its entire length, and meantime a great crowd of people, called thither by the blowing of the heralds' trumpets, stood upon the walls and gazed therefrom at that noble spectacle. And all the court of King Rayence came and stood upon the plain in front of the king's pavilion, and they shouted and cheered the Duke of North Umber and his six knights-companion.

Now there had been pitched seven pavilions of silken texture at the end of the field, one pavilion for each of the seven champions. And above each pavilion was a silken banner of a color similar to the color of the pavilion, and each banner was emblazoned with the coat of arms of the knight to whom the pavilion appertained. And lo! the sun shone down upon those silken pavilions and upon the banners that flew to the breeze, so that all that extremity of the field was gay beyond telling with the brightness of the colors that covered it.

So when those seven champions had three times paraded the entire length of the field as

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aforesaid, each knight went immediately into his pavilion, and there they awaited the issue of their challenge.

Meanwhile King Leodegrance of Camilard was so cast down with trouble and shame that he did not choose to show his face, but hid himself away from all his court. Nor would he permit any one for to come into his presence at that time. Nevertheless, the Lady Guinevere, with sundry of her damsels, went unto the king's closet where he was, and knocked upon the door thereof. And when the king denied her to come in to him, she spake to him through the door, giving him words of good cheer and saying: "My Lord King and father, I prithee for to look up and to take good cheer unto thyself. For I do assure thee that there is one who hath our cause in his hands, and that one is certes a very glorious champion. And he shall assuredly, come by and by, ere this day is done. And when he cometh he shall certainly overthrow our enemies."

So spake the Lady Guinevere, so that, whilst King Leodegrance came not forth, yet he was greatly comforted at that which she said to him.

So passed all that morning and a part of the afternoon, and yet no one appeared for to take up that challenge which the seven knights had declared. Then, whilst the sun was yet three or four hours high, there suddenly appeared at a great distance a cloud of dust. And in that cloud of dust there presently appeared five knights, riding at great speed thitherward. And those five knights came toward Camilard very splendidly, for the sun shone upon their armors and their accoutrements, so that each knight appeared to ride in a flame of fire of exceeding glory. And when the people upon the walls beheld the five knights riding toward Camilard, they shouted aloud with a great and mighty voice, for they wist that the five champions rode thitherward for to defend them.

And when the five knights had come nigh unto the walls, lo! the people beheld that he who rode foremost of all was that same White Champion who had aforetime overthrown the Duke of North Umber. Moreover, they perceived that the four knights who rode with that White Champion were very famous knights, and of great prowess and glory at arms. For the one was Sir Gawaine, and the other was Sir Ewaine, and the other was Sir Geraint, and the other was Sir Pellias. For the people of the castle and the town knew those four knights, because they had dwelt for two days at Camilard, and they were of such exceeding renown that folk crowded from far and near for to look upon them whensoever they appeared for to walk abroad in the streets.

Now King Leodegrance heard the people shouting, wherefore hope awoke of a sudden within him, so he straightway came forth with all speed for to see what was ado, and there he beheld those five noble champions about to enter into the field below the castle walls.

And the Lady Guinevere heard the shouting and came forth also, and behold! there was that White Champion and those four other knights. So when she beheld the White Knight and his four companions-at-arms, her heart was like to break within her for pure joy and gladness; wherefore she wept for the exceeding joy thereof. And she waved her kerchief unto those five noble lords, and kissed her hand unto them. And the five knights saluted her as they rode past her into the field.

Now when the Duke of North Umber was made aware that those five knights had come against him and his knights-companion for to take up his challenge, he straightway came forth from his pavilion and mounted his horse. And his knights-companion came forth and mounted their horses, and he and they went forth to meet those who had come against them.

And when the Duke of North Umber had come nigh enough he perceived that the chiefest of those five knights was the White Champion who had aforetime overthrown him. Wherefore he said unto that White Champion: "Sir Knight, I have once before condescended unto thee who art altogether unknown to me or to anybody else that is here. For, without inquiring concerning thy quality, I ran a course with thee, and, lo! by the chance of arms thou didst overthrow me. Now this quarrel is more serious than that; wherefore I and my companions-at-arms will not run a course with thee and thy

companions, nor will we fight with thee, until I first know what is the quality of him against whom I contend. Wherefore, I bid thee presently declare thyself, who thou art and what is thy condition."

Then Sir Gawaine opened the umbrel of his helmet, and he said: "Sir Knight, behold my face, and know that I am Gawaine, the son of King Lot. Wherefore thou mayst perceive that my condition and estate are even better than thine own. Now I do declare unto thee that yonder White Knight is of such a quality that he condescends unto thee when he doeth combat with thee, and that thou dost not condescend unto him."

"Ho, Sir Gawaine!" quoth the Duke of Umber. "What thou sayest is a very strange thing, for, indeed, there are few in this world who are so exalted that they may condescend unto me. Ne'theless, since thou dost avouch for him, I may not gainsay that which thou sayest. Yet there is still another reason why we may not fight with you. For, behold! we are seven well-approved and famous knights, and you are but five. So consider how unequal are our forces, and that you stand in great peril in undertaking so dangerous an encounter."

Then Sir Gawaine smiled right grimly upon that Duke of North Umber. "Gramercy for thy compassion and for the tenderness which thou showest concerning our safety, Sir Mordaunt," quoth he. "But ne'theless thou mayst leave that matter unto us with entire content of spirit upon thy part. For I consider that the peril in which ye seven stand is fully equal to our peril. Moreover, wert thou other than a belted knight, a simple man might suppose that thou wert more careful of thine own safety in this matter than thou art of ours."

Now at these words the countenance of the Duke of North Umber became altogether covered with red, for he wist that he had indeed no great desire for this battle, wherefore he was ashamed because of the words which Sir Gawaine spake to him. "We will fight you, Sir Knight," said he; "but if ye five are overwhelmed with numbers, then thank ye yourselves and blame us not therefor."

Then Sir Gawaine smiled again upon Duke Mordaunt. "Take thou no care for that, my Lord Duke," quoth he, "for, an ye overwhelm us with numbers, we will, indeed, blame no one but ourselves therefor."

So upon this each knight closed his helmet and all turned their horses; and the one party rode unto one end of the field, and the other party rode to the other end of the field, and there each took stand in the place assigned unto him.

And they arranged themselves thus: in the middle was King Arthur, and upon either hand were two knights; and in the middle of the opposing contestants was the Duke of North Umber, and upon either hand were three knights. So, when they had thus arrayed themselves, they dressed their spears and their shields, and made them altogether ready for the onset. Then King Arthur and Duke Mordaunt each shouted aloud, and the one party hurled upon the other party with such violence that the ground shook and thundered beneath the hoofs of the horses, and the clouds of dust rose up against the heavens.

And so they met in the middle of the field with an uproar of dreadful violence.

And when the one party had passed the other, and the dust of the encounter had blown away, lo! three of the seven had been overthrown, and not one of the five had lost his seat.

And one of those who had been overthrown was Duke Mordaunt of North Umber. And behold! he nevermore arose again from the ground whereon he lay. For King Arthur's spear had pierced the shield of the Duke of North Umber and had pierced his body armor. And so violent was the stroke that the Duke of North Umber had been lifted entirely out of his saddle and had been cast a full spear's-length behind his horse. Thus died that wicked man.

Now when King Arthur turned him about at the end of the course and beheld that there were but four knights left upon their horses of all those seven against whom he and his companions had driven, he uplifted his spear, and drew rein upon his horse, and bespake his knights in this wise: "Messires, I am aweary of all this quarreling, and do not care to fight any more to-day; so go ye and engage those knights in battle. I will abide here and witness your adventure."

"Lord King," said they, "we will do our endeavor as thou dost command."

So those four good knights did as they were commanded, and they went forth straightway against those other four, much encouraged that their king looked upon their endeavor. And King Arthur sat with the butt of his spear resting upon his instep, and looked upon the field with great content of spirit and a steadfast countenance.

As for those four knights-companion that remained of the Duke of North Umber's party, they came not forth to this second encounter with so much readiness of spirit as they had shown aforetime. For they were now well aware of how great was the excellent prowess of those other knights, and they beheld that their enemies came forth to this second encounter very fiercely and with great valor and readiness of spirit. Wherefore their hearts melted away within them with doubt and anxiety as to the outcome of this second encounter with the champions of King Leodegrance.

Nevertheless they prepared themselves with such resolve as might be, and came forth as they were called upon to do.

Then Sir Gawaine drave straight up to the foremost knight, who was a very well-known champion named Sir Dinador. When he had come sufficiently nigh to him, he lifted himself up in his stirrups, and he smote Sir Dinador so fierce a blow that he cleft the shield of that knight asunder, and he cleft his helmet.

And when Sir Dinador felt that blow, he was fain to catch the horn of his saddle for to save himself from falling therefrom. Then a great terror straightway fell upon him, so that he drew rein violently to one side. And he fled away from that place.

And when his companions beheld that stroke that Sir Gawaine delivered, and when they beheld Sir Dinador flee away from before him, they also drew rein to one side and fled away with all speed, pursued with a dread terror of their enemies. And Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine and Sir Geraint and Sir Pellias pursued them as they fled. And they chased them straight through the court of King Rayence, so that the knights and nobles of that court scattered hither and thither like chaff at their coming. And they chased those fleeing knights in among the pavilions of King Rayence's court, and no man stayed them; and when they had chased those knights entirely away, they returned to that place where King Arthur still held his station, steadfastly awaiting them.

Now when the people of Camilard beheld the overthrow of their enemies, and when they beheld how those enemies fled away before the faces of their champions, they shouted with might and main, and made great acclaim. Nor did they stint their loud shouting when those four knights returned from pursuing their enemies and came back unto the White Champion again.

And still more did they shout when those five knights rode across the drawbridge and through the gateway and into the town.

Thus ended that great bout at arms, which was one of the most famous in all the history of chivalry of King Arthur's court.

Now when King Arthur had thus accomplished his purposes, and when he had come into the town again, he went unto that merchant of whom he had obtained the armor that he wore, and he delivered that armor back to him again. And he said: "To-morrow-day, Sir Merchant, I shall send thee two bags of gold for the rent of that armor which thou didst let me have."

And the merchant, Ralph of Cardiff, said: "My lord, it is not needed that thou shouldst recompense me for that armor which I did lend to thee, for thou hast done great honor unto Camilard by thy prowess."

And King Arthur said: "Have done, Sir Merchant, nor must thou forbid what I say. Wherefore take thou that which I shall send unto thee."

Thereupon he went his way, and, having set his cap of disguise upon his head, he went back into the Lady Guinevere's gardens again.

Now when the next morning had come, the people of Camilard looked forth, and lo! King Rayence had departed entirely away from before the castle. For that night he had struck his pavilions and had withdrawn his court, and had gone away from that place where he and his people had encamped for five days past. And with him he had taken the body of the Duke of North Umber, conveying it away in a

litter surrounded by many lighted candles and uplifted by a peculiar pomp of ceremony. But when the people of Camilard beheld that he was gone, they were exceedingly rejoiced thereat, and made merry, and shouted and sang and laughed. For they wotted not how deeply enraged King Rayence was against them; nor that his enmity aforetime toward King Leodegrance was but as a small flame when compared to the anger that now possessed him.

Now that morning the Lady Guinevere walked in her garden, and with her walked the two knights, Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine, and lo, there she beheld the gardener's boy again.

The Gardener Lad takes off his Cap.

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

Then she laughed aloud, and she said unto those two knights: "Messires, behold! Yonder is the gardener's boy who weareth his cap continually because he hath taken a vow not to remove it."

Then those two knights, knowing who that

gardener's boy was, were exceedingly abashed at her speech, and wist not what to say or whither to look. And Sir Gawaine spake aside unto Sir Ewaine, and quoth he: "In sooth, the lady knoweth not what manner of man is yonder gardener's boy, or, an she did, she would be more sparing of her speech."

And the Lady Guinevere heard Sir Gawaine that he spoke, but she did not hear his words. So she turned unto him and said: "Sir Gawaine, haply it doth affront thee that that gardener's boy should wear his cap before us, and mayhap thou wilt go and take it off from his head, as thou didst offer to do two or three days since."

And Sir Gawaine said: "Peace, lady! Thou knowest not what thou sayest. Yonder gardener's boy could more easily take my head from off my shoulders than I could take his cap from off his head."

And at this the Lady Guinevere made open laughter; but in her heart she secretly pondered that saying, and greatly marveled what Sir Gawaine meant thereby.

Now about noon of that day there came a herald from King Rayence of North Wales, and he appeared boldly before King Leodegrance where the king sat in his hall with a number of his people about him. And the herald said: "My Lord King: my master, King Rayence of North Wales, is greatly displeased with thee. For thou didst set certain knights upon Duke Mordaunt of North Umber, and those knights have slain that excellent nobleman, who was close kin unto King Rayence. Moreover, thou hast made no reply to those demands that my master King Rayence hath made touching the delivery unto him of certain lands and castles bordering upon North Wales. Wherefore my master is affronted with thee beyond measure. So my master, King Rayence, bids me to set forth to thee two conditions, and the conditions are these: Firstly, that thou dost immediately deliver into his hands that White Knight who slew the Duke of North Umber. Secondly, that thou makest immediate promise that those lands in question shall be presently delivered unto King Rayence."

Then King Leodegrance arose from where he sat and spake to that herald with great dignity of demeanor. "Sir Herald," quoth he, "the demands that King Rayence maketh upon me pass all bounds for insolence. That death which the Duke of North Umber suffered he suffered because of his own pride and folly. Nor would I deliver that White Knight into thy master's hands even an I were able to do so. As for those lands that thy master demandeth of me — thou mayst tell King Rayence that I will not deliver unto him of those lands so much as a single blade of grass or a single grain of corn that groweth thereon."

And the herald said: "If so be that is thine answer, King Leodegrance, then am I bidden for to tell thee that my master, King Rayence of North Wales, will presently come hither with an array of a great force of arms, and will take from thee by force those things which thou wilt not deliver unto him peacefully." Whereupon, so saying, he departed thence and went his way.

Now after the herald had departed, King Leodegrance went into his closet; and when he had come there he sent privily for the Lady Guinevere. So the Lady Guinevere came to him where he was. And King Leodegrance said to her: "My daughter, it hath happened that a knight clad all in white, and bearing no crest or device of any sort, hath twice come to our rescue and hath overthrown our enemies. Now it is said by everybody that that knight is thine own particular champion; and I hear say that he wore thy necklace as a favor when he first went out against the Duke of North Umber. Now I prithee, daughter, tell me who that White Champion is, and where he may be found."

Then the Lady Guinevere was overwhelmed with a confusion, wherefore she looked away from her father's countenance, and she said: "Verily, my lord, I know not who that knight may be."

Then King Leodegrance spake very seriously to the Lady Guinevere, and he took her by the hand and said: "My daughter, thou art now of an age when thou must consider being married unto a man who may duly cherish thee and protect thee from thine enemies. For, lo! I grow apace in years, and may not hope to

defend thee always from those perils that encompass one of our estate. Moreover, since King Arthur (who is a very great king indeed) hath brought peace unto this realm, all that noble court of chivalry which one time gathered about me has been scattered elsewhither where greater adventures may be found than in my peaceful realm. Wherefore, as all the world hath seen this week past, I have now not one single knight whom I may depend upon to defend us in such times of peril as those which now overshadow us. Now, my daughter, it doth appear to me that thou couldst not hope to find any one who could so well safeguard thee as this White Knight; for he doth indeed appear to be a champion of extraordinary prowess and strength. Wherefore it would be well if thou didst feel thyself to incline unto him as he appeareth to incline unto thee."

Then the Lady Guinevere's face became all rosy red as with a fire, even unto her throat. And she laughed, albeit the tears overflowed her eyes and ran down upon her cheeks. So she wept, yet laughed in weeping. And she said unto King Leodegrance: "My lord and father, an I give my liking unto any one in the manner thou speakest of, I will give it only unto the poor gardener-boy who digs in my garden."

Then at these words the countenance of King Leodegrance became contracted with violent anger, and he cried out: "How, then, lady! wouldst thou make a mock and a jest of my words?"

And the Lady Guinevere said: "Indeed, my lord, I jest not and I mock not. Moreover, I tell thee for verity that that same gardener's boy knoweth more concerning the White Champion than anybody else in all of the world."

At this, King Leodegrance looked at her, and exclaimed: "What is this that thou tellest me?"

And the Lady Guinevere said: "Send for that gardener's boy and thou shalt know."

And King Leodegrance answered: "Verily there is more in this than I may at present understand."

So he called to him the chief of his pages, named Dorisand, and he said to him: "Go, Dorisand, and bring hither the gardener's boy from the Lady Guinevere's garden."

So Dorisand the page went as King Leodegrance commanded, and in a little while he returned, bringing with him that gardener's boy. And with them came Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine and Sir Pellias and Sir Geraint. And those four lords stood over against the door where they entered, but the gardener's boy came and stood beside the table where King Leodegrance sat. And the king lifted up his eyes and looked upon the gardener's boy, and he said: "Ha! wouldst thou wear thy cap in our presence?"

And the gardener's boy said: "I may not take off my cap."

And the Lady Guinevere, who stood beside the chair of King Leodegrance, spake and said: "I do beseech thee, lad, for to take off thy cap unto my father."

And the gardener's boy said: "At thy bidding I will take it off."

Thereupon he took the cap from off his head, and King Leodegrance beheld his face and knew him. And when he saw who it was that stood before him, he made a great outcry from pure amazement. And he said: "My Lord King! What is this marvel?" Thereupon he arose from where he sat, and he went and knelt down upon the ground before King Arthur. And he set the palms of his hands together and he put his hands within the hands of King Arthur, and King Arthur took the hands of King Leodegrance within his own. And King Leodegrance said: "My lord, my king! Is it, then, thou who hast done all these wonderful things?"

And King Arthur said: "Yea; such as those things were, I have done them." And he stooped and kissed King Leodegrance upon the cheek, and lifted him up unto his feet, and gave him words of good cheer.

Now the Lady Guinevere, when she beheld those things that passed, was astonished beyond measure. And she understood of a sudden with an amazing clearness. Wherefore a great fear fell upon her, so that she trembled exceedingly, and said to herself: "What things have I said unto this great king, and how have I mocked him and made jest of him before all those who were about me!" And at the thought thereof she set her hand upon her

side for to still the extreme disturbance of her heart. So whilst King Arthur and King Leodegrance gave to each other words of royal greeting and of compliment, she withdrew herself from where she was and went and stood over against the window nigh to the corner of the wall.

Then, by and by, King Arthur lifted up his eyes and beheld her where she stood afar off. And straightway he went unto her, and he took her by the hand and he said, "Lady, what cheer?"

And she said, "Lord, I am afeard of thy greatness."

And he said: "Nay, lady. Rather it is I who am afeard of thee. For thy kind regard is dearer unto me than anything else in all the world; else had I not served for these twelve days as gardener's boy in thy garden."

And she said, "Thou hast my good will, my lord."

And he said, "Have I thy good will in great measure?"

And she said, "Yea; thou hast it in great measure."

Then he stooped his head and kissed her before all those who were there, and thus their troth was plighted.

And King Leodegrance was filled with exceeding joy.

Now I shall not tell you all things concerning the war with King Rayence that followed; for this story touches only the knightly deeds of those great lords and knights of King Arthur's court. Of the wars and the battles of armies you may read at length elsewhere. It is here sufficient to say that Sir Kay and Sir Ulfius gathered together a great army, as King Arthur had bidden them to do; and that when King Rayence came against Camilard he was altogether routed and his army dispersed, and he himself chased in flight into his mountains.

Then there was great rejoicing in Camilard; for after his victory King Arthur remained there for a while with an exceedingly splendid court of noble lords and of beautiful ladies. And there was feasting and jousting and many famous bouts at arms, the like of which those parts had never before beheld.

Now on a certain day, whilst King Arthur sat at feast with King Leodegrance, King Leodegrance said unto King Arthur: "My lord, what shall I offer thee for a dowry with my daughter when thou takest her to be thy queen?"

And King Arthur turned to Merlin, who stood nigh, and said: "Merlin, what shall I demand of my friend by way of dowry?"

And Merlin said: "My Lord King, thy friend King Leodegrance hath one thing the which (should he bestow it upon thee) will singularly increase the glory and renown of thy reign, so that the same thereof shall never be forgotten."

And King Arthur said: "Merlin, I bid thee tell me what is that thing."

So Merlin said: "My Lord King, I will tell thee the story thereof:

"In the days of thy father, King Uther-Pendragon, I caused to be made for him a certain table in the shape of a ring, wherefore men called it the Round Table. Now at this table were seats for fifty men, and these seats were designed for the fifty knights who were the most worthy knights in all the world. And these seats were of such a sort that whenever a worthy knight appeared, then his name appeared in letters of gold upon the back of that chair that appertained unto him, and above where the head of that knight would be; and when that knight died, then would his name suddenly vanish from that seat which he had aforetime occupied.

Now forty-and-nine of these seats were altogether alike, saving only one that was set aside for the king himself, which same was elevated above the other seats, and was cunningly carved and inlaid with ivory and with gold. But one seat was different from all the others, and it was called the Seat Perilous. And this seat differed from all the others, both in its structure and its significance. For it was all cunningly inset with gold and silver of curious device; and it was covered with a canopy of satin embroidered with gold and silver; and it was altogether of a wonderful magnificence of appearance. And no name ever appeared upon this seat, for only one knight in all of the world could hope to sit therein with safety unto himself; for if any other dared to sit therein, either he would die a sudden and violent death within three days' time, or else a great misfor-

King Arthur meets the Lady Guinevere.

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

tune would befall him. Hence it was that the seat was called the Seat Perilous.

"Now in the days of thy renowned father, King Uther Pendragon, there sat seven-and-thirty knights at the Round Table. And when King Uther Pendragon died, he decreed that the Round Table should be given unto his friend, King Leodegrance of Camilard.

"And in the beginning of King Leodegrance's reign there sat four-and-twenty knights at the Round Table.

"But times have changed since then, and the glory of the King Leodegrance's reign hath paled before the glory of thy reign, so that his noble court of knights has altogether quitted him. Wherefore there remaineth now not one name, saving only the name of King Leodegrance, on all those fifty seats that encircle the Round Table. So now that famous Round Table lieth beneath its pavilion, altogether unused.

"Yet if King Leodegrance will give unto thee, my Lord King, that Round Table for a dower with the Lady Guinevere, then will it lend unto thy reign its greatest glory. For in thy day every seat of that Table shall be filled, even unto the Seat Perilous, and the fame of the knights who sit at it shall never be forgotten."

"Ha!" quoth King Arthur. "That would, indeed, be a dower worthy for any king to have with his queen."

"Then," said King Leodegrance, "that dower shalt thou have with my daughter. And if it bring thee great glory, then shall thy glory be my glory, and thy renown shall be my renown."

And King Arthur said, "Thou sayest well and wisely."

Thus King Arthur became the master of that famous Round Table. And the Round Table was set up at Camelot (which men now call Winchester), and a pavilion of parti-colored silk, embroidered with threads of silk interwoven with gold, covered it over and gave it shelter. And by and by there gathered about it such an array of splendid knights as the world had never beheld before that time, and which mayhap it shall never behold again.

And now ye shall hear of the marriage of King Arthur and of certain very excellent and extraordinary adventures that happened at that time.

Chapter VI.

How King Arthur held a royal wedding, and established the Round Table.

And now was come the early fall of the year; that pleasant season when meadow-land and wold were still green with the summer that had only just passed; when the sky, likewise, was as of summer-time—extraordinarily blue and full of large floating clouds; when a bird might sing here and another there a short song in memory of springtime (as the smaller fowl doth when the year draweth to its ending); when all the air was tempered with warmth and yet the leaves were everywhere turning brown and red and gold, so that when the sun shone through them it was as though a cloth of gold, broidered with brown and crimson and green, hung above the head. Now was come the early autumn season of the year, when it is exceedingly pleasant to be afield among the nut-trees with hawk and hound, or to travel abroad in the yellow world, whether it be ahorse or afoot.

Such was the time of year in which had been set the marriage of King Arthur and the Lady Guinevere at Camelot, and at that place was extraordinary pomp and glory of circumstance. All the world was astir and in a great ferment of joy, for all folk were exceedingly glad that King Arthur was to have him a queen.

In preparation for that great occasion the town of Camelot was entirely bedight with magnificence, for the stony street along which the Lady Guinevere must come to the royal castle of the king was strewn thick with fresh-cut rushes, smoothly laid. Moreover, it was in many places spread with carpets of excellent pattern such as might be fit to lay upon the floor of some goodly hall. Likewise all the houses along the way were hung with fine hangings of woven texture interwoven with threads of azure and crimson, and everywhere were flags and bannerets afloat in the warm and gentle breeze against the blue sky, so that all the world appeared to be alive with bright colors.

Thus came the wedding-day of the king—bright and clear and exceeding radiant.

King Arthur sat in his hall, surrounded by his

court, awaiting news that the Lady Guinevere was coming thitherward. And it was about the middle of the morning when there came a messenger in haste riding upon a milk-white steed. And the raiment of that messenger and the trappings of his horse were all of cloth of gold embroidered with scarlet and white, and the tabard of the messenger was set with many jewels, so that he glistened from afar as he rode, with a singular splendor of appearance.

So this herald-messenger came straight into the castle where the king abided waiting, and he said: "My Lord King, the Lady Guinevere with her father, the King Leodegrance, and their court draweth nigh unto this place."

Upon this the king immediately arose with great joy, and straightway he went forth with his court of knights, riding in great state. And as he went down that marvelously adorned street, all the people shouted aloud as he passed by, wherefore he smiled and bent his head from side to side; for that day he was wondrous happy.

Thus he rode forward unto the town gate, and out therefrom, and so came thence into the country beyond, where the broad and well-beaten highway ran winding down beside the shining river betwixt the willows and the osiers.

And, behold! King Arthur and those with him perceived the court of the princess where it appeared at a distance, wherefore they made great rejoicing and hastened forward with all speed. And as they came nigh, the sun falling upon the apparels of silk and cloth of gold, and upon golden chains and the jewels that hung therefrom, all of that noble company that surrounded the Lady Guinevere's litter flashed and sparkled with a marvelous radiance.

For seventeen of the noblest knights of King Arthur's court, clad in complete armor, and sent by him as an escort unto the lady, rode in great splendor, surrounding the litter wherein the princess lay. And the framework of that litter was of richly gilded wood, and its curtains and its cushions were of crimson silk embroidered with threads of gold. And behind the litter there rode in gay and joyous array, all shining with many colors, the court of the princess—her damsels in waiting, gentlemen, ladies, pages, and attendants. And the sun shone with surpassing brightness, and the river lay like a silver shield, darkened where the small winds breathed upon it; and the swallows darted over the water, dipping here and there to touch its smooth surface; and everything was so exceedingly cheerful with the beauty of the young autumn season that the heart of every one was expanded with entire joy.

So those parties of the king and the Lady Guinevere drew nigh together until they met.

Then straightway King Arthur dismounted from his noble horse, and, all clothed with royalty, he went afoot unto the Lady Guinevere's litter, whilst Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine held the bridle of his horse. Thereupon one of her pages drew aside the silken curtains of the Lady Guinevere's litter, and King Leodegrance gave her his hand, and she straightway descended therefrom, all aglow, as it were, with her exceeding beauty. So King Leodegrance led her to King Arthur, and King Arthur came to her, and placed one hand beneath her chin and the other upon her head, and inclined his countenance and kissed her upon her smooth cheek. And all those who were there lifted up their voices in great acclaim.

Thus did King Arthur give welcome unto the Lady Guinevere and unto King Leodegrance her father upon the highway beneath the walls of the town of Camelot, at the distance of half a league from that place. And no one who was there ever forgot that meeting, for it was full of extraordinary grace and noble courtliness.

Then King Arthur and his court of knights and nobles brought King Leodegrance and the Lady Guinevere with great ceremony unto Camelot, and thereby into the royal castle, where, befitting their several states, apartments were assigned unto all, so that the entire place was all alive with joyousness and beauty.

And when high noon had come the entire court went with great state and ceremony unto the cathedral, and there, surrounded by wonderful magnificence, those two noble souls were married by the archbishop.

And all the bells did ring right joyfully, and all the people who stood without the cathedral

shouted with loud acclaim; and, lo! the king and the queen came forth all shining, he like unto the sun for splendor and she like unto the moon for beauty.

In the castle a great noontide feast was spread, and there sat thereat four hundred eighty and six lordly and noble folk—kings, knights, and nobles, with queens and ladies in magnificent array. And near to the king and the queen there sat King Leodegrance, and Merlin, and Sir Ulfius, and Sir Ector the Trustworthy, and Sir Gawaine, and Sir Ewaine, and Sir Kay, and King Ban, and King Pellinore, and many other famous and exalted folk—so that no man had before that time beheld such magnificent courtliness as they beheld at that famous wedding-feast of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere. So have I told it unto you, so that you might behold, however so dimly, how marvelously pleasant were those days in which dwelt King Arthur and his famous court of knights.

And that day was likewise very famous in the history of chivalry: for in the afternoon the famous Round Table was established; and that Round Table was at once the very flower and the chiefest glory of King Arthur's reign.

For about mid of the afternoon the king and queen, preceded by Merlin and followed by all that splendid court of kings, lords, nobles, and knights in full array, made progression to that certain place where Merlin, partly by magic and partly by skill, had caused to be builded a very wonderful pavilion about the Round Table where it stood.

And when the king and the queen and the court had entered in thereat, they were amazed at the beauty of that pavilion, for they perceived, as it were, a great space that appeared to be a marvelous land of fay. For the walls were all richly gilded and were painted with very wonderful figures of saints and of angels, clad in ultramarine and crimson. And all those saints and angels were depicted playing upon various musical instruments that appeared to be made of gold. And overhead the roof of the pavilion was made to represent the sky, being all of cerulean blue sprinkled over with stars. And in the midst of that painted sky was an image as it were of the sun in his glory. And underfoot was a pavement all of marble stone, set in small squares of black and white, and blue and red, and sundry other colors.

And in the midst of the pavilion was the famous Round Table, with seats thereat exactly sufficient for fifty persons. And the table was covered with a table-cloth of fine linen, as white as snow and embroidered at the hem with threads of silver. And at each of the fifty places was a chalice of gold filled with fragrant wine, and at each place was a platter of gold bearing a manchet of fair white bread. And when the king and his court entered into the pavilion, lo! music began of a sudden for to play with a wonderful sweetness, so that the heart was overjoyed for to listen to it.

Then Merlin came and took King Arthur by the hand and led him away from Queen Guinevere. And he said unto the king: "Lo, Lord King! Behold, this is the Round Table."

And King Arthur said: "Merlin, that which I see is wonderful beyond the telling."

Then Merlin discovered unto the king the marvels of the Round Table. For first he pointed to a high seat, very wonderfully wrought in precious woods and gilded so that it was exceedingly beautiful, and he said: "Behold! Lord King, yonder seat is called the Seat Royal, and that seat is for thyself." And as Merlin spake, lo! there suddenly appeared sundry letters of gold above that seat, and the letters of gold read the name

Arthur, King.

And Merlin said, "Lord, yonder seat may well be called the center seat of the Round Table, for, in sooth, thou art indeed the very center of all that is most worthy of true knightliness. Wherefore that seat shall still be called the center seat of all the other seats."

Then Merlin pointed to the seat that stood opposite to the Seat Royal, and that seat also was of a very wonderful appearance, being all of crimson and of azure inlaid with many cunning devices, and with figures of silver inset into the wood. And Merlin said unto the king: "My Lord King, that seat is named the Seat Perilous; for no man but one in all this

world shall sit therein, and that man is not yet born upon the earth. And if any other man shall dare to sit therein that man shall either suffer death or a sudden and terrible misfortune for his temerity. Wherefore that seat is called the Seat Perilous."

"Merlin," quoth the king, "all that thou tellest me passeth the bound of understanding for marvelousness. Now I do beseech thee in all haste for to find forthwith a sufficient number of knights to fill this Round Table, so that my glory shall be entirely complete."

"My lord," said Merlin, "I may not fill the Round Table for thee at this time. For, though thou hast gathered about thee the very noblest court of chivalry in all of Christendom, yet are there but two-and-thirty knights here present who may be considered worthy to sit at the Round Table."

"Then, Merlin," quoth King Arthur, "I do desire of thee that thou shalt straightway choose me those two-and-thirty."

"That will I do, Lord King," said Merlin.

So Merlin cast his eyes around, and lo! he saw where King Pellinore stood at a little distance. Unto him went Merlin and took him by the hand. "Behold, my Lord King," quoth he unto Arthur, "here is the knight in all of the world next to thyself who is at this time most worthy for to sit at this Round Table. For he is both exceedingly gentle of demeanor unto the poor and needy, and at the same time is so terribly strong and skilful that I know not whether thou or he is the more to be feared in an encounter of knight against knight."

Then Merlin led King Pellinore forward, and behold! upon the high seat that stood upon the left hand of the Seat Royal there appeared of a sudden the name

Pellinore.

And the name was emblazoned in letters of gold that shone with extraordinary luster. And when King Pellinore took this seat great and loud acclaim long continued was given him by all those who stood round about.

Now after Merlin had chosen King Arthur and King Pellinore, he chose from out of the court of King Arthur knights two-and-thirty in all, and they were knights of greatest renown in chivalry who did first establish the Round Table of King Arthur.

And among these knights were Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine, who were nephews unto the king, and they sat nigh to him upon the right hand; and there was Sir Ulfius (who held his place but a year and eight months unto the time of his death, after the which Sir Geharris, who was esquire unto his brother Sir Gawaine, held that seat); and there was Sir Kay the Seneschal, who was foster-brother unto the king; and there was Sir Baudwain of Britain (who held his place but three years and two months until his death, after the which Sir Agravaine held that seat); and there was Sir Pellias, and Sir Geraint, and many others, so that the world had never before seen such a splendid array of noble knights gathered together.

And as each of these knights was chosen by Merlin, and as Merlin took that knight by the hand, lo! the name of that knight suddenly appeared in golden letters, very bright and shining, upon the chair that appertained to him.

And when all had been chosen, behold! King Arthur saw that the seat upon the right hand of the Seat Royal had not been filled and that it bore no name upon it. And he said unto Merlin: "Merlin, how is this, that the seat upon my right hand hath not been filled and beareth no name?"

And Merlin said: "My lord, there shall be a name thereon in a very little while, and he who shall sit therein shall be the greatest knight in all the world until that knight cometh who shall occupy the Seat Perilous."

And King Arthur said, "I would that he who shall sit at my right hand were with us now." And Merlin said, "He cometh anon."

Thus was the Round Table established with great pomp and ceremony of estate. For first the Archbishop of Canterbury blessed each and every seat, progressing from place to place surrounded by his court, the choir whereof sang most musically in accord, whilst others swang censers from which there ascended a vapor of frankincense, filling that entire pavilion as with an odor of heavenly blessedness.

And when the archbishop had thus blessed every one of those seats, the chosen knights took each his stall at the Round Table, and

his esquire came and stood behind him, holding the banneret with his coat of arms upon the spear-point above the knight's head. And all those who stood about that place, both knights and ladies, lifted up their voices in loud acclaim.

Then all the knights arose, and each knight held up before him the cross of the hilt of his sword, and each knight spake word for word as King Arthur spake. And this was the covenant of their knighthood of the Round Table: that they should be gentle unto the weak; that they should be courageous unto the strong; that they should be terrible unto the wicked and the evil-doers; that they should defend the helpless who should call upon them for aid; that all women should be held unto them sacred; that they should stand unto the defense of one another whensoever such defense should be required; that they should be merciful unto all men; that they should be gentle of deed, true in friendship, and faithful in love.

This was the covenant unto which each knight vowed upon the cross of his sword, and in witness thereof did kiss the hilt thereof, and thereupon all those present once more gave loud acclaim. Then did all the knights of the Round Table seat themselves, and each knight brake bread from the golden paten and quaffed wine from the golden chalice that stood before him, giving thanks unto God for that which he ate and drank.

Thus was King Arthur wedded unto Queen Guinevere; and thus was the Round Table established. Wherefore all these things have I told unto you that ye might know how that glorious order of knighthood was first established.

And King Arthur was exceedingly uplifted with the great joy that possessed him. Wherefore he commanded that all of Camelot should be feasted at his expense.

And he also proclaimed that there should be feasting and jousting in his court for three days.

And so endeth this part of the story. And now shall I tell you the adventures of certain of those noble knights of the Round Table; and the first of all that I shall tell you shall be the story of Sir Gawaine.

(To be continued.)

THE BIRDS' BREAKFAST.

A LETTER FROM MISS ALCOTT'S SISTER ABOUT "LITTLE WOMEN."

DOUBTLESS many of the girl readers of ST. NICHOLAS, who have also read and enjoyed "Little Women," will be interested in the following letter, written thirty years ago to two young girls of that day, who had sent a letter to Miss Alcott herself, asking if the characters in "Little Women" were real persons, and if the story were true. In due time they received the following letter in reply.— EDITOR.

CONCORD, January 20, 1871.

DEAR JULIA AND ALICE: From your note to Miss Alcott I infer that you are not aware that she is at present in Italy, having gone abroad in April last, with the intention of remaining a year or more, trying to get well. But knowing how pleased she would be with your friendly note, I think perhaps a word from sister "Meg" will be better than leaving it unanswered, and far better than that any "little woman" should feel that "Jo" was unkind or ungrateful.

Of course you know that neither "Meg" nor "Jo" are young and pretty girls now, but sober old women, nearly forty years of age, full of cares and troubles like other people; and that although nearly every event in the book is true, of course things did not happen exactly as they are there set down.

You ask if "Amy" is not May Alcott, and I can truly say she is her very self, and she is the only one of the "Little Women" who would, I think, realize your ideal drawn from the story. She is, indeed, "Lady Amy," and a fair and noble woman, full of graces and accomplishments, and, what is better far, a pure and generous heart. "Jo," "Beth," and "Amy" are all drawn from life, and are entirely truthful pictures of the three dear sisters who played and worked, loved and sorrowed together so many years ago. Dear "Beth"—or Louie, as we called her—died, after long suffering, twelve years since. She was a sweet and gentle creature, and her death was so great a sorrow to poor "Jo" that she has never been quite happy since her "conscience" was laid away under the pines of Sleepy Hollow. "Meg" was never the pretty vain little maiden, who coquetted and made herself so charming. But "Jo" always admired poor, plain "Meg," and when she came to put her into the story, she beautified her to suit the occasion, saying, "Dear me, girls, we must have one beauty in the book!" So "Meg," with her big mouth and homely nose, shines forth quite a darling, and no doubt all the "little women" who read of her admire her just as loving old "Jo" does, and think her quite splendid. But, for all that, she is nothing but homely, busy, and, I hope, useful "Annie" who writes this letter to you.

As for dear old "Jo" herself, she was just the romping, naughty, topsy-turvy tomboy that all you little girls have learned to love; and even now, when care and sickness have made her early old, she is at heart the same loving, generous girl. In "Little Women" she has given a very truthful story of her haps and mishaps, her literary struggles and successes, and she is now enjoying her well-earned honors and regaining her health in travel with her sister Amy. They are spending the winter in Rome, in a delightful circle of artists, receiving attentions and honors that make proud the heart of the sister left behind. "Amy" is in the studio of a well-known painter, working hard to perfect herself in her chosen art, while "Jo" is resting and gaining strength and courage for her promised "Little Men," of which I imagine "Meg's" boys, Freddie and Johnnie, are to be the heroes.

You inquire about "Laurie." The character was drawn partly from imagination, but more perhaps from a very nice boy Louisa once knew, whose good looks and "wheedlesome" ways first suggested to her the idea of putting him into a book. She has therefore put upon him the love-making and behavior of various adorers of her youthful days.

Dear little friends, if I have told you all you wish to know, and shown that you need have no fear of being thought "intrusive," perhaps sometime you will honor "Meg" herself with a letter.

Be assured she will be glad to hear from any of the "little women." Sincerely yours,

ANNIE ALCOTT PRATT.

THE RUSSIAN PEASANT AND HIS TURNIP.

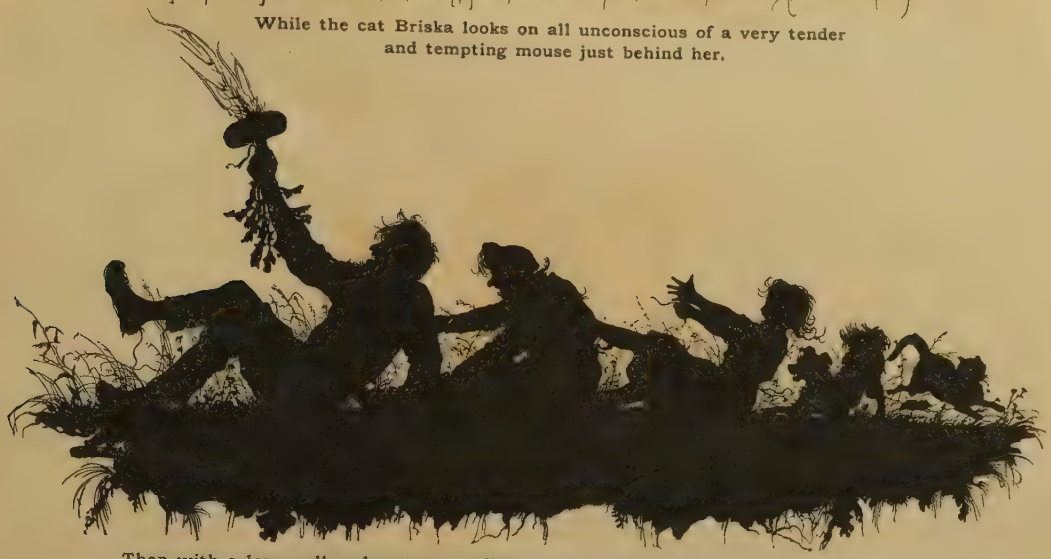
Oíd Ivan (John) goes out into the garden to pull a turnip for dinner.

The ground is hard and the roots are long, so his wife Masha (Mary) comes out to help him.

Seeing their distress their little daughter Varka (Barbara) comes to the rescue, and

Thinking it is a new game that is being played, their little dog Moska joins in,

While the cat Briska looks on all unconscious of a very tender and tempting mouse just behind her.



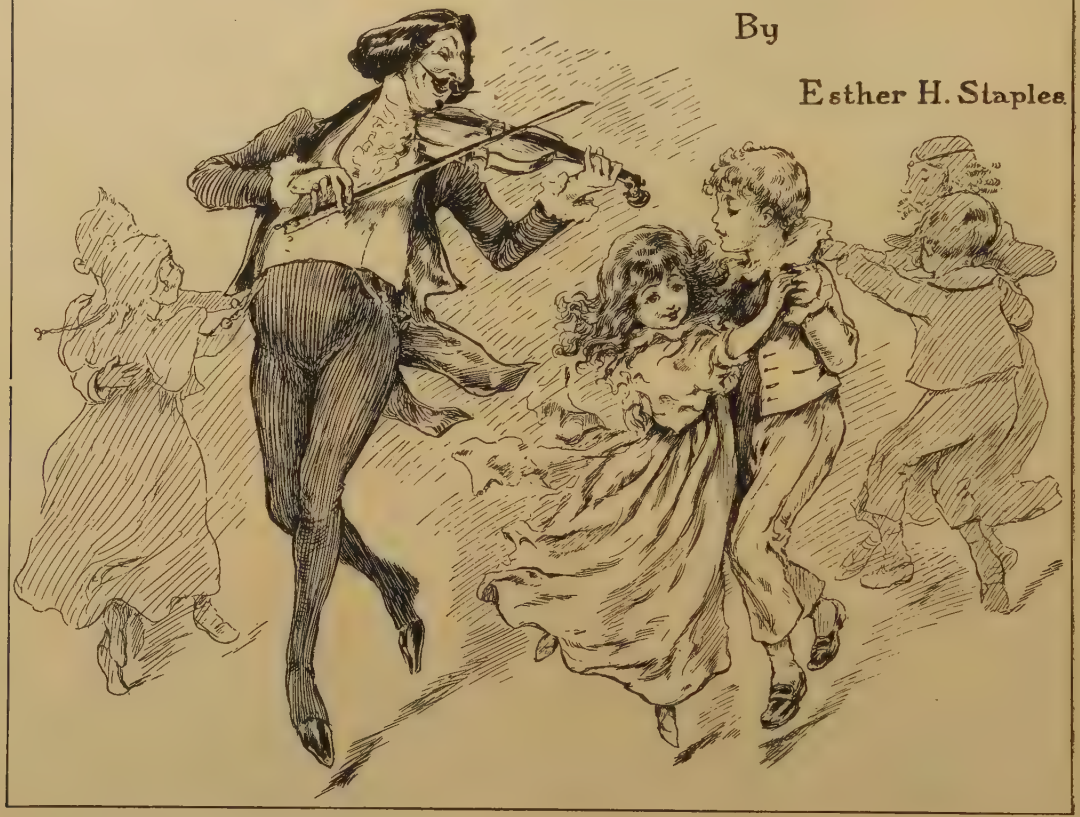
Then with a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together — up the turnip comes.

But all 's well that ends well, and around old Ivan they crowd and rejoice in the prospect of a savory dinner well earned.

THE DANCING CLASS.

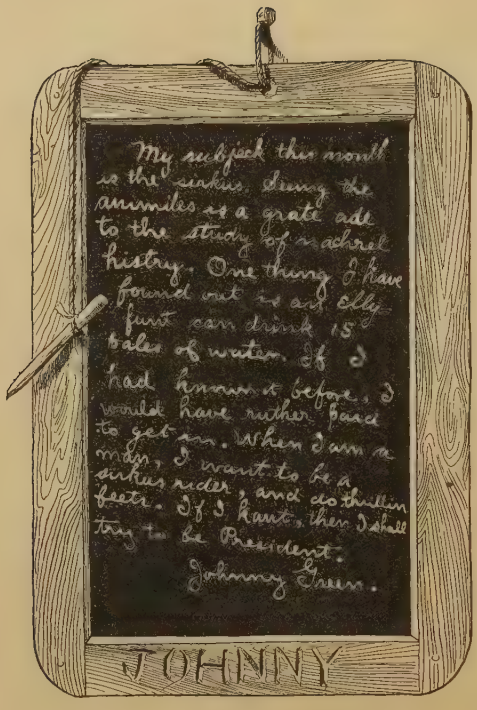
By

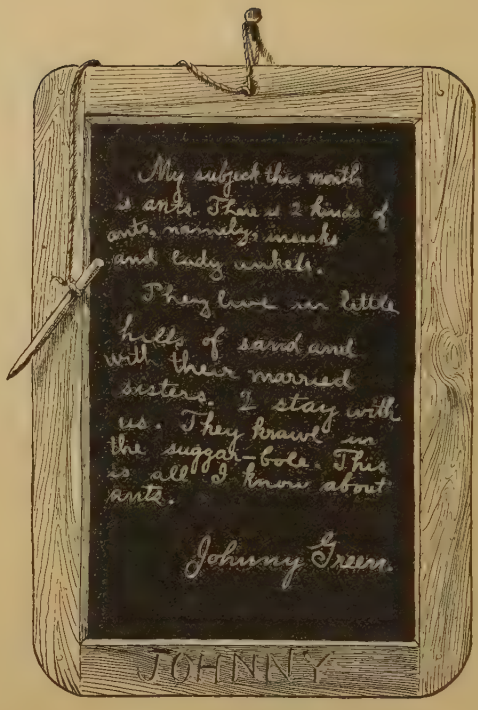
Esther H. Staples.



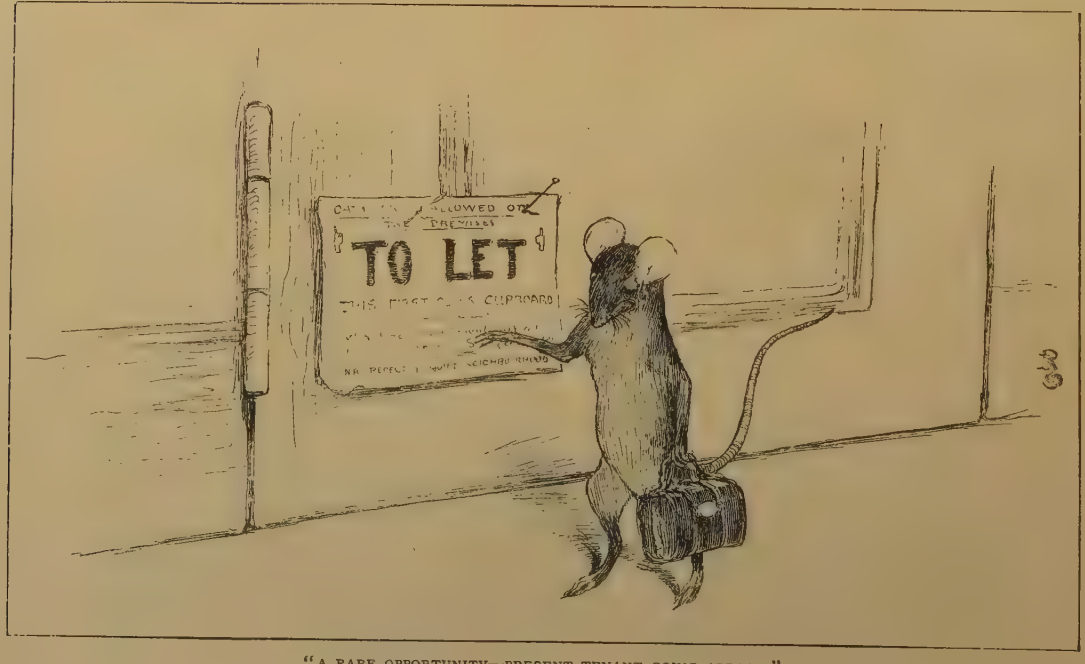
"One, two," the professor said.
"And again, a one two three.
One, two, and a one two three,
Is the polka time" said he.

"One, two, three", professor said,
"And again a one two three.
One, two, three, and one, two, three,
Is the waltzing time" said he.


My subject this month is the sinkus. Among the animiles as a grate add to the study of mackrel histry. One thing I have found out is an Elly funt can drink 15 bales of water. If I had known it before, I would have rather based to get one. When I am a man, I want to be a sinkus rider, and do thrillin feets. If I kant, then I shall try to be President.
Johnny Green.
JOHNNY


My subject this month is ants. There is 2 kinds of ants, namely, sinsuks and lady winkels.
They have un little hills of sand and will their married sisters. I stay with us. They kravl in the suggar-bole. This is all I know about ants.
Johnny Green.
JOHNNY

TWO OF JOHNNY'S COMPOSITIONS.



"A RARE OPPORTUNITY—PRESENT TENANT GOING ABROAD."

A Condescension.

By Helen S. Daley.

Gwendolen Jones was chubby and sweet,
And her age was half-past three;
And she lived in a house on Wellington Street,
In the yard with the walnut-tree.

Harold Percival Marmaduke Smith
Was almost half-past four;
And he said, when they gave him a baseball and bat,
That he 'd "play with the girls no more."

Gwendolen Jones she gazed through the fence.
At an end were all life's joys,
As she saw the friend of her youth depart
"To play with the great big boys."

Harold Percival Marmaduke Smith
Up to the field marched he;
But his eye was blacked, and his head was whacked,
And his ball no more did he see.

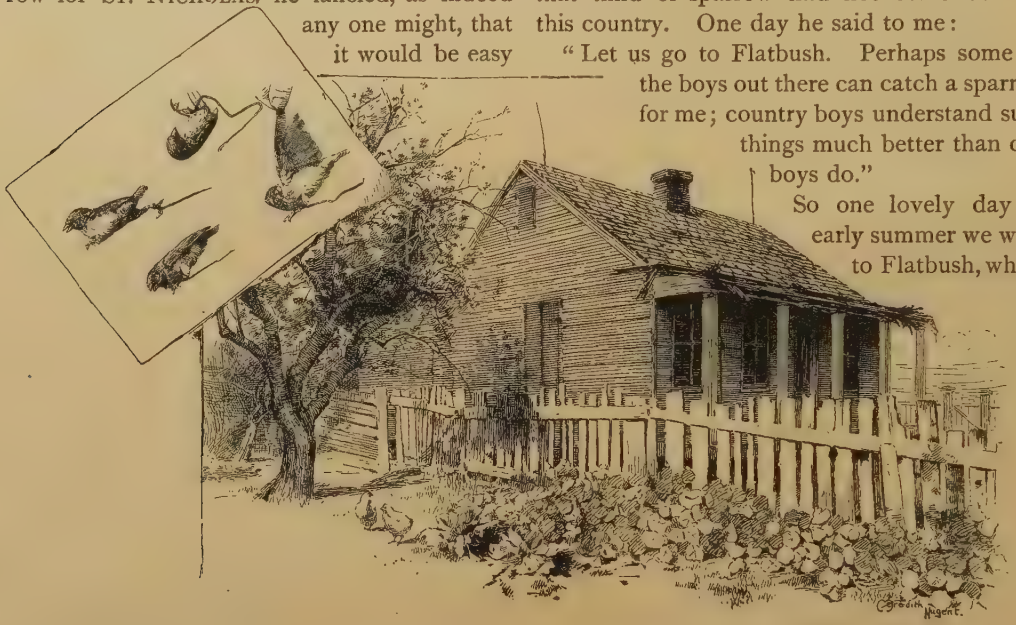
And the boys called him "Baby" because he cried,
Did Teddy and Willie and Tim,
And they chased him away when he threatened to tell,
And said they 'd "no use for him."

Gwendolen Jones came down to the fence,
And her face wore a joyful smile
When Harold Percival Marmaduke said
He 'd play with her "once in a while."

THE ARTIST, THE SPARROW, AND THE BOY.

By John Russell Coryell.

When an artist friend of mine was asked some time ago to make a picture of a sparrow for St. Nicholas, he fancied, as indeed any one might, that it would be easy enough to procure a sparrow for a model. He said to himself, "I will ask some of the boys on my block to get a live sparrow for me."



"THE WHOLE ROOF OF THE VERANDA HAD THE APPEARANCE OF HAVING BEEN VISITED BY A CYCLONE." (SEE PAGE 640.)

The boys confidently answered, "Oh, yes; we 'll get you one. When do you want it?" You may see from this how easy a matter they also thought it. And off they went. But the days passed with no tidings from the confident hunters.

Then my friend appealed to all his acquaintances. They one and all said they had no doubt they could contrive to get him a sparrow. Not one of them did contrive it, however, and he was no nearer to having his model than before.

By this time he had become quite despondent, and might have been seen wandering through the streets of Brooklyn with his sketch-book in his hand, trying to find a sparrow that would stand still long enough to be sketched. But it soon became evident to him that just that kind of sparrow had not come over to this country. One day he said to me:

"Let us go to Flatbush. Perhaps some of the boys out there can catch a sparrow for me; country boys understand such things much better than city boys do."

So one lovely day in early summer we went to Flatbush, which always has been famous for its pretty villas and ferocious mosquitos, and which henceforth will be noted as the home of a boy who caught an English sparrow. The boy's name was Wilhelm, and we found him unwillingly removing the weeds from his mother's vegetable-garden.

We leaned on the fence and watched him for a while, and a kind of instinct seemed to tell us that a boy who had such a marked lack of interest in weeds would be the very boy to capture a sparrow. My artist friend shouted "Hello!" by way of attracting his attention from the game of mumble-the-peg with which he was beguiling the time between weeds, so to speak. Wilhelm satisfactorily accomplished the difficult "reversed back-hand," and then looked up.

"I want a live sparrow," said the artist. "Do you think you can catch one for me?"

The boy studied first my friend, and then me, and finally he said, "I don't know," and turned to make the next most difficult throw in his mumble-peg game.

But we were not to be thus put off. "I 'll give you ten cents for a live sparrow," I said, just as the throw was about to be made.

"Will you?" demanded Wilhelm, desisting from mumble-the-peg. "When?"

"As soon as you give me the sparrow."

"Can you come up to-morrow?"

"Yes. I want it uninjured, you know."

"I don't know about that," was the reply.

"I mean you must n't hurt the sparrow."

"Oh! All right; I won't."

It was impossible not to have confidence in a boy who displayed such skill at mumble-the-peg, and therefore it was with great hopefulness that we went to Flatbush the following day. But Wilhelm had not yet caught the sparrow. We ought to have been discouraged in consequence; but we were not, for Wilhelm bore himself with an air of indifference that simply inspired greater confidence than ever.

Then, to give added zest to the search, my friend said:

"I will give you twenty-five cents for a sparrow."

"Can you come up to-morrow?" demanded Wilhelm, as if he had never said the same thing before.

"No," replied the artist. "Here is a two-cent stamp. Send me word when you have caught the sparrow."

There was no doubt in our minds that Wilhelm could catch a sparrow if he would; the only question was, would he? The next morning's mail answered that question, for it brought a letter from Wilhelm which deserves to go on record:

MR. NUGANT I hav cot a sparow bring the mony and com get it WILHELM.

Fault might be found with the spelling and punctuation of the letter, but there could be no mistaking Wilhelm's meaning. He had the sparrow, and he stood ready to exchange it for the sum of money agreed upon. We were filled with joy, and we hastened to Flatbush. Wilhelm led us into the cottage and showed us a cage with two sparrows in it. My friend looked at them with a carefulness born of a slight experience of Wilhelm.

"Why, they are young ones!" he exclaimed suddenly.

"Are they?" asked Wilhelm, as if he were surprised. And then he added, as if he were not at all surprised: "That 's what you wanted, was n't it?"

He was told that what was wanted was a full-grown sparrow; and after some further conversation Wilhelm promised to put the little ones back in their nest, and to get an old one, for the sum of fifty cents, that sum being fixed upon in view of the fact that if a young one was worth twenty-five cents, an old one must be worth twice as much. The argument was all Wilhelm's, and he seemed so much pleased with it that Mr. Nugent did not combat it.

THE HOUSE RESTORED.

About a week after this fruitless visit to our

bird-catcher extraordinary, we received the following message written in the cramped hand that we had begun to know.

MR. NUGANT I hav fiv bring the mony WILHELM

This note was somewhat bewildering at the first reading. Full of hope we hurried out to Flatbush once more.

"They are tearing the house down," said the artist, as we approached the cottage.

It certainly did look so. A grape-arbor, which had shaded the front of the house and made it look very inviting as well, had been thrown down; the gutter of the house had been torn loose and hung by a nail, and numerous shingles were lying scattered about. The whole roof of the veranda had the appearance, as we inspected it more closely, of having been visited by a cyclone. The debris could scarcely have been more scattered if men had been employed to take the house to pieces. Wilhelm sat on a piece of what he called the "cornish." My friend shouted to him:

"What's the matter with the house, Wilhelm?"

"That 's where I got the sparrows," was the answer; and such was our confidence in that Flatbush boy that we believed him, and from that moment wished we had never disturbed him from his game of mumble-the-peg. He discovered that some sparrows had made their home in a crevice of the veranda-roof, and forthwith had enlisted the assistance of several of his companions, and had captured the birds, with the result to the house as seen.

"Come into the house and see the sparrows," said Wilhelm, with that cheerfulness which only a boy can maintain under such circumstances. "I 've got five — all old ones."

"Bring them out here," said my friend.

Neither of us would have deliberately faced the mother of Wilhelm for any consideration, and she was a very pleasant German woman, too. But we might as well have gone in, for she came out with Wilhelm in a moment. We made ourselves as small as we could and prepared heroically for what would come.

"Have you the money?" were her first words, and we thought she meant money to pay for the repairs to the house.

"It was fifty cents," said Wilhelm.

"Here is the money," said the artist with great presence of mind.

"Get the sparrows, Wilhelm," said the good woman.

Wilhelm brought the sparrows, we transferred two to a cage of our own,—Wilhelm insisted that we should take two,— and then we went our way, rejoicing not a bit more in our birds than did the enterprising woman and her son in their fifty cents.

We were very glad that the destruction of the roof weighed so lightly on the minds of the good woman and her thrifty boy; but it was not so with us. We could not help thinking of it, and one day we went out to have another look at the cottage, fully expecting to see it sinking into ruins. But instead of that we found it shining with new paint and so thoroughly repaired that it looked like a brand-new cottage. Even the fence around the garden had been renewed and painted a rich vegetable green. All but one of the grape-vines had been torn up by the roots in order that they should not mar the spick-and-span appearance of the cottage.

Wilhelm's mother saw us and knew us. She shouted to us, and we approached. She ran into the house, and presently came out again, holding some pieces of paper in her hand. She thrust the papers at us, and we took them and read them. They were bills from the carpenter and the painter for the repairs, and our hearts sank as we read that our fifty-cent sparrow had cost the good woman nearly as many dollars.

Our first thought was that we were to be held responsible for the damage; but it was soon evident that it was only excess of joy that troubled the mistress of the cottage, and by degrees we learned that she had received a legacy from the old country which made her a rich woman as compared with her former estate. This enabled her easily to make good the injury done by her son. She was as grateful to us as if we had been in some way concerned in the legacy.

We met Wilhelm as we were going away, and he wanted to know if we were looking for another sparrow. We said no, for there was an expression on the boy's face that said he would tear down the new house for another fifty cents.

A NONSENSE CALENDAR.

It is the merry month of May.
The organ-grinder comes this way;
He plays gay tunes for me and you,
And brings his monkey, too.

The monkey wears a smiling face,
And jacket trimmed with fine gold lace;
He clambers over gate or fence,
And holds his cap for pence.

How very funny it would be
If he were I and I were he!
I would n't like to have it so;
Perhaps he 'd like it, though.

Carolyn Wells.

A FAMILY MEASURE-BOARD.

By Theodore R. Davis.

Most young folks who have in their house a little baby sister or brother no doubt have often seen the little tot get his weekly weighing, and have noticed how proud their parents are when each week shows a gain over the last. But after a few months, when baby begins to find a use for his hands, and seems to know his older sisters and brothers, nobody appears to take any interest in his weight, for he is getting along

THE OLD CLOCK AND THE MEASURE-BOARD.

so nicely that this no longer seems as important as it did at first.

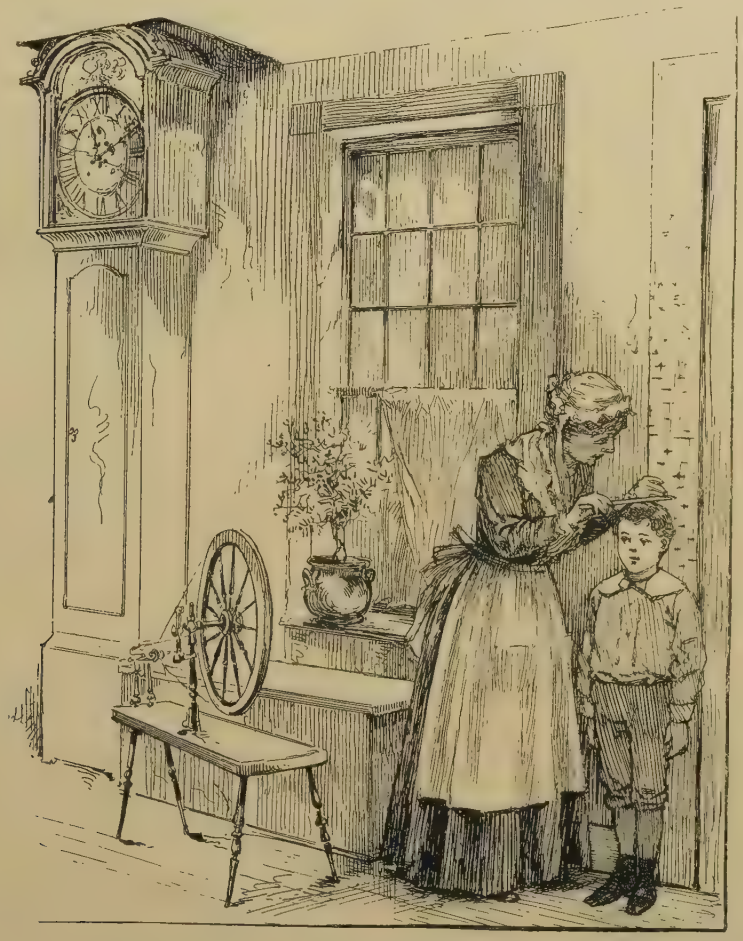
But there is something about the baby that the whole family *will* be interested in watching until he is really grown up, and that is in seeing how fast he grows in height.

No doubt some of you have been measured by standing up against a closet door, and then, in the course of a year or so, perhaps, against the wall; but you have forgotten what you measured before, for it did not seem quite right to mark up the woodwork or wall-paper, and so you could not tell how fast you grew.

Now, to make this easier and a great deal more interesting, some families have a tall board fastened to the wall in one of the rooms of the house, and on this board the heights of the various members of the family are marked. This measure-board may be a very plain affair or as elaborate as you please. A simple and inexpensive one that will answer every purpose is made of a piece of board about six inches wide and seven feet high. Almost any kind of wood will do, but perhaps cherry will be the most satisfactory. In any case it must be thoroughly seasoned, so that it will not shrink, and it will be well to have it either finished in linseed-oil or given a light coat of varnish or shellac in order that the wood may not be easily soiled.

The person to be measured stands with his back and heels close to the board and with chin level. The old-fashioned way of laying a ruler or a table knife on top of the head and making a scratch on the door or wall is not a very accurate way, because if you should happen to tilt the ruler either up or down, your measurement will be too much or too little, and it is very difficult to hold it exactly level. Therefore the best way is to take a book, or, better yet, a small framed picture, and press one edge firmly against the measure-board a few inches above the person's head, and then slowly lower it until the under edge rests upon the top of the head; then mark the place where this horizontal edge touches the board. Now make a mark with a penknife or drive a small-headed brass nail at the spot, and opposite it mark the name of the person. The name can be cut by a penknife, making the letters with single hair-line strokes, with no attempt at carving; or a simpler way would be to print the name with a hard lead-pencil,

lightly at first and then going over the marks several times, bearing more heavily on the pencil each time. The wood will not be too hard to allow of a fairly deep impression that will not rub out. It will be found that, if there are a number of children in the family, their heights need be shown. This rule can be made by a lead-pencil, as explained for the lettering. Such a rule always on the board has the advantage not only of showing the young folks' height in feet and inches, but it can be used to measure the height of your playmates and visitors whose



"'THE MANY CUTS AND NOTCHES MADE A DOORWAY IN MY GRANDFATHER'S NEW ENGLAND HOME LOOK LIKE AN INDIAN'S TOTEM-STICK.'" (SEE PAGE 644.)

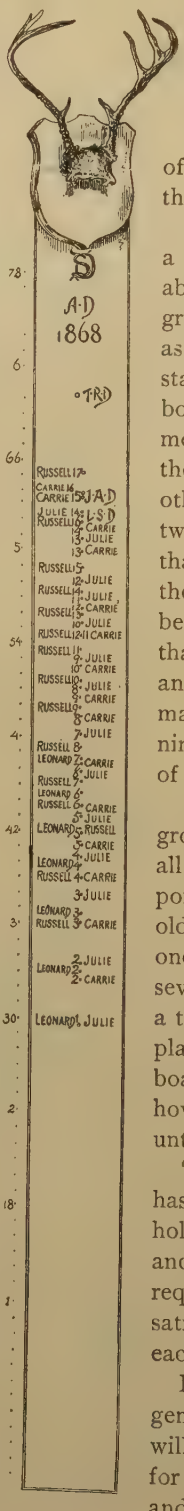
marks may happen to come close together, so that the names will have to be placed sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left of the center of the board in which the height is recorded. A most convenient addition to the board is made by drawing on its face, but close to the edge, short lines numbering the feet and inches, beginning of course at the bottom—something like a yard-stick, only nothing smaller than inches, or at most half-inches, measurements you do not care to mark on the board; for, be it remembered, the board is to contain only the heights of the family.

A friend who has had one of these measure-boards in his family for many years writes us of his experience with it. From the pictures you will see that his was a very elaborate affair; for, as he tells us, it was an important piece of their furniture, and they spared no pains to make it as fine as they could. He says:

"An old-time family clock stands in our dining-room, measuring minutes and hours with perfect accuracy so long as the person who generally winds it is at home. But when he is absent the old clock behaves badly. First the moon goes wrong, then the days of the month become mixed, the clock strikes one hundred, and probably the long 39-inch pendulum, which should tick a second at every swing, ceases to move, and the old clock is as silent as the tall black-walnut board which, dotted over with measures of years, stands beside it. This board is a curious family record which no mother or father sees without saying that they would be very glad to have such a measure-board, but that such an idea had never occurred to them.

"It is probable that it would not have entered my mind to have a measure-board if I had not looked at and puzzled over the many cuts, notches, and little round holes which made a doorway in my grandfather's New England home look like an Indian's totem-stick. It was entirely guess-work to select the cut which was made by my own first jack-knife to mark its owner's height at five years of age, or which one of the round holes punched by grandmother's spinning-wheel spindle shows my inches at an earlier age. Most of the marks on that door-post are for the heights of my uncles, aunts, and cousins at different ages. But which is which there is no one now living who can tell. It is a family puzzle without any key. And this is the reason why I brought a measure-board to my own home some years ago.

"Our measure-board is of walnut, and has a deer's antlers and a shield at its top as a decoration. Beneath these is my own and my wife's monogram, and under that the year of our wedding; the different initials show the height of myself, my mother, and my wife. That the children's heights do not all commence, as they should, at one year is because the board did not come into use until the eldest of our little folks was three years old, and it was too late for all the one-year marks. But bright and early each birthday morning since the board has been in position the owner of the birthday has stood up, back to the board, and been measured.



"One friend who has recently set up a measure-board is so fortunate as to be able to have the heights of the four grandparents of his one-year-old baby, as well as that of himself and wife, to start with. In the story told by our board we find that one daughter grew more during a year that she was kept in the house by illness than during any other year; and we see that between twelve and thirteen the girls grow faster than at any other time except during their first, second, and third years, and between fifteen and sixteen is the year that the boy starts upward most rapidly; and that fifteen is the age when girls make a halt in growing; and that twenty-nine inches is about the average height of the little ones at one year old.

"It is curious to watch the varying growth of the children. At some years all the names are clustered near one point; for instance, the six and five year olds are so close together as to crowd one another. Next there is a six above a seven, and later on an eleven leads both a twelve and thirteen. All of this is so plainly seen in the illustration of the board that a glance at it will show you how some of the little folks have grown until they are as tall as their mother.

"At Christmas-time the measure-board has its special decoration—generally a holly branch glowing with red berries; and something like a family council is required to arrange this branch to the satisfaction of all, for in this one thing each has an equal interest."

Here, then, is something that any ingenious boy can make, something that will be a source of continuing interest for his sisters and brothers and parents and himself for many years to come.

HIGH TREASON IN THE NURSERY.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY M. O. KOBBÉ.

I. MASTER MUTINY.

JUST six years to-day I have lived in the world
With my hair like a girl's — all twisted and curled;
And the boys on the street, when I pass them, all cry:
"Hey! look at the curly-locks, girly-locks guy!"

Well, I 've taken those hateful old curls off to-day,
And now, when they meet me, we 'll see what they say!

II. MISS MALCONTENT.

No wonder my dolly
Looks gay and glad —
She has nothing in life
To make her sad;
And any child can be glad and gay
If it only is dressed in a sensible way.

She is n't squeezed up
In a great long coat
Too loose in the sleeves
And too tight round the throat,
With a bow in front that gets in the way
Every time she goes out with her friends to play.

And she does n't wear shoes
That pinch her toes,
Or a hat that flies
When a strong wind blows.

Fine clothes are *too* fine for every day,
And they 're *so* in the way when you try to play!

BLOWING BUBBLES BLOWS OFF TROUBLES.

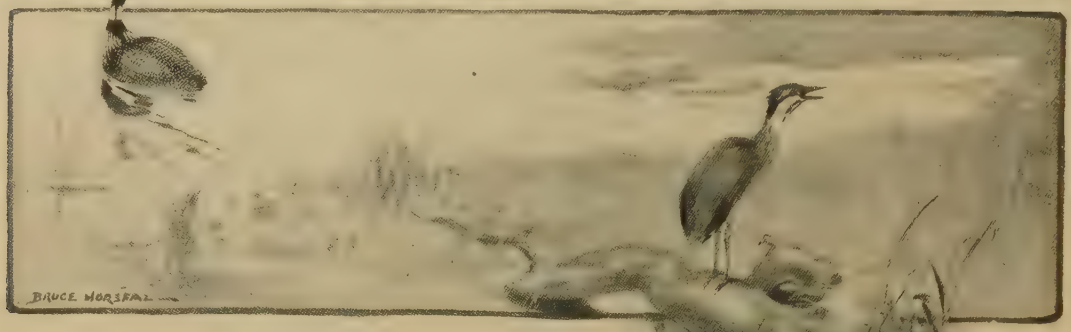
By C. R. Hoagland.

Bobby Boy is blowing bubbles,
Blowing big, bright, bouncing bubbles.
Bobby Boy had many troubles;
Mama said, "Come, let 's blow bubbles;
Blow your troubles in the bubbles.
Troubles go as bubbles do:
Bubbles vanish — troubles too."

So Bobby Boy is blowing bubbles,
Blowing big, bright, bouncing bubbles.

SPRING FASHIONS.

LITTLE FILMY-WING: "HAVE I GOT TO BE A FAIRY GODMOTHER TO *THIS*?"



LOON.

"The loon is one of our largest water-fowl, two or three times as large as the common duck; it is an ungainly bird, but a wonderful diver and swimmer under water."

MYSTERIOUS SPRING SOUNDS.

AH-*chunk*, ah-*chunk*, ah-*chunk*.

What is that strange sound that comes up from the marsh in April, like the coughing of a deep-throated, old-fashioned pump, or the hollow thump of oars between the thole-pins of a flat-bottomed scow? It is the spring note of that awkward, long-necked, long-legged bird, the bittern—its love-song, too! Think of making love with such a gulp as that!

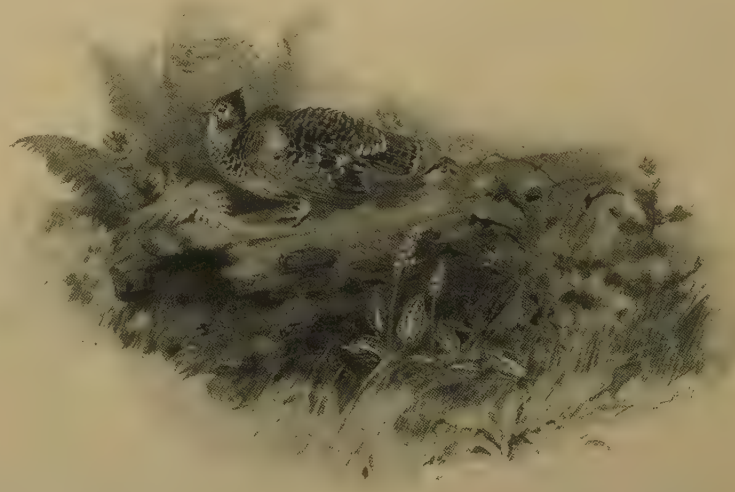
Often, as a boy, I have stood on the long slope above the marsh in spring, and wondered what that mysterious sound might be. It seemed to come from everywhere—from nowhere in particular. For the bittern is a great ventriloquist. Perhaps the art of ventriloquism was first learned from him.

How the hollow sound fills the whole marsh! One would hardly know where to search for the bird that is making it, hidden somewhere in those miles of coarse grass, even if one had seven-league rubber boots, and could wade faster than the wind travels over the marsh.

BITTERN.

"That awkward, long-necked, long-legged bird, the bittern."

Another mysterious sound of the spring is that wild, mocking, crazy laugh that floats up from mountain lakes soon after the ice has gone out. It is not often heard in the low-



"THE RUFFED GROUSE STANDS ERECT ON SOME LOG, AND BEATS HIS WINGS AGAINST HIS SIDES."

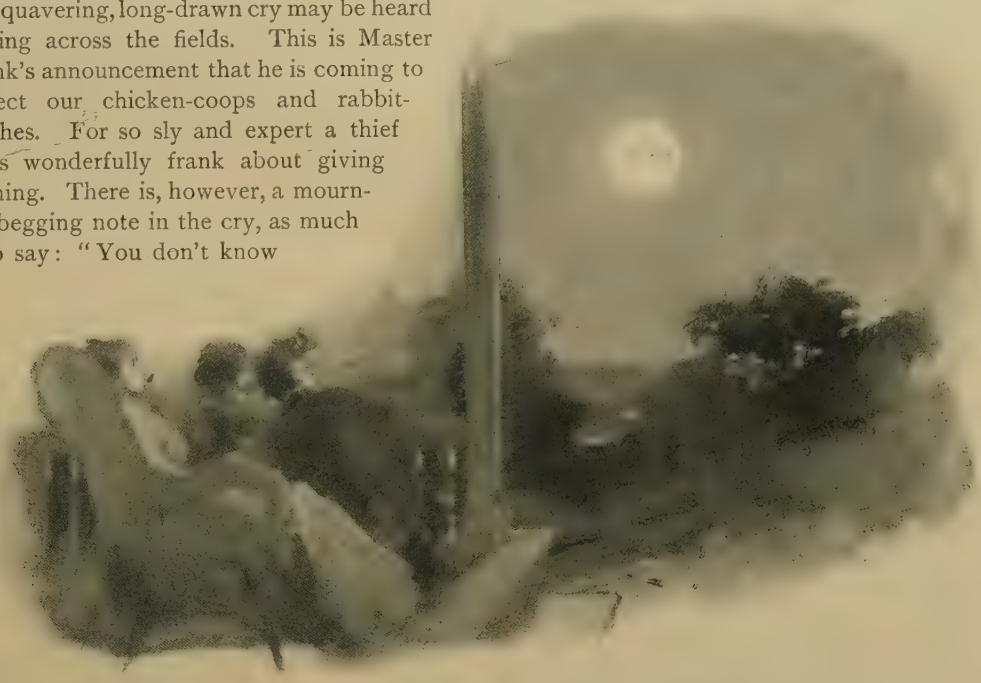
lands, but the girls and boys who live in the hill country know this sound of the loon's laugh—one of the strangest, saddest sounds in nature, so like a human laugh, and yet so heartless, mocking, and unearthly. The loon is one of our largest water-fowl, two or three times as large as the common duck; it is an ungainly bird, but a wonderful diver and swimmer under water. It is as wild and shy as its mocking call is weird and mysterious.

Often, on a warm, still spring night, a plaintive, quavering, long-drawn cry may be heard floating across the fields. This is Master Skunk's announcement that he is coming to inspect our chicken-coops and rabbit-hutches. For so sly and expert a thief he is wonderfully frank about giving warning. There is, however, a mournful, begging note in the cry, as much as to say: "You don't know how hungry I am! Please let me have just one plump young chicken!"

Who has not heard that spring "drummer in the woods," with his long, rolling *reveille*, increasing in rapidity with every tap of the flying drumsticks, until the beats run together in a blur of sound, as if the drum had dropped and was rumbling away over the ground? Every country boy knows that this sound, so mysterious to city visitors, is produced by the ruffed grouse as he stands erect on some log or stump, beating his wings against his inflated sides—at once a love-call and a challenge to other cock grouse "who would a-wooing go."

Later in the spring, when the nights begin to be warm and close, a harsh, hoarse, startling scream will be heard from some grove or solitary tree in the fields. One might easily be frightened at the sound; and yet it is nothing but the tree-toad with his usual spring call. That such a small, inoffensive creature should produce so threatening a sound is almost as amusing as it is strange.

One of the most mysterious sounds of the spring night is the thin, far-off piping of countless birds that are migrating, high in air, to their Northern homes. It is like a fairy chorus, that chirping of the little travelers.



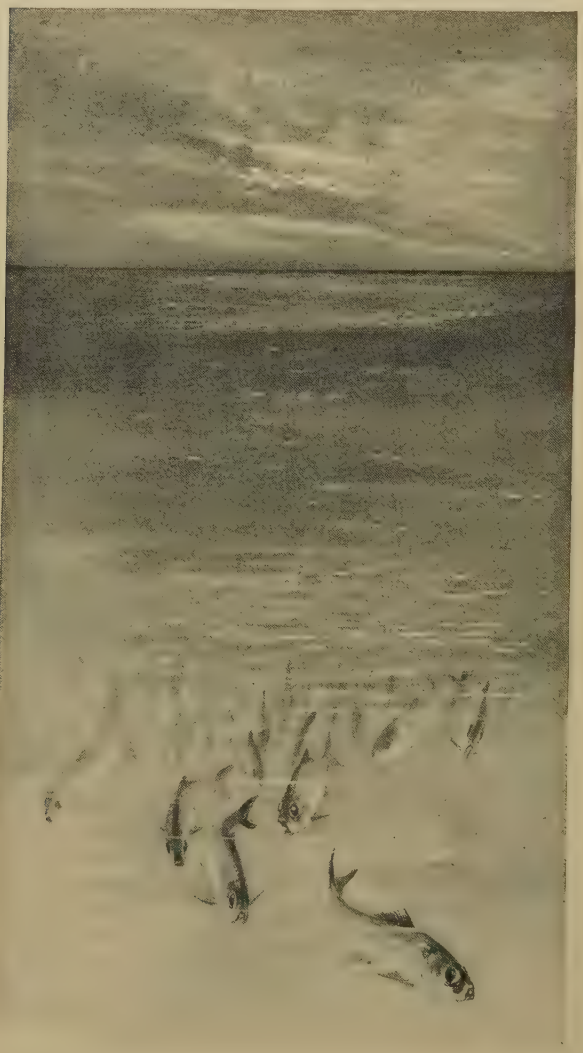
"ON MOONLIGHT NIGHTS ONE MAY SOMETIMES SEE WITH A STRONG FIELD-GLASS THE TINY PILGRIMS STREAMING ACROSS THE DISK OF THE MOON IN WAVING, WIRE-LIKE LINES."

On moonlight nights one may sometimes see with a strong field-glass the tiny pilgrims streaming across the disk of the moon in waving, wire-like lines. This is a sight almost as interesting and well worth watching for as an eclipse. Look for it, girls and boys, the next time you hear those mysterious, piping voices on some calm, clear moonlight night in spring.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

THE WINNER.

I HAD been watching the herring for an hour or more as they struggled through the sluice to the dam. The fall of the water over the gates



"FOR A WEEK THEY HAD BEEN STRAGGLING IN FROM THE SEA, BUT TO-DAY THEY POURED IN BY THOUSANDS."

was unusually heavy that day, as was also the run of herring. For a week they had been straggling in from the sea, but to-day they poured in by thousands. The stream was clogged.

Something—their increased numbers and greater rivalry, perhaps—had noticeably excited the fish. They seemed electric with it. Perhaps this school had been delayed by the cold April weather, and now must reach the pond to lay their eggs and were in a hurry. Whatever the cause, they certainly seemed to be in a hurry, for I had never seen them scramble over the shoals and over one another in quite this rush before.

The unusual excitement was less manifest in their mad rush upstream than in their still madder rush at the falls. On any running day a few of the stronger, bolder fish, finding their way barred by a four-foot dam, try to climb over through the down-pouring sheet of water. The vast majority, however,—not unlike, I suppose, the majority of men,—coming to the impossible barrier, stop in the easy pen built for them beneath the falls, and are content to be scooped out, for pickling and fishbait, most of them, though a few are carried up in barrels to the spawning-ponds.

But to-day it was different. Instead of the usual few there were many fighting to get over. I had watched them time and time again, but had never seen one pass the four feet of sheer falling water. In "Wild Life Near Home" I have described how they would dart through the foam into the great sheet of water, strike it like an arrow, rise straight up through it, hang an instant in midfall, and be hurled back and killed, often, on the rocks beneath.

To-day I felt a new thrill as I watched them. Something of the evident excitement among the fish possessed me. I somehow knew that, as the horsemen put it, "The track was faster to-day"—that the swimmers were on their mettle, that a record would be broken.

The falls were all a-flash and a-glitter with the darting fishes. Not only was there a greater number in the contest: there was also a much higher average jump than usual. Over and over again one would get within half a foot of the lip of the gate.

Soon I noticed that it seemed to be a certain fish that made this highest mark. I fol-

lowed her as she fell back, and, though it was impossible through the foam and thick rush of other forms to keep her in sight, yet I am sure that each time she rose it was with a peculiar bound showing a particularly long, lithe body. And each time she fell, peculiar good luck attended, or else it was that her superior sense and training served her, for each time she landed just between or just beyond the rocks.

Again she flashed through the foam, and hung, fixed like a silver arrow, in the dark water just below the edge. Again she fell. I was excited. Flash! flash! flash! a score of the shining ones shot into the falls, when over them, above them, flashed the long, lithe form of the winner, striking one of the weaker rivals beneath her just as she reached her highest mark, and bounding sidewise from her, glanced over the dam and was gone.

The record was broken, and within five minutes, by the same curious hap, another turned her silver side over the great hurdle and dived into the quiet pool beyond.

It is a rather paradoxical state of things that creatures like these fish hate cloudy, cold weather and rain, and will not leave the ocean willingly for the shallow fresh waters unless the sun shines and the wind suits and the temperature is to their liking. There is some reason for the chickens' staying in when it rains; but what need have herring of umbrellas? DALLAS LORE SHARP.

GOING UP THE STREAM.

Sometimes it 's swimming, sometimes jumping, sometimes flopping, and again climbing. In fact, it 's almost any way to get there.

THE WINNER.

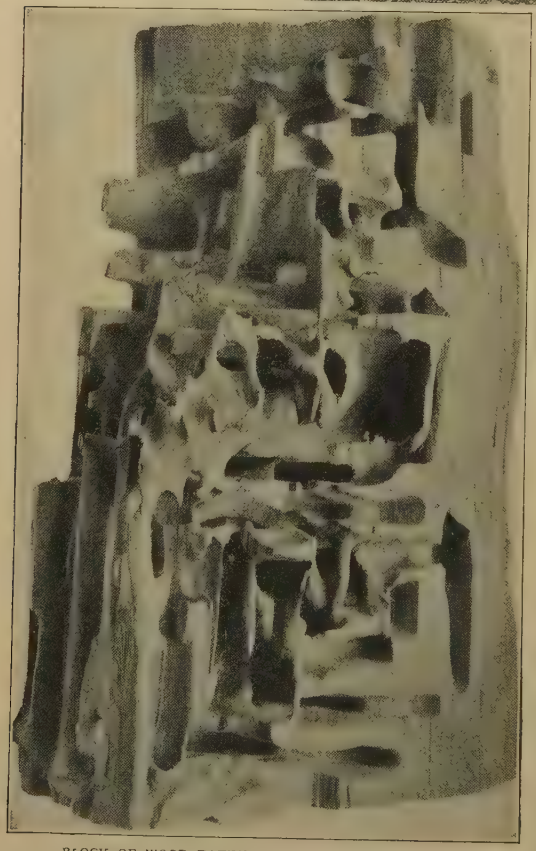
So much is said regarding the migration of birds that we are apt to make the mistake of thinking that birds are the only form of animal life that migrates. The Rev. Mr. Sharp has very interestingly called our attention to the often overlooked fact of the migration of fishes. It is not, however, with fishes only that the adults come to us in the spring. We have also at least one variety of butterfly that is regarded as migratory. Of the well known "Monarch," Dr. W. J. Holland writes:

> It is believed by writers that with the advent of cold weather these butterflies migrate to the South, that the chrysalids and caterpillars which may be undeveloped at the time of the frosts are destroyed, and that when these insects reappear, as they do every summer, they represent a wave of migration coming northward from the warmer regions of the Gulf States.

HOMES UNDER THE BARK.

SEVERAL kinds of insects have sharp jaws for cutting holes in wood. Some make queer markings in intricate and beautiful patterns just beneath the bark of decaying trunks. Others bore smooth and even holes of about the diameter of a lead-pencil, deep into the tree. Some insects make these holes or intricate net-work of passages for homes where they may live and be protected from storms.

EXAMINING THE INSECT HOMES AND CUTTINGS IN THE DECAYING WOOD.



BLOCK OF WOOD EATEN BY WOOD-BORING INSECTS.

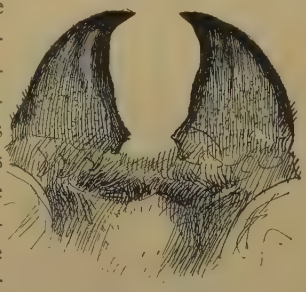
From a photograph supplied by the American Museum of Natural History, New York City, from a specimen contributed by Henry van Hoevenberg, Adirondack Lodge, North Elba, New York.

Others not only cut the wood but use the chips for food.

It is interesting to pull up the bark and break off clumps of the decaying wood to see the variety of insects that scurry out, terrified by the noise and unexpected blaze of light.

It would require no great amount of imagination to regard some clusters as villages, with winding streets, and here and there a path "across lots"—perhaps for going visiting by shorter routes than "around the road."

Then again we find perforations of such extraordinary form that they look like tiny palaces built by fairy architects. Sometimes the channels lie just beneath the bark, partly in this and partly in the wood, so that when the bark is peeled off the work of the wood-cutters has the appearance of fanciful etchings. The insects especially fond of this kind of labor are called engraver-beetles; others make holes not by their jaws but by a long, drill-like apparatus.



CHISEL-LIKE JAWS OF A WOOD-BORING LARVA.

Drawn from view magnified by aid of a compound microscope.

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

HOW WOODCHUCKS CLIMB TREES.

ALGONA, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In reading ST. NICHOLAS I came across an article about woodchucks climbing trees, and I made up my mind to write you about an experience of this kind which I had. One day I was walking across a pasture with another boy and a fox-terrier, when we suddenly heard a shrill whistle from a large pile of brush not far away. The dog soon drove a "chuck" out of the pile, and it ran up a tree a few feet away. The tree was a box-elder about six inches in diameter, and the woodchuck climbed clear to the top. But he did not climb like a cat, but more like a boy would do in climbing a larger tree, clinging by "all fours." The branches began about eight feet from the ground, and the woodchuck climbed this distance up the smooth trunk of the tree very rapidly. This was the first time I had ever known that woodchucks could climb in this manner.

RUSSELL COWLES.

This is a very rare observation, and evidently correct. The woodchuck's claws are not sharp enough for climbing in the scratch-into-the-bark style of the cat.

THE MEADOW-LARK.

SCRANTON, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This bird is one of the best known of the blackbird and oriole family, as any grassy meadow which is not traversed too frequently will almost invariably contain a flock of meadow-larks. They arrived here on March 7, or a day earlier, last spring, and at once took possession of their old fields and nesting-grounds. It may be remarked that the lark is classed, on good authority, as a permanent resident. If this is true they must rove about in the fall, and leave their fields, for I observed carefully a field well stocked with meadow-larks, near this place, in the autumn, winter, and spring,—1901–1902,—and there was not one in the vicinity after November 15, nor did they reappear until March 7. Of course my observations were limited to this place, but I have heard testimony from other places that none were seen there in the winter.

The flight of the lark suggests that of the quail, on account of the decurved wings; but the white outer tail-feathers of the meadow-lark, so conspicuous in flight, are a distinguishing mark.

The call of the lark, usually given when alarmed, is a rasping *shrank! shrank!* followed by a long-drawn twittering *te-t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t.* There is also a low *quit,* which I have heard only a few times, and then only when quite near the bird. The song is a high, clear, sliding whistle, in two parts.

H. ESTY DOUNCE (age 13).

Most meadow-larks migrate to the South. A few remain in the New England and Middle States during the winter. This bird and our bobolink are the best two singers of the lowlands. "The bobolink mood is one of carefree happiness; the meadow-lark's suggests the fervent joy that is akin to pain," says Florence Merriam Bailey.

The meadow-lark's song has been well translated as "a clear, piercing whistle, *spring o' the y-e-a-r, spring o' the year!*"

MEADOW-LARK.
Drawn by H. Esty Dounce (age 13).

PRESERVATION OF THE MAMMOTH.

FERGUSON, MO.

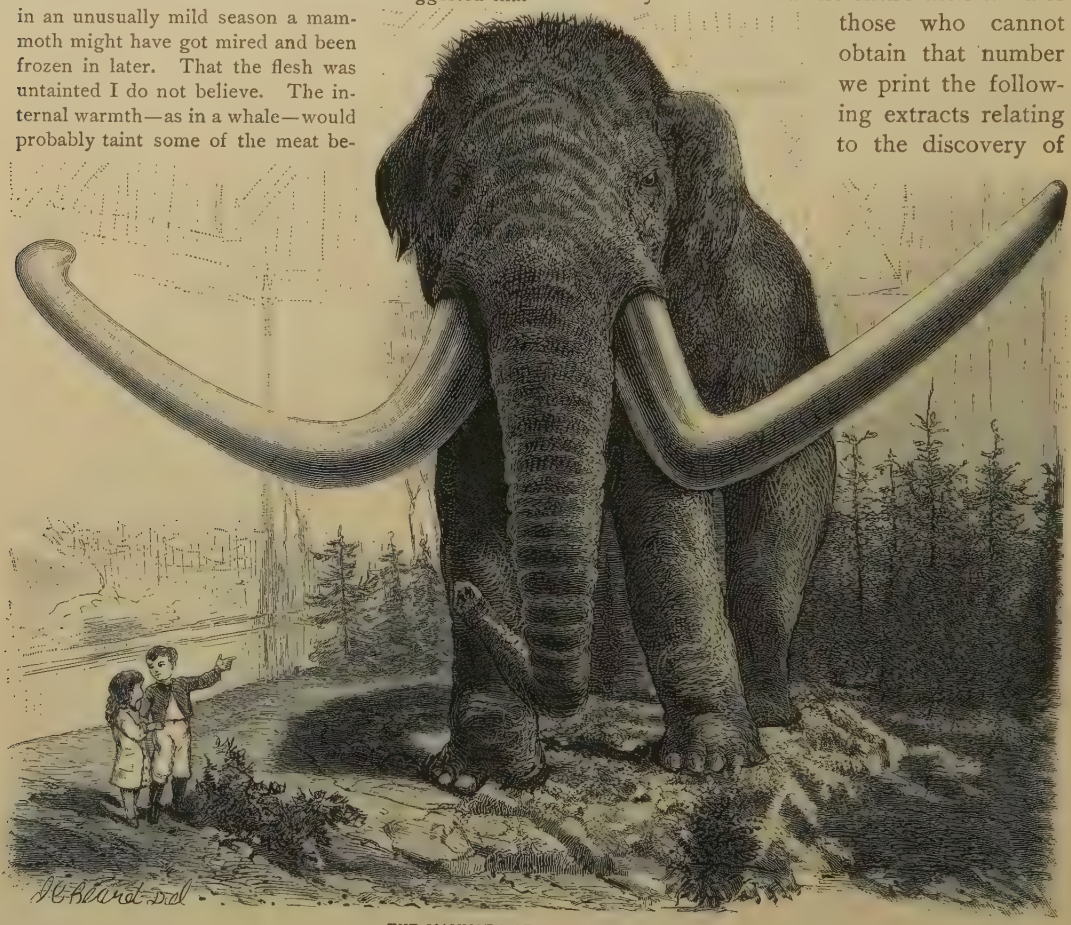
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a question that has been puzzling some of your readers. How was the mammoth of northern Siberia frozen and the meat not tainted? It must have been frozen very quickly to preserve the flesh in this way. They have been found even fifty feet underground in perfect condition, with the meat untainted, and they must have been in this condition hundreds of years. I would be much obliged if you would answer me in ST. NICHOLAS.

HORACE WAGNER.

Your question was submitted to Professor Frederic A. Lucas, curator in the United States National Museum, Washington, and an acknowledged authority regarding mammoths.

The following is an extract from his reply:

You are quite right about the preservation of the mammoths. They were frozen immediately after death, for they lived in a cold climate. We know that in Alaska the mammoths actually walked on the ice. It is quite probable that some of the mammoths perished in the snow, and this in time turned into glacier-like ice through accumulation and pressure, although I have never happened on any good explanation of the manner in which the great subterranean ice masses of Alaska and Siberia were formed. It has been suggested that in an unusually mild season a mammoth might have got mired and been frozen in later. That the flesh was untainted I do not believe. The internal warmth—as in a whale—would probably taint some of the meat before it could all freeze; although the legs—these were the parts best preserved—would keep quite fresh.



THE MAMMOTH OF ST. PETERSBURG.

Read also the chapter "The Mammoth" in Professor Lucas's very interesting book, "Animals of the Past." It is especially interesting to note the following statement regarding the word "mammoth":

We are so accustomed to use the word to describe anything of remarkable size that it would be only natural to suppose that the name mammoth was given to the extinct elephant because of its extraordinary bulk. Exactly the reverse is true, however, for the word came to have its present meaning because the original possessor of the name was a huge animal.

A very interesting article, "The Discovery of the Mammoth," was published in the December number (page 89) of ST. NICHOLAS for 1882. Our young folks should take the bound volume for that year and read the entire article. For those who cannot obtain that number we print the following extracts relating to the discovery of this mammoth in a huge mound of ice in northern Siberia in the spring of 1799.

About thirty feet above him, half-way up the face of the mound, appeared the section of a great ice-layer, from which the water was flowing in numberless streams; while protruding from it, and partly hanging over, was an animal of such huge proportions that the simple fisherman could hardly believe his eyes. Two gigantic horns or tusks were visible, and a great woolly body was faintly outlined in the blue, icy mass. In the fall

he related the story to his comrades up the river, and in the ensuing spring, with a party of his fellow-fishermen, he again visited the spot. A year had worked wonders. The great mass had thawed out sufficiently to show its nature, and on closer inspection proved to be a well-preserved specimen of one of those gigantic extinct hairy elephants that roamed over the northern parts of Europe, Asia, and America in the earlier ages of the world. The body was still too firmly attached and frozen to permit of removal. For four successive years the fishermen visited it, until finally, in March, 1804, five years after its original discovery, it broke away from its icy bed and came thundering down upon the sands below. The discoverers first detached the tusks, that were nine feet six inches in length, and together weighed three hundred and sixty pounds. The hide, covered with wool and hair, was more than twenty men could lift. Part of this, with the tusks, was taken to Jakutsk and sold for fifty rubles, while the rest of the animal was left where it fell, and cut up at various times by the Jakutskans, who fed their dogs with its flesh. A strange feast this, truly—meat that had been frozen solid in the ice-house of nature perhaps fifty thousand years, more or less; but so well was it preserved that when the brain was afterward compared with that of a recently killed animal, no difference in the tissues could be detected.

Later the mammoth was purchased by scientists and taken to the museum at St. Petersburg. It is this specimen that is pictured on the previous page. Of the size of this mammoth it is stated:

Its length is twenty-six feet, including the curve of the tusks; it stands sixteen feet high, and when alive it probably weighed more than twice as much as the largest living elephant. And as some tusks have been found over fifteen feet in length, we may reasonably conclude that Shumarhoff's mammoth is only an average specimen, and that many of its companions were considerably larger.

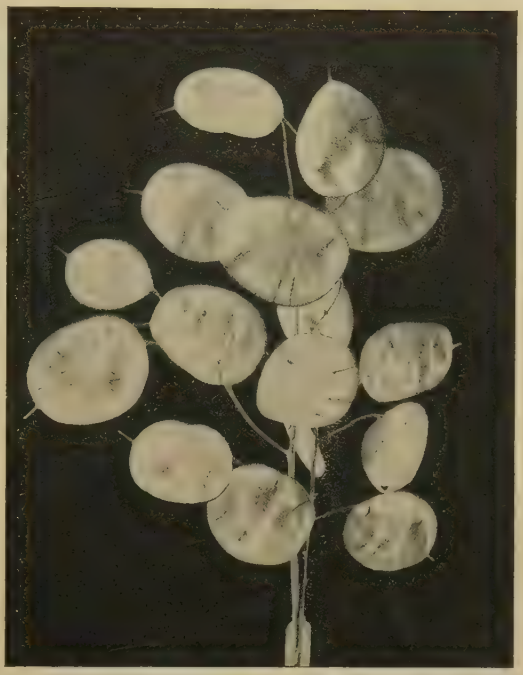
"CHINESE EYE-GLASSES."

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I inclose in a box two sprays of a plant called "Chinese eye-glasses," one of their "covers," and several seeds. One spray has several covers on the eye-glasses, and the other has not. The seed should be sown in May, June, or July, for if sown in September the frost will kill them, as they will not be strong enough to stand it. They bloom the second summer, and the flowers are a reddish purple. They must not be picked or the eye-glasses (which are the seed-pods) will not come. The eye-glasses have two covers, one on each side, as is shown on one of the sprays. These covers are a very pale yellowish brown when ripe. The seeds are between these and the eye-glasses. They will keep for a long time if not handled much, for they are very frail.

Yours truly,

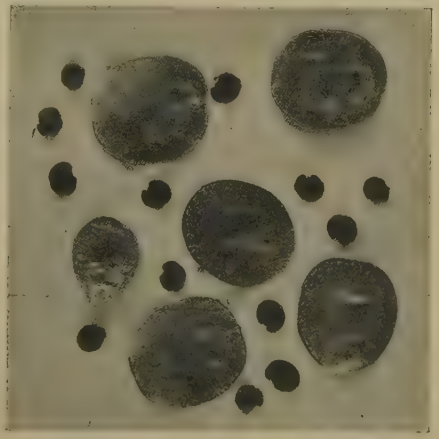
TERESA COHEN.



"CHINESE EYE-GLASSES."

Photographed from the two sprays of the plant sent by the writer of this letter.

This plant is commonly known as moonwort or honesty. The scientific name is *Lunaria annua*. As this name implies, it is an annual. The seeds may be sown in early spring. The plant is easily grown, and our young folks will find it interesting especially because of its unique form.



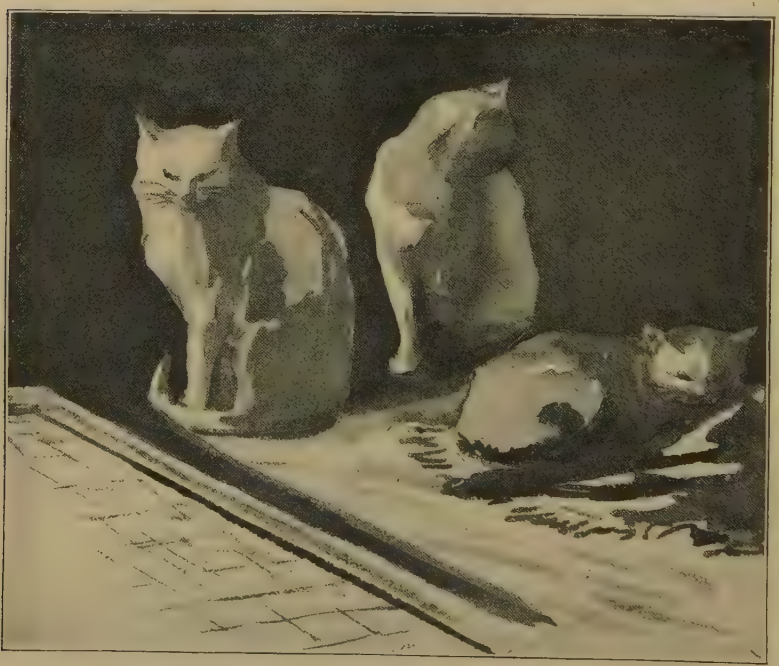
THE SEEDS AND "COVERS" OF SEED-PODS.

The sun swings higher in the sky
To light the pleasant path of May,
And still with kindly, watchful eye,
Finds happy children all the way.

FOR the benefit of our later readers we find it a good plan now and then to review something of the object and scope of the St. Nicholas League.

The League was begun with an announcement made in November, 1899. We stated then that it was to be an organization of our readers for the purpose of encouraging and cultivating talent and ingenuity, and for promoting good-fellowship everywhere. Each month prizes were to be offered as an acknowledgment of superior excellence in drawing, literary composition, photography, and puzzle-work.

We expected the League would be a success, but we hardly thought it would at once become a great educational factor with a support so wide and so eminent as it immediately received. Wherever in any part of the earth there are English readers the St. Nicholas League has members; and in every school and college where English is read and taught, instructors have watched its growth and in many cases made its work a part of their class study. Art teachers everywhere have encouraged their pupils to compare the League drawings and to enter the competitions. One of the foremost illustrators in the world has written to say that he wishes he might have had a St. Nicholas League in the days of his early beginnings. Already some of those who began writing and drawing nearly four years ago have taken their places in the ranks of the world's workers, and among these and among others that will be added to their number as the years go by, there will be men and women whom the world will be proud to claim and will long remember.



"ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY LUCY MACKENZIE, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

The membership of the St. Nicholas League is free. Any reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, may obtain a League badge and an instruction leaflet and may enter the competition. We ask only that members give attention to the department and its aims, and strive earnestly to excel in whatever they may undertake. We ask, also, that they persevere, for it is only through earnest striving and persistent effort that anything worth having can be won. Discouragement has no place in any League undertaking, and some of those who have attained the highest places have failed oftenest in the beginning.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 41.

IN making awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Elizabeth Q. Bolles** (age 17), 6 Berkeley St., Cambridge, Mass., and **Mabel Elizabeth Fletcher** (age 16), 470 E. Center St., Decatur, Ill.

Silver badges, **Norman Taylor** (age 10), 7422 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa., **Dorothy Wallis** (age 13), 300 Park Ave., Orange, N. J., and **Sydney P. Thompson** (age 8), 156 Fifth Ave., Room 706, New York City.

Prose. Gold badge, **Gladys Bullough** (age 14), Meggernie Castle, Glen Lyon, Perthshire, Scotland.

Silver badges, **Herbert Andrews** (age 14), 174 Selkirk Ave., Winnipeg, Man., Canada, **Edna Wise** (age 14), 239 West 70th St., Chicago, Ill., and **Herman White Smith** (age 11), Redding, Conn.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Emily Grace Hanks** (age 16), 2044 Madison Ave., New York City, and **Lucy Mackenzie** (age 15), Ladyhill House, Elgin, Scotland.

Silver badges, **Richard M. Hunt** (age 16), 1 Woodside Rd., Winchester, Mass., and **Katharine Thompson** (age 9), Brookwood Farm, Greencastle P. O., Delaware.

Photography. Cash prize, **Homer C. Miller** (age 17), 26 Clifton St., Springfield, Ohio.

Gold badge, **George Schobinger** (age 17), Chailly, S. Lausanne, Switzerland.

Silver badges, **Lawrence V. Sheridan** (age 15), 449 S. Clay St., Frankfort, Ind., and **Will Maynard** (age 13), 906 State St., Springfield, Mass.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Partridges," by **Lucille Sledge Campbell** (age 14), Knoxville, Tenn. Second prize, "Squirrel," by **Philip S. Ordway** (age 15), 20 Myrtle St., Winchester, Mass. No third prize.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Margery Quigley** (age 16), 3966 Morgan St., St. Louis, Mo., and **Olive S. Brush** (age 15), 68 Gloucester St., Toronto, Ont., Can.

Silver badges, **Marie Blucher** (age 12), Corpus Christi, Tex., **A. Adelaide Hahn** (age 9), 552 E. 87th St., N. Y. City.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Alice C. Martin** (age 15), 240 West 74th St., New York City, and **Desmond Kessler Fraenkel** (age 14), 906 Park Ave., Manhattan.

Silver badges, **Doris Hackbusch** (age 14), 511 North Esplanade, Leavenworth, Kan., and **Willamette Partridge** (age 14 , 1629 Sheridan Drive, Chicago, Ill.

THE MEADOWS OF THE SKY.

BY ELIZABETH Q. BOLLES (AGE 17).

(*Gold Badge.*)

I HEAR the veery singing,
And the south wind softly sigh,
As I gaze up from my window
To the meadows of the sky.

The star sheep there are grazing
With the star lambs by their side,
And the shepherd moon is guarding
O'er the meadows large and wide.

And through those spacious meadows
A lane goes curving by,
And it leadeth to the sheepfold
Of the meadows in the sky.

"OUR NEW ANIMAL FRIEND." BY EMILY GRACE HANKS, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

ALEX McKENZIE'S FIRST BATTLE.

BY GLADYS BULLOUGH (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

ALEX MCKENZIE was a lad of sixteen years, the youngest son of a Highland chieftain who lived in a Highland glen. It was in the month of June, when Rory McKenzie (Alex's father) had a quarrel with a very powerful Highland clan named Campbell. Alex's father sent to the Campbells to ask about some land which by right belonged to the McKenzies and the Campbells had claimed. When Campbell heard what the message was, he got in such a rage that he drew his claymore and slew one of the messengers. The others, mad with rage, rushed upon the Campbells and killed many of them. Such an uneven conflict could not last long. The McKenzies were all killed but one, who managed to escape, and brought the news to his chief, who vowed vengeance for the loss of his men. Alex was very excited about the coming battle, as he was old enough to take part in it with his brothers. The clan at once prepared for battle, which did not take long in those days. Alex showed himself as good a soldier as any of the clan, several times saving his father's life. The Campbells, being more numerous, forced the McKenzies to fly, and hotly pursued them. The McKenzies, having no settled place to retreat to in case of defeat, scattered. Alex and his father were left alone. The chief could hardly drag himself along, as he was badly wounded. Alex tried to think of some place where he and his father could hide, when he suddenly remembered that some time before he had discovered a small cave cunningly hidden away on the steep mountain-side. He at once led his father to the spot, and almost dragged him through the small hole leading to the cave; and here they remained until the Campbells had gone, living on the food that every soldier was obliged to carry. Alex left his father in the care of a friend, rode to Edinburgh,

obtained an audience of the king, and begged him to have the Campbells punished. This he did, and made the brave boy an officer in his army, where he did good service. He finally went back to the Highlands, and lived in great happiness.

THE MEADOW OF THE SLUMS.

BY MABEL ELIZABETH FLETCHER (AGE 16).

(*Gold Badge.*)

A DROOPING clover in a broken glass,
An oak-leaf treasured up from long ago,
A bare, baked ground without a blade of grass,
And ragweeds in a sullen, jagged row.

Behind it all the noisy gutter hums;
In front the heavy litter-boxes stand:
Yet here the ragged children of the slums
Come flocking in a joyous, happy band.

Her clover turns to daisies fresh and gay;
The oak-leaf is a grove of noble trees;
The gutter oft becomes a tranquil bay
Where white-sailed ships can tempt the gentle breeze.

The clover and the oak-leaf and the weeds,
Although dear Mother Nature's very crumbs,
God wills that they should be as tiny seeds
In the meadow of the children of the slums.

THE BATTLE WITH THE PRAIRIE FIRE.

(*A True Story.*)

BY HERBERT ANDREWS (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

ONE hot summer day we were just let out of school, and were getting the pony into the gig to go home, when away to the north we could see great volumes of smoke arising. We got the pony into the gig and hurried toward home. The pony was so frightened that it started to run away. It flew around the corner of a fence, almost upsetting the gig. We arrived home in a record time. We got the horse into the barn and then went out. The men had got the horses out and were plowing a fire-guard along the northern part of the boundary of the farm, which was menaced by the fire.

When several furrows had been plowed the fire was up to the brake. The men got bags, wet them, and stood ready to meet the oncoming fire. Whenever a bit of fire crossed the guard it was put out.

But the wind was getting up, and in a little while the fire had crossed the guard. The men worked hard and long; but the fire seemed to be gaining. We brought another barrel of water, and with fresh energy they again fought with the fire. This time they slowly conquered it. In about a quarter of an hour the fire was out. They had been fighting for two hours. They were quite tired out. The fire started from a small fire in a stubble.

THE BATTLE OF SOUTHWEST HARBOR.

BY FRANK DAMROSCH, JR. (AGE 14).

THE battle of Southwest Harbor was fought in the war of 1812, but it is not known to many people, as it was not very important. Mount Desert Island, upon which Southwest Harbor is situated, lies off the coast of Maine. One day in the year 1812 an English sloop of war appeared in the western way and anchored inside of Cranberry Island. It was known that stores were concealed at Southwest Harbor, and the British determined to get them. There were no regular soldiers at Southwest, but all the fishermen and farmers of the country round about gathered together and built a hastily improvised breastwork, behind which they placed some old field-pieces. The first day after her arrival the sloop lay quietly at anchor, but in the evening she sent a boat ashore to reconnoiter. The boat did not find out very much.

"PEACE." BY HOMER C. MILLER, AGE 17. (CASH PRIZE.)

The next day the battle commenced in earnest. The sloop stood in and the firing began. I cannot tell of all the brave deeds that were done that day, but one of them I will mention.

A boy who was helping the men fell from the breastworks into the water.

At once three men jumped into a dory and, in the face of a fierce fire, rescued him.

The fight continued fiercely till evening, when the Britisher drew off, crippled and defeated, and the battle of Southwest Harbor between a sloop of war and some fishermen had been fought and won.

A TIFF IN THE MEADOW.

BY DOROTHY WALLIS (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

'T WAS old Mr. Beetle
And old Mr. Bee
Sat talking "a leetle"
Beneath an old tree.

Stepping out of the lane,
I heard Bumble sigh:
"I wish it would rain,
Or the flowers will die."

"Oh, no," said the other;
"That never would do;
Too much rain 's a bother
For *me*, if not you."

"I like rain *and* sun,"
Said the Bee, with a wink;
"One gets lots of fun
From both, don't you think?"

Mr. Beetle just pouted,
And left Mr. Bee;
No good-bys were shouted
Beneath the old tree.

So, friends, when together,
'T is wiser, you see,
Not to talk of the weather—
Unless you agree!

"PEACE." BY GEORGE SCHOBINGER, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

A BATTLE.

BY HERMAN WHITE SMITH (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

IT was a fine day about the middle of June, and I thought I would take a walk in the orchard to see a robin's nest I had found a few days before. I had not gone very far when I saw a robin fly out of an apple-tree near by. I looked up into the tree for quite a few minutes, and was just going away when I saw the mother returning; but I think she did not see me, for she went right to the nest. Then I saw it in a crotch about half-way up the tree. It was not a very hard tree to climb, so I thought I would climb up and see what was in it.

I had climbed about half-way to the nest when I heard such a noise in the orchard I jumped down from the tree and ran to see what was the matter.

Before I could get there I heard the chatter of a red squirrel and the snap, snap of a robin's beak. I soon saw what was the matter. The squirrel was eating a robin's egg as I came in sight, while the mother was fluttering about, snapping her beak and trying to strike him with her wings. The squirrel, after finishing the egg, started to run to a hickory-tree near by, but before he had passed the first tree she was at him again. To avoid her blows he would dart under the limb, while all the while he was getting farther and farther away. At that instant the father came flying by, and stopped when he saw the fight.

Not waiting to see what the matter was, he flew right at the squirrel, and before the squirrel knew what was to be done, the robin had struck him and he was falling straight to the ground. When he struck he fell on the stone fence, and was just able to get into a hole in the fence. I don't think he ever troubled a robin's nest after that.

NOTICE.

Every reader of ST. NICHOLAS should become a member of the St. Nicholas League. A League badge and leaflet will be mailed free.

"PEACE." BY WILL MAYNARD, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE MEADOW AND THE WOOD.

BY NORMAN TAYLOR (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

OVER the meadow at evening,
Over the meadow at morn,
I see the corn-fields waving
With their golden ears of corn.

Over the meadows at morning,
Into the forest deep,
I hear the wood birds singing,
And I see the owls asleep.

Over the meadow at evening,
And through the rustling corn,
I am going over the meadow
To the place where I was born.

IN THE MEADOWS.

BY SYDNEY P. THOMPSON (AGE 8).

(*Silver Badge.*)

Up in the sky a lark is flying,
Down in the grass a child is lying;
The grasses bend and the breezes blow,
And the little child's breath comes soft and slow.

The song of the lark is sweet and clear,
And it says to the child, "Rest well, my dear."
The lark flew upward into the sky,
But the little child on earth must lie.

"ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY RICHARD M. HUNT, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

A POSTPONED BATTLE.

BY EDNA WISE (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THERE was great excitement, one fine summer day, on the planet of Mars. The King's palace was in an uproar. And well it might be, for the Lord High Astronomer had just rushed headlong into the throne-room, crying as he came: "Oh, your Majesty! twelve great air-ships have just been seen putting out from Jupiter! Battle-ships, your Majesty, battle-ships!"

What a flurry there was, to be sure! Even the King, who was very, very cross at being wakened in the middle of his morning nap, finally put on his crown and, grumbling all the while, went out to see that the Imperial Troopers, who were rushing about the courtyard in a very frightened and bewildered state, got into proper order. The Queen became so very excited that she lost her gold embroidery-scissors, and could n't find them again. This made her very cross, and as she was already badly frightened, her maids were very glad when she finally fled to her room, and, getting under her bed, waited tremblingly for the first shot to be fired. The Lord High Astronomer and several other dignitaries were hanging out of the highest tower in breathless interest, for the air-ships were headed directly for Mars, and were moving at the rate of one thousand miles a minute. Every one was looking very pale and scared, and watched every movement of the ships with fear and trembling.

Nearer and nearer came the great air-ships, and everyone held his breath and waited until—

"Eureka!" shouted the Lord High Astronomer. "They are going by. They 're not stopping here at all!"

At this everybody took a long breath. The King, still grumbling and growling, went back to finish his interrupted nap. The Queen, having first peeped out of the door to see that all was safe, came down from her room, found her embroidery-scissors, and went on with her embroidery. The Imperial Troopers tried to look disappointed, but they positively could n't help looking relieved instead. Everybody went back to his or her work, and the Lord High Astronomer slowly put up his telescope preparatory to looking at the Earth.

"PEACE." BY LAWRENCE V. SHERIDAN, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

IN THE MEADOW.

BY MARGUERITE STUART (AGE 15).

Summer mists were all around,
Dewdrops sparkled on the ground;
Through the grass the south wind blew,
Where the nodding wild flowers grew.
Rippling, laughing, flowed the brook,
Waking birds their nests forsook,
Sunbeams bright lay over all,
When we reached the meadow wall.

"PARTRIDGES." BY LUCILLE SLEDGE CAMPBELL, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")

Violets perfumed the air,
Bumblebees droned ev'rywhere;
Made for dreaming seemed that day,
And in silence passed away.
Apple-blossoms drifted down
On our heads, a dainty crown;
In the meadow, ev'rywhere,
Peace and gladness filled the air.

Soon the sunset lit the sky;
Down the lane the cows went by.
Western breezes whispered low
In the shadows wav'ring so.
On the scene the moonlight lay
When we sought our homeward way.
Though the day is now long past,
Always will the mem'ry last.

"SQUIRREL." BY PHILIP S. ORDWAY, AGE 15. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")

A BATTLE.

BY HOWARD R. CLAPP (AGE 9).

ONE day little Robert and his sister Alice were going down the lawn to feed the poultry. "Alice," said Robert, "you feed the ducks this morning, and I 'll feed the chickens." So Alice went to feed the ducks and Robert fed the other fowl. When Alice was nearly through feeding the ducks she heard Robert shouting for her to come over where he was. She ran over to him as fast as she could, and when she got there she saw that he was watching two roosters fighting over a piece of corn. They seemed in real earnest, for they were using their spurs and beaks vigorously. One rooster had the piece of corn in his beak and the other one was trying to get it out. At last both of them rolled over, one on top of the other. This made Robert and Alice laugh a great deal, for they had never seen a fight like that before in their lives. The two roosters grew more and more fierce as the time passed, and by and by one of them dropped the piece of corn; they paid no attention to this, though, but kept on fighting. The piece of corn did not stay on the ground very long, though, for another fowl came along and gobbled it up; so when the roosters stopped fighting they could not find it. The roosters did more harm than you would think, for, in her hurry to get to Robert, Alice had left open the door to the place where the ducks were kept, and now the ducks were all over the yard. Robert and Alice had a very hard time catching them, too.

MEADOW FRAGRANCE.

BY EMILY R. BURT (AGE 15).

THE clover 's in the meadow,
The violet 's in the dell,
But what is this spring fragrance,
This aromatic smell?

I 've thought of all the flowers
That in the springtime live,
But none of those I 've thought of
Could such a perfume give.

The meadow 's green with grasses,
The bluet dots the ground,
The golden cowslip 's glowing
From all the swamps around.

But whence this spicy odor?
I know not where to look!
But wait—look here: the odor 's from
The spearmint by the brook.

"AN ANIMAL FRIEND." BY KATHARINE THOMPSON, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

"PEACE." BY EDWARD W. RICE, AGE 14.

A BATTLE.

BY STUART GRIFFIN (AGE 12).

IT was February, in the year 1830, when my grandfather, who was a pioneer of Michigan and lived in the northern part of that State, started with a neighbor whose name was Harlow for the village of Elmira, which was four miles distant.

They lingered in town for some time after buying some groceries and an ax, and then started their walk, about twilight, through the deep snow which was between them and home.

They had gone about two miles when they heard the howling of wolves behind them. This was sufficient warning for them to fly for shelter, which was no nearer than home. But when they had made the two miles one half-mile shorter, they saw that it was useless to run, and prepared for a struggle, my grandfather armed with his ax and Harlow with a hickory club.

The wolves, made desperate with hunger, for it was almost impossible for them to find food then, made an immediate attack.

The beast that led the pack made a spring on Harlow, grabbed him by the leg, and would have torn him had not my grandfather leveled the beast to the ground.

Then the rest of the pack tore their fallen comrade into pieces and devoured him. This gave the men a chance to escape; but they had not gone far before they were overtaken.

The wolves, having tasted blood, were more ravenous than ever, and all jumped on their prey at once. This time they pulled Harlow to the ground, and he would have been torn into pieces, but my grandfather's trusty ax laid two of the wretches dead on the ground, and then he pulled his companion up. Awed by the way in which their comrades fell, the wolves retreated; but in a moment they renewed the attack with new vigor, while the men with nearly every blow laid some beast dead at their feet.

Just as they were beginning to lose their strength, and also their courage, their enemies began to steal away, each one dragging one of the slain wolves.

Neither of the men was hurt severely, and they reached home in safety.

They never found out how many wolves they had slain, for they all had been carried off and devoured.

MAY MEADOWS.

BY JESSICA BIDDLE (AGE 9).

BUTTERCUPS and daisies nodding to and fro,
Swaying so softly when balmy breezes blow.
Buttercups and daisies standing in a row,
Pray, won't ye tell what is it ye whisper low?

Brown thrush and swallow singing all the day,
Winging so wantonly across the meadow way,
Brown thrush and swallow warbling in May,
What are ye singing sweet — won't ye tell me, pray?

Babbling silver brooklet bounding o'er the grass,
Tinkling so musically as onward you pass,
Babbling silver brooklet stealing through the grass,
Won't ye tell your secret to a little lass?

Years have passed and now I know
The reason why the flowers grow,
The joy that makes the young birds sing,
And starts the brook's sweet murmuring:
'T is merry May, who heralds gay the fullness of the spring.

"PEACE." BY HENRY ORMSBY PHILLIPS, AGE 17.

"THE CABLE HAS COME."

BY ETHELINDA SCHAEFER (AGE 16).

IT was a sultry afternoon. Dark clouds were chasing the sun to an early rest. A storm was pending, but the threatening aspect of the heavens did not disturb the waiting throngs gathered on the sand beach of Waikiki, or render them impatient—no, not even when frequent showers of pelting rain rushed down from the blue hills of Manoa and deluged them. The eyes of all were directed seaward, where, just beyond the white line of breakers, the cable-ship "Silvertown" rocked.

It was approaching nearer and nearer, the slim black line. Canoes filled with excited observers accompanied it on its way; the crowds on the shore shouted its welcome. The sea, golden in the light of the setting sun, laughed at the unwonted excitement, and the waves aided their new friend, the cable, on its progress shoreward. And steadily the snake-like object drew nearer to the beach.

At length the waiting crowds burst into cheers; the band began to play; and willing hands pulled the cable up the shore! The shouts echoed over the blue ocean to the cable-ship and beyond. The cable had come!

"We welcome thee, Pacific Cable, to Hawaii Nei!"

NOT QUITE A BATTLE.

BY HILDA BRAUN (AGE 16).

ACROSS some of his partly cleared land old Grandsire Morten was passing one evening. He had noticed how strangely his dogs were acting, when suddenly a panther sprang from the crackling branches of a tree. In some miraculous manner the old man escaped its clutches. The panther, after a battle with the dogs, escaped into the woods.

Upon reaching his home, Mr. Morten told his daughter and grandchildren of his narrow escape.

Several days later Mr. Morten's daughter was called to a sick neighbor's home. Before leaving, she told her children, who were all under eleven years, not to leave the yard.

The children played with their corn-cob dolls until they were tired, and then sat down under the trees to discuss their grandfather's adventure.

They had not conversed long when Silas changed the subject by abruptly saying: "Lucretia, did n't you hear something?"

"WASHINGTON IRVING'S GRAVE." BY MICHAEL HEIDELBERGER, AGE 14.

"PEACE." BY STEPHEN ROYCE, AGE 13.

"Listen! It 's coming nearer," exclaimed Lucretia.

"It 's that panther," gasped Silas; "let 's run."

This suggestion was seconded by a swift motion toward the house; and no sooner had they crossed its friendly threshold then they began a systematic barricading; then it was deemed safer to crawl under the curtained bed.

Four children under a bed on a warm October afternoon was anything but pleasant; but this was one of the rare occasions when pleasure was not consulted.

At first only the noises made by the inmates of the barn-yard reached the strained ears of the listeners.

The youngest child began to cry, for she feared the panther might eat her pets. Her thoughts, however, were not occupied long in that direction, for just then a noise at the door made every one tremble with terror. Lucretia clapped her hands over her ears to drown the increasing noise.

"Lucretia," suddenly cried Silas, "that sounds like mother calling."

"So it does. You stay here until I go and see," said the little heroine, crawling from under the bed.

Fancy the mother's surprise when she entered the disorderly room and beheld her three youngest children crawling from the bed, and all because, as it was afterward discovered, Mrs. Squirrel skipped across the brown carpet of leaves to her neighbor's tree!

"PEACE." BY W. CALDWELL WEBB, AGE 7.

THE BATTLE BETWEEN WOLFE AND MONTCALM.

BY MARY G. BONNER (AGE 13).

DURING the reign of George II. a very important battle took place, which is decidedly worth telling.

"ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY MARJORIE BETTS, AGE 13.

The English were very anxious to take Quebec, which was at that time held by the French, whom the English hated.

Wolfe was the most famous Englishman at that time, and the nation wanted him to undertake to capture Quebec, it being a point of great importance.

When Wolfe went to Canada to see how Quebec was situated, he found that it would be no easy task to take the city. He wrote home in despair, stating that the French leader Montcalm was a brave, kind, and skilful man, who would n't fight a battle, but who took care to place his men where Wolfe could not pass by or attack them.

At last Wolfe made one desperate attempt.

Placing his men in boats, they rowed quietly up the dark river. As they rowed Wolfe repeated to his men some beautiful verses from a poem which had been written by Gray a few years before. One of the verses ended with the words, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." After Wolfe had said those lines he told his men that he would rather have been the author of that poem than to take Quebec.

When Wolfe and his men climbed the steep cliffs, which are so narrow that in some places two men cannot stand together, they reached the "Plains of Abraham," where the French were.

When the French saw the English coming they ran down into the city and told Montcalm.

Montcalm soon came out of the city and on to the Plains of Abraham with his army.

During the battle both of these brave warriors fell and died.

As Wolfe lay dying he heard one man say, "See! they run!" Wolfe roused himself to ask:

"Who run?"

When he heard that it was the enemy, he said:

"God be praised! I die in peace." These were his last words.

When Montcalm was dying he said:

"I thank God that I have not seen the surrender of Quebec."

A monument has been erected for these two brave commanders, each fighting for his own country.

"ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY MARGARET JENNINGS, AGE 13.

THE MEADOWS OF YOUTH.

BY MABEL BROWN ELLIS (AGE 17).

Oh, the Meadows of Youth are passing fair,
And fresh and sweet is the springlike air,
With violets and daffydowndillies;
And the cowslips shine like little suns there,
And the fairies peep forth everywhere
From the cups of the stately lilies.

Oh, Meadows of Youth, you are far away;
The glamor of sunrise has faded to-day.
We have strayed from the pathways olden,
And even the fairies are dead, they say,
And the fairy music is hushed for aye,
And gone are the Ages Golden.

But sometimes a little wandering breeze,
Sweet with spring and the breath of trees,
Into our hearts comes straying,
And we know that somewhere, beyond the seas,
Lie the Meadows of Youth, and that over these
The Wind of Memory 's playing.

THE GLORIES OF THE MEADOWS.

BY KATHARINE MONICA BURTON (AGE 12).

Oh, buttercups and daisies
And modest clover dear,
What should we do without you
When summer-time is near?
For you make the meadows sweeter
Than any garden bowers,
And you smell of grass and haytime,
You simple meadow flowers.

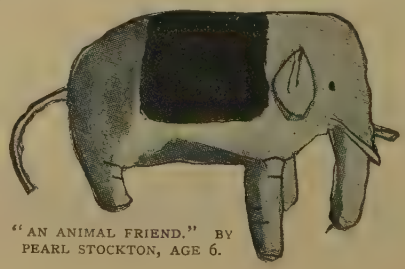
Oh, busy twittering sparrows
That flit along the hedge,
Chirping of eggs and nesting
And babies soon to fledge—
Oh, nation of small brownies,
You 're prettier any day
Than parrots brightly plumaged
With yellow, red, and gray.

A HEART'S BATTLE.

BY DOROTHY MERCER (AGE 13).

"MOTHER wants you to stay home this afternoon with Alfred, deary."

Ethel looked up from her book with a scowl on her pretty forehead.



"AN ANIMAL FRIEND." BY PEARL STOCKTON, AGE 6.

"Why, I was going over to Jo's this afternoon and stay to supper, don't you remember?" Ethel asked.

"No, dear, I had forgotten; but won't you stay home just this time? I don't command you to, but won't you?" pleaded the mother.

"I just think that it 's mean of you to ask me, when you know I am going out," Ethel answered.

"Very well, then; I will stay at home," mother said.

Ethel looked at her book, but somehow or other the story had lost its interest.

Suddenly she started and glanced around the room. There was no one in the room except herself, but certainly she had heard a little voice.

She sat still and listened. There were two voices, and they sounded as though they were quarreling.

"Go to Josephine's if you want to; your mother did n't say you could n't," said one voice.

"Yes, I know; but mother has so little pleasure that you ought not to be so selfish as to keep her home," said the other voice.

"Well, I don't care," said voice number one; "I 'm going." And so they had it back and forth.

. . . . .

Mother was sitting in the nursery with baby Alfred on her lap, when the door opened and Ethel came in. When she saw her mother she gave a little cry and, running to her, buried her head in her lap.

"Oh, mother," she cried, "give me Alfred and go out. I want you to go."

"But if I go you cannot go to Jo's."

"I don't want to go."

"But, deary, you did a little while ago."

"I know it; but after you went out I heard two little voices quarreling, and they made me so ashamed! I think they must have been fairies."

As mother kissed Ethel she did not tell her that it was her conscience quarreling with itself.

"ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY ALICE JOSEPHINE GOSS, AGE 16.

IN THE MEADOW.

BY OSCAR Y. BROWN (AGE 13).

"I 've been out in the meadow," said Charlie,
"I 've been out having fun with the boys;
I 'm glad I 'm not like Billy Courtney,
Who has to stay in with his toys.

"I am sorry for poor Billy Courtney,
Who can't run and play out and swim,
So I 'll gather some pebbles and flowers
And carry the meadow to him!"

LEAGUE NOTES.

Emma L. Rapelye (age 13), 202 Union St., Flushing, L. I., wishes to exchange stamps. She has 600 foreign and domestic stamps.

Yseulte Parnell (age 16), 97 Oakley St., London, S. W., England, desires to correspond with an American girl of her own age.

Bessie Brown and Florence Brown, Honesdale, Pa., would like to correspond with a girl about fifteen years of age.

Louis Edgar and Kate Swift, Honesdale, Pa., desire a correspondent about fifteen years of age.

Laura A. Stevens, of Bonneau, S. C., desires to exchange some Mont Saint Michel postal cards for Dutch ones.

Will Nina P. Skouses of Athens, Greece, please send her street address for publication? It is desired by many readers.

Ellen Skinner, of Escambia, Fla., desires to exchange Pensacola, Mobile, and New Orleans cards. Foreign countries preferred.

Ariana M. Belt (age 15), 1031 Cathedral St., Baltimore, Md., would like two or three girl correspondents of about her own age.

Ethel Kawin (age 13), 4426 Berkeley Ave., Chicago, Ill., would like to correspond with a girl of about her own age who lives either in southern Europe or in Japan.

Elsie F. Weil (age 13), 4595 Oakenwald Ave., Chicago, Ill., would like to have a correspondent who lives either in Greece, Italy, or Spain.

Herbert Schroeder (age 15), 1023 Prouty Ave., Toledo, O., would like a correspondent in either Turkey, China, or Japan.

A. Gertrude Gordon, 1600 16th street, N. W., Washington, D. C., would like to exchange Washington postal cards for those of any city, foreign preferred.

Geoffrey W. Harris (age 13), 37 Marlborough Ave., Providence, R. I., would like to exchange stamps with some boy of his own age, and would also like to compare notes on curios and photography.

Cordner H. Smith, Washington, Ga., would like to exchange stamps and postal cards with any one in foreign lands.

W. McLean Snyder (age 11), of Snohomish, Wash., would like to correspond with some one in Florida about his own age.

Bertha D. Poole, of Croquet, Minn., would like to correspond with some girl, about fourteen years old, living in the East.

John P. Phillips, St. Davids, Pa., would like to exchange Philadelphia postal cards for those of any other city, foreign or domestic.

E. Kathleen Carrington, Riverhead, L. I., desires to correspond with a few League members.

Alleine Langford, 7 East 3d St., Jamestown, N. Y., desires one or two girl correspondents of about fourteen years of age.

If any League members or readers have the early volumes of St. Nicholas, ranging anywhere from Vol. I. to XV., in good condition, and would like to dispose of them, either for cash or in exchange for later volumes, they may write to the editor of the League.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

Glebelands, Bowdon, Cheshire, England.

Dear St. Nicholas: Thank you ever so much for the badge, which arrived when I was away at Lowestoft, where I spent part of my Christmas holidays. During my visit there was a storm, and a fishing-boat was blown on to the beach. The men were all saved.

Lowestoft is a very cold and stormy place situated on the most easterly point of England. A promenade was built a few years ago, but the rough seas have demolished it, and are now taking part of the cliffs and some of the houses away. So you see little England is growing less.

Do you ever, in the summer, have competitions for sketching from nature? I am very fond of it, and hope to do a great deal next summer.

With thanks, your interested reader, Ella Pattinson.

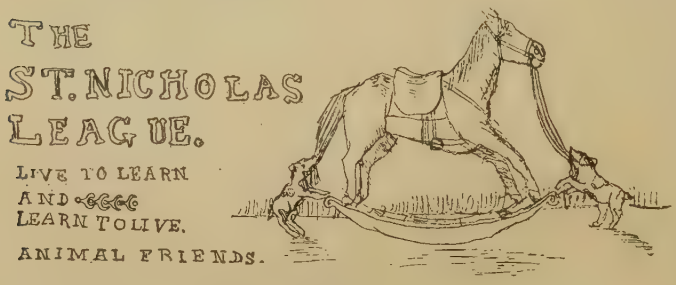
Peoria, Ill.

Dear St. Nicholas League: The delightful news about my picture came on my birthday. I don't think I was ever so happy in my life. I am ashamed to think how long it has taken me to acknowledge the beautiful pin you sent. I wear it to the Bradly Polytechnic, and all the girls envy me the prominence the winning of this

prize has brought me to, as you will see by the copy of the Peoria paper I send you, which gave me the first news of the most delightful event of my life. I look forward with hope that I may, by hard work, some time enjoy the pleasure of being included among the regular contributors to the ST. NICHOLAS

Gratefully, ALICE JOSEPHINE GOSS.

Other interesting letters have been received from Helen Ball, Kathleen E. Harrison, Margaret G. Church, Marjorie Porter, Paul R. Fernald, Mary L. Evans, Simon Cohen, Harold Hill, Lucile Ramon Byrne, Thomas G. Hanson, Jr., Esther Silsby, Helen Hopkins, Stella Weinstein, Wilmot S. Close, Nellie Allender, Ruth Brown, Dorothy Hardy Richardson, George T. Colman, John P. Phillips, Owen Dodsen, Katie C. Lusk, and Henry Hitchcock.



BY ROBERT HAMMOND GIBSON, AGE 9.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.
No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Alleine Langford
Donald Ferguson
Mabel C. Stark
Linda G. McAllister
Maud Dudley Shackelford
Margaret Minaker
Emily W. Browne
Florence Ewing Wilkinson
Helen M. Almy
Isadore Douglas
Madge Falcon
Peirce E. Johnson
Doris Webb
Herbert S. Walsh
Helena Marco
Robert E. Dundon
Doris Francklyn
Rose C. Goode
Saidee E. Kennedy
Eleanor S. Whipple
Harold R. Norris
Dorothea M. Dexter
Mary C. Tucker
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Eleanore Myers
A. Elizabeth Goldberg
Mildred Stanley Fleck

VERSE 2.

Edwina L. Pope
Hilda van Emster
Leigh Sowers
Pauline Grossenbacher
Harry A. Packard
Henry L. Walsh
Marie Margaret Kirkwood
Florence Hutchins Block
Katherine Kurz
Louis Ball
H. Wellington Gustin
Susie Franks Iden
Katherine Bastedo
Elsie Kimball Wells
Edith McLaughlin
Lawrence Grey Evans
Agnes Drainsfield
Katharine and Monica Burrell
Ruth Brierley
Mary K. Turner
Marie J. Hapgood
Dorothy Nicoll
Millicent Pond
Helen B. Barclay
Arvine Kelly
Isabell McLaughlin
Julia Ford Fiebeger
Camilla M. Haley
Dorothy Allen
Mary Blossom Bloss
Elizabeth Cocke
Alan D. Campbell
Harriet Van Zile
Eleanor P. Wheeler
Walter H. Wild
Arthur K. Hulme
Rowena H. Morse
Emelyn Ten Eyck
Margaret M. Sherwood
Elizabeth T. Hart
Robert Albin
Lois Gilbert Sutherland
Dorothy Lenroot
Elise R. Russell
May Wenzel
Katharine R. Welles
Philip Francis Leslie
Mary Klauder
Phyllis Ridgely
Blanche Rible
Verna Mae Tyler
Winifred Hemming

PROSE 1.

Willia Nelson
Herrick H. Harwood
Joe McCune
Virginia Clark
Edith Minaker
Bernhard R. Naumburg
Alfaretta Bell
John Griffith Maguire
Minnie Jongewaard
Caroline M. Morton
R. E. Annin, Jr.
J. Donald Kenderdine
Ferdinand Schenck, Jr.
Alice M. Perkins
Mary R. Hull
Eleanor Wright
Louise Whitefield Bray
Philip D. Hulme
Elizabeth Babcock
Helen Jelliffe
Nannie C. Barr
F. F. Van de Water, Jr.
Harold Osborne
Everett Putney Combes
Dorothy R. Hayward
Bertha Moore
Avis Edgerton
Edward Anschutz
Frances Renee Despard

PROSE 2.

Pauline Coppee Duncan
Avis Ingalls
Annie Patton
Virginia McKenney
Rita Wanninger
Eleanor M. Barker
Jessie E Wilcox
Amy L. Post
Alan Foley
Alberta Bastedo
Ariana McE. Belt
Ethel Berrian
Louis F. May
Lucy H. Chapman
Edgar Daniels
Stella Chamberlain
Annie Wagner
E. Kathleen Carrington
Bessie Stella Jones
Fred Hill
Robert Powell Cotter
Margaret Wynn Yancey
E. Marguerite Luce
Mildred Newman
Mary C. Demarest
Arnold W. Lahee
Charlotte A. Seeley
Cula Latzke
Emily C. McCormick
Nelson Hill
Frances Cecilia Reed
Eva L. Pitts
Marguerite Massie
Elsie J. Stark
Ralph Balcom
Roy Sampson
Margaret Robertson
Elizabeth Parrish Jackson
Aileen S. Gorgas
Mary Yeula Wescott
Dolores de Arozarena
Ray Randall
Helen Coppee Duncan
Everett M. Gillis
Caroline Rogers
Sarah Jewett Robbins
Alexander T. Ormond
Martha Wascher
Lucile Delight Woodling
Leah Louise Stock
Laura Mead
Irvin C. Poley
Helen A. Lee, Jr.
J. Hartwell Bennett
Anne Seymour Jones
Margaret Stone
Dorothy Cummin
Dorothy Doyle
Catharine M. Neale
Oswald Reich
Sophie Marks
Margeret A. Fisk
Ruth Bartlett
Bennie Hasselman
Marion Cheney
Beulah French
Ethel P. Hartley
Dorothy Dunning
Gerald Taylor

DRAWINGS 1.

May Lewis Close
Sidney Edward Dickinson
Jack Bellinger
Joseph W. McGurk
Gladys G. Young
Charles A. McGuire, Jr.
Katharine Beaumont Allison
Melville Coleman Levey
Frederick Charles Herrick
Minica Samuels
Yirancis Losere
Marguerite Davis
Laura Gardin
Laura Wyatt
Elaine Seyman
James Dike
Sylvia C. Thoesen
Willie MacLeod
Helen O. Chandler
Grace G. Dudley

DRAWINGS 2.

Rose Stella Johnson
John Mitchell
Elizabeth R. Scott
Verna E. Clark
Aimee Vervalen
Joseph Mazzano
Mabel C. White
Dorothea Clapp
Edith G. Daggett
Virginia Lyman
Rodger Lloyd
Cordner H. Smith
Edwin C. Hamilton
Walter W. Hood
Eleanor Hinton
Sumner F. Larchar
Margaret McKeon
Clarissa Rose
Jerome J. Lilly
Elsie E. Seward
Jacob Riegel, Jr.
Tom Benton
Clyde Campbell
Esterdell Lewis
Ruth M. Waldo
Theodore Tafel, Jr.
Helen Clark Crane
Elinor Hosie
Laura Snodgrass
Margaret Sloan
Gertrude Emerson
Bessie Stockton
John Sinclair
Warren Ridgway Smith
Alice F. Einstein
Margaret A. Dobson
Louise F. Gleason
William Hazlett Upson
Mary St. Clair Breckono
Carleton Daniel
John Walter Dunn
John H. Parker
Esther Howell
Milton See, Jr.
Mildred Gautier Rice
Henry Wickenden
Dorothy Ochtman
Greta Wetherill Kernan
Esther N. Brown
Jarvis Taft
Sara Homans
Gilbert P. Pond
Margaret Richardson
Blake H. Cooley
Harold Parr
Margaret Gordon Church
Wilhelmina Moloney
Willie Stockton
Marion Myers

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Florence R. T. Smith
Winifred Booker
Florence L. Kenway
Paul H. Prausnitz
Grace Morgan Jarvis
Michael Heidelberger
Charles J. Heidelberger
E. M. Hauthaway
Harold A. Kelly
John L. Hopper

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Norman Read
Wallace H. Dodge
Hilda C. Foster
Vita Sackville West
Pauline Swyny
Dorothy Stabler
J. Dunham Townsend
J. E. Fisher, Jr.
Margaret Delk
Joseph S. Webb
Sidney D. Gamble
Josephine W. Pitman
May Richardson
Warren D. Grand
Frank Brewer
Elizabeth Williams
Julian Theodore Hammond
John D. Matz
W. F. Harold Braun
Elisabeth Spies
Dorothy Carson
Margaret Taylor
Thad R. Goldsberry
T. Sam Parsons
Winifred F. Jones
Emily Storer
Earl E. Colvin
Francis Earle
Elizabeth Bishop Ballard
Howard L. Cross
Jane Barker Wheeler
Carl Dusenbury Matz
Francis Benedict

PUZZLES 1.

Roscoe Adams
Dorothy Fay
Walter J. Schloss
Elsie W. Dignan
Wilmot S. Close
Margaret Abbott
Carolus R. Webb
Edith Winslow
Donna J. Todd
Eaton Edwards
G. Garland Whitehead
William Ellis Keysor

PUZZLES 2.

Florence Hoyte
Miriam L. Ware
Alice D. Karr
Marjorie Stewart
W. N. Coupland
Annie Eales
Pearl E. Kellogg
Rufus Willard Putnam
Frederick D. Anderson
Dorothy Hills
Helen Andersen
William S. Weiss
Dollie Cunningham
Philip Stark

NOTICE.

It seems hardly necessary to call attention to the rule which requires that the contributor's address, age, etc., should be on the contribution itself, and not on a separate sheet; yet two prizes were lost this month because this rule was not observed and the slips upon which the addresses were written in some way became separated from the contributions. It is impossible for the editors to keep them together where the number received is so large as at present.

LEAGUE CHAPTERS.

A number of new chapters are reported for this month, and many have written in to tell of prosperity and increased membership. Our lack of room prevents our using many of the items. The following letter, however, is of general interest, as it will suggest entertainments for other chapters. We hope that the Sunshine Chapter will take part in the next entertainment competition.

St. John's Rectory, Troy, N. Y.

Dear St. Nicholas: The Sunshine Chapter, No. 400, would like to let you know about a little masquerade party we had. There are about fourteen girls in our society, and each one of us brought a guest. The party was from three to six. We danced for about an hour, and then gifts were distributed. At five o'clock ice-cream and cake were served, and soon after we left for our homes, after having a very delightful afternoon.

We would also like to tell you about a bazaar we held last spring for the benefit of the Fresh Air Fund. We made $208.

Most of our members have lost their badges during the summer. Could we have about ten more?

Yours sincerely, Ethel R. Freeman.

Chapters 342, 343, 505, 540, 615 and others report increase of membership. It would be an excellent plan to form chapters, and to consolidate those already formed now, before the close of school, as much interesting chapter work, especially in the nature-study field, may be begun through May and June, and continued during vacation. Please bear in mind that new chapters may have their badges sent in one envelope, postage free.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 620. "Jolly Dozen." Katherine Collins, President; St. Clair Russell, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Olive St., Saranac Lake, N. Y.

No. 621. "Violet." Greta Gyer, President; Bertha Feather, Secretary; four members. Address, Richfield Spa, N. Y.

No. 622. Ruth Manchester, President; Gladys Manchester, Secretary; five members. Address, 171 Spencer St., Winsted, Conn.

No. 623. Edith Brown, President; M. Brown, Secretary; five members. Address, 347 Flower Ave., Hazelwood, Pa.

No. 624. Frank Campbell, President; Walter Wild, Secretary; thirty-two members. Address, 4821 Penn St., Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 625. "Merry Quartet." Mildred Betts, President; Nancy Moore, Secretary; four members. Address, 1401 Gilpin Ave., Wilmington, Del. "We are very anxious to do something for the magazine, as we all love it very much."

No. 626. Ruth Miller, President; Marguerite Stoner, Secretary; fifteen members. Address, Miss Agnes Carpenter, 416 4th St., Des Moines, Iowa. "The children are enthusiastic over the work."

No. 627. "Adam and Eve." Scott Sterling, President; Roscoe Adams, Secretary; two members. Address, Lock-box 215, Jennings, Okla. Ter.

No. 628. "Happy Four." Hilda Wilkie, President; Eleanor Wilkie, Secretary; four members. Address, Middletown, Del.

No. 629. "Sun Flower." Louise Gleason, President; Edna Binswanger, Secretary; four members. Address, 275 N. 24th St., Portland, Ore.

No. 630. Nathaniel Thayer, President; Marjorie Scott, Secretary; four members. Address, 12 Pleasant St., Westfield, Mass.

No. 631. "Pumpkins." Bessie Jones, President; Hilda Pethick, Secretary; five members. Address, 63 Elizabeth St., Wilkes Barre, Pa.

No. 632. Miss A. L. Dern, President and Secretary; nineteen members. Address, Church Home School, 58th St. and Baltimore Ave., West Philadelphia.

No. 633. "St. N. Y. C. C." Lillian McKay, President; Lucile Byrne, Secretary; three members. Address, 11A N. H. St., Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.

"ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY HENRY KIEFER, AGE 12.

PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 44.

The St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A Special Cash Prize. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, *a cash prize of five dollars* will be awarded, *instead of another gold badge*.

Competition No. 44 will close **May 20** (for foreign members **May 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in St. Nicholas for August.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Title, "A Dream of the Sea."

Prose. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Title to contain the word "Attic" or "Garret." May be humorous or serious.

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "May-time."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "A Sketch from Nature" and "A Heading for August."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of St. Nicholas.

Wild-animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the *margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

SIMPLICITY OF STYLE. You may have noticed in your games that some girls and boys talk very loud and yet say very little of importance, while others in a quieter way talk better sense. At first the louder talkers claim your attention and drown the voices of others. But as you learn the characters of your playmates, you find out what is to be expected from each, and then you listen with most care to those whose opinions you have found to be best worth hearing.

It is the same with books. Some authors tell you their views in so extravagant a manner that you are likely to set too high a value upon their sayings, while other writers use so simple a style that you do not appreciate the importance of their words. Bacon and Helps are examples of the second class. They use the plainest words, but each is chosen with the utmost care, and the thoughts are far bigger than the words that carry them to the reader. Some scientific writers are examples of the first class. When translated into plain, every-day English, some thoughts that seemed profound become the merest commonplaces. "An instrument of percussion is of undoubted utility in the rehabilitation of agricultural implements" really means little more than "a hammer is good for mending farm-tools"; and yet the first sentence sounds really impressive, the second is seen at once to be merely commonplace.

"FATHER TIME'S FORELOCK." I SUPPOSE most of you young students know the old gentleman with the scythe who is called Father Time, and also are aware that he arranges his hair—the little he has still preserved from his own ravages—in a peculiar style, with a long lock upon the forehead. This lock is supposed to be peculiarly convenient for the hand of the punctual girl and boy. But perhaps you never considered that this forelock is an excellent thing to grasp when you mean to read the books you "mean to read." Thoreau, as a recent magazine writer reminds us, says: "Read the best books first, or you may not have a chance to read them at all." This warning may seem to you exaggerated caution. "Absurd!" you say. "Why, if I live, I shall have years in which to read Sir Walter Scott. I can read him any time!" And meanwhile you give up a few hours to play, a few more to foolish books, a few to those delightful games of golf, ping-pong, and the weeks glide away. Meanwhile Father Time is plodding along with his forelock dangling, and you forget that he is n't ever going to stop in order to let you catch up. Father Time is a very steady-going old gentleman who never yet missed an appointment, and — well, if you are going to read Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Bacon, Milton, Coleridge, Tennyson, Bunyan, and Homer and Virgil, and so on, I should advise you to take a firm hold upon that dangling lock of hair Father Time has so kindly provided for our use. It won't hurt him, and it will help you more than you know.

THE RUSKIN ESSAYS. THE awarding of the prizes for the best articles on Ruskin proved to be exceedingly difficult. One or two that were set aside as probably prize-winners proved, on a second examination, to contain more than the three hundred words allowed by the terms of the competition. (See the February number.) Many were well written and faultless, but also meritless; they had no particular strength or originality. In this department the prizes are awarded primarily for literary qualities, including in that phrase the only thing that makes good literature worth while, that is, *thought*. Any child of fair education can by the use of a few reference-books find out the facts about the life of a man so distinguished as Ruskin; but more than the facts is wanted. The desirable quality in an essay on Ruskin is something that will make the reader understand the great power and influence the man's writing carried to his readers. Many believe Ruskin was often in error, but some who differ with him most also revere and love him most. As a body the essays lacked force—they were colorless. If the subject had been "White Mice" or "Gilt Gingerbread," the

young writers would have shown much the same cheerful indifference. Still, some of the essays were exceedingly good. The prize awards follow:

STARR HANFORD LLOYD, Angelica, N. Y.
SIDNEY F. KIMBALL, Dorchester, Mass.
EMMA DUNDON, New Albany, Ind.

But the judges decided that there were three other essays deserving more than honorable mention, and so have awarded three more subscriptions to the following:

DONALD W. CAMPBELL, Wellsboro, Pa.
CARL T. THOMPSON, Fitchburg, Mass.

(each of whom is only ten years old), and to

MARJORIE BETTS, London, Ontario, Canada,

who wrote an excellent essay, though one that opposed the popular estimate of Ruskin. We print one of the prize essays:

JOHN RUSKIN.

BY STARR HANFORD LLOYD (AGE 15).

JOHN RUSKIN, born in February, 1819 (two weeks before Lowell), was the only son of a rich London merchant. His bringing up was of the stern Puritan kind. While still a youth he composed creditably and showed marked artistic tastes.

After graduating from Oxford in 1842, he traveled abroad, devoting his time and fortune to the study of art and especially landscape-painting. In this field he considered Turner supreme.

From a small beginning in 1843 grew his great work "Modern Painters," in which he pleaded most earnestly for *truth* in art — scrupulous fidelity to nature in all particulars. He contended that art in medieval Italy was more natural and beautiful than that of the Renaissance, and founded the school of Preraphaelitism.

Among his other works, "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" and "The Stones of Venice" attracted wide attention. These volumes he illustrated himself. His lectures, also, made art popular.

He was a *master* of pure and forceful English. He wrote on poetry, mythology, and sociology, besides art. Young persons should read, in that literary gem "Sesame and Lilies," his counsel on the reading of books.

Like Carlyle, he deplored the state of modern society. He spent vast sums in fostering his rather peculiar economic views; for in all things he was true to his ideals. Ruskin regarded political economy as the science of producing not merely wealth but also good men and women.

He urged purity and sincerity in life, as in art. He was a deeply religious and a very benevolent man — one fond of children.

His declining years were quietly spent at delightful "Brantwood," in the picturesque hill country of England, where he died in 1900.

Lofty in character and purpose, Ruskin did a noble work in his generation, standing for truth, whether in art or in humanity.

THE PRIZE TOPIC FOR MAY. MAY, as has been remarked by many poets, little and big, is the month of flowers. So for this month we will think a little about the flower world. Let us, therefore, have for the current month the topic, "A Storied Flower." But in order that we shall not have merely a school composition on the subject (for "compositions" are not desired here), let us consider what is wanted. The three prizes — books to the value of $3.00, $2.00, and $1.00, or three subscriptions to ST. NICHOLAS, as the winners may prefer, will be awarded for the best three articles by writers under eighteen, telling what some beautiful flower suggests. Plenty of flowers are mentioned in history and in literature. Look them up in the books, and write about what you find. Think of the English roses, the Scotch thistle, violets, primroses, arbutus, daisies. Find out what poets tell you of them, and give us a *literary*, not botanical, account.

If, however, this subject does not please you, you may take instead "At Sea in the 'Mayflower.'" Write not more than three hundred words, and mail your work so as to reach this office on or before May 25, 1903. Address "Books and Reading," ST. NICHOLAS Magazine, Union Square, New York City.

READING WITH THE EYES SHUT. How many of you read with your eyes shut? I think I hear a grand chorus of girls and boys laughing, as they reply: "You can't read with your eyes shut!" Nevertheless that is what many of you do at times. You have your eyelids open, to be sure, but somewhere between the seeing eye and the understanding brain there is a door closed tight. You see the letters and the words, but you do not read them. Being ready to turn the page, you find you don't remember anything it said. This is no way to read — or to think. In Dog-Latin, "*Do-ere one-o thing at a time-ibus.*"

THE LETTER-BOX.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF ARCHÆOLOGY,
ATHENS, GREECE.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write and tell you about two trips I have just been on, here in Greece. The first one was to Thessaly; and though I have lived in Greece for over ten years, I had never been here before. We went to Volos by boat, and stopped at Chalcis on the way, where we watched the tide which changes so mysteriously. From Volos we went to Larissa, where we spent two nights. One day we drove to the Vale of Tempe, and how fresh and green everything looked compared to stony Attica! And from where we were, we could look right across to Chalcidice, violet in the distance. Mount Olympus was splendid that day. And then, the view from the monasteries at the other end of Thessaly, where we went the next day, was beautiful; we could look right down into the broad bed of the Peneius, and we could just get a glimpse of Mount Olympus from St. Stephanos monastery, where we spent a night. When we came back to Volos, we went up Mount Pelion with mules, and the view we had from the top was the best of all. We could see Mount Olympus and Parnassus, besides a fine view of the bay of Volos, and all the islands round about. And then what else do you think we saw? Well, we saw Mount Athos rising out of the clouds. We did n't expect to see it, for it is quite far off, being on the farthest of the three arms of Chalcidice stretching out to sea. The view of the Pindus range is worth mentioning, too. I shall never forget this trip.

The second trip was to Argolis; but if I tell all about it in detail this letter will be too long to be printed, so I will only state the most important things. We went to Mycenæ, Epidaurus, Argos, and to Tiryns, the oldest city known of in Europe. At Mycenæ we ate in the so-called "Treasury of Atreus," as it was raining. The thing that impressed me the most was the enormous lintel, which, being in one piece, measures between thirty-four and thirty-five feet in length, and about seventeen feet in width. The "Gate of the Lions" was splendid, too, and the theater at Epidaurus. I could write pages about all I have seen here in Greece. It is a beautiful country, and I shall feel very sorry to leave it, even though I am anxious to get back to America. I have been taking you for only a few months, and enjoy you so much.

I have lived here ever since I was five years old. I am now fifteen.

Your interested reader,
DOROTHY HARDY RICHARDSON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are going to have a play for St. Mary's Hospital in Easter week. It is the little play that came out in the February number. All the members of our club are going to partake of it. We meet every week, and the dues are five cents.

Your interested reader,
MARGARET C. RICHEY.

P.S. Our president has resigned, so we vote for a new one.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much. I can hardly wait for you to come. I go to school at the Institute. I live in Knoxville, Tennessee, on Fort Saunders, where one of the great battles was fought in the war between the North and South. I am a little Southern girl, but my best friends are two little Northern girls, who live next door, and I like them very much, and I share my ST. NICHOLAS with them.

Your loving friend,
EUGENIA CALDWELL (age 8).

ROSLYN, L. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live at Roslyn now. I have a little chestnut pony with a very white mane and tail named "Ponce." I named him that because he came from Ponce, Porto Rico.

Last summer I rode him in the Lenox Horse Show, and he took the blue ribbon in a class of eight.

Here is a picture of him.

PONY "PONCE."

I remain faithfully yours,
FRED GODWIN.

FORT TREMONT, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old. My father is an army officer. I have been taking your magazine since Christmas, and like it very much. I have a real bugle, and I practise on it, and I am going to learn all the calls. There are no boys in the post, but I am going to Fort Smith, Arkansas, soon, to stay with my grandfather, and I will have a fine time.

Your loving reader,
WILLIAM M. CRAVENS, JR.

Interesting letters were also received from Adrian Fletcher, Calvin Wells Griggs, Dorothy Blackader, Marcella Dalgleish, Nadine Waller, Ivy Varian Walshe, Pauline Schaeffer, H. Mabel Sawyer, Dorothy L. Smith, Hester M. Conklin, Mary Mallon, Robert M. Driver, Gertrude V. P. Moran, Kenneth B. Hay, and Hilton S. Pedley.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Acre. 2. Clay. 3. Rake. 4. Eyes.

A CONCEALED POET. Initials, The Bells; finals, Edgar Poe. 1. The-y. 2. Hid-e. 3. Egg-s. 4. Boa-t. 5. Ear-n. 6. Lop-e. 7. Leo-n. 8. Sue-t.

ZIGZAG. April Fools' Day. 1. African. 2. Apparel. 3. Strange. 4. Uncivil. 5. Triplet. 6. Beliefs. 7. Orinoco. 8. Dungeon. 9. Popular. 10. Harshly. 11. Induced. 12. Nations. 13. Younger.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Wordsworth. 1. Towel. 2. Crows. 3. Carol. 4. Caddy. 5. Masks. 6. Mower. 7. Ghost. 8. Horse. 9. Latch. 10. Other.

DIAGONAL. Emerson. 1. Example. 2. Smarter. 3. Stencil. 4. Roaring. 5. Benison. 6. Mention. 7. Mansion.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC AND ZIGZAG. From 1 to 2, Amesbury; 3 to 4, Whittier. 1. Allow. 2. Moths. 3. Ennui. 4. Spite. 5. Blunt. 6. Until. 7. Rogue. 8. Yearn.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

'T is the noon of the springtime, yet never a bird
On the wind-shaken elm or the maple is heard.

NOVEL DOUBLE DIAGONAL. From 1 to 2, Easter; 3 to 4, lilies. 1. Effect. 2. Dainty. 3. Listen. 4. Pretty. 5. Leader. 6. Pillar. 7. Follow. 8. Divide. 9. Regret. 10. Bounds.

A CAT-AND-DOG PUZZLE. 1. Catamount. 2. Dogfish. 3. Catastrophe. 4. Dogma. 5. Catkin. 6. Dog-star. 7. Catalogue. 8. Dogwood.

DIAMOND. 1. S. 2. Beg. 3. Seven. 4. Gem. 5. N.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from S. L. and B. — Joe Carlada — M. McG. — Paul F. Shoutal — Adeline Wiss — Edward McKey Very — Allil and Adi — Marie J. Knobel — Daniel Milton Miller — "The Four Puzzlers" — Mildred Lee Dawson — Willamette Partridge — Doris Hackbusch — Clara J. McKenney — Robert Porter Crow — Mollie G. — "Johnny Bear" — Mary Chisholm — W. S. Weiss — Amelia S. Ferguson — Janet P. Avery — Louise Hammond — E. H. G. Havre — Elizabeth T. Harned — "Chuck" — Courtland Kelsey — Allen West — Stella Weinstein — John W. Fisher, Jr. — Alice Taylor Huyler — Osmond Kessler Fraenkel — Ernest H. Watson — Alice C. Martin — Hannah T. Thompson.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from J. Moore, 1 — Nanna Rearden, 2 — C. McGrew, 1 — A. G. Gordon, 1 — Lucile Gass, 2 — A. G. Fisk, 1 — K. Nichols, 1 — Florence Guida Steel, 5 — A. T. Larkins, 1 — H. E. Werner, 1 — J. Mason, 1 — J. B. De Motte, Jr., 1 — Louise B. Sloss, 4 — Dorothy Fisk, 2 — W. H. Warren, 1 — "Two Torontonians," 3 — R. Young, 1 — E. Underwood, 1 — Coma R. Alford, 2 — W. Morton, 1 — Margaret C. Wilby, 6 — L. Legge, 1 — Dean F. Ruggles, 4 — "Get," 3 — Marie Blucher, 4 — No name, Orange, 5 — E. Cellarius, 1 — I. Rulison, 1 — J. Koontz, 1 — Julia M. Addison, 2 — L. M. Haines, 1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals and finals each name a military school in the United States.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A missile weapon. 2. A nook. 3. Grammatical terms. 4. On every side. 5. Fat. 6. A town of Tioga County. 7. The French name for a day of the week. 8. A town in Herkimer County. 9. To begin.

HOWARD RUMSEY (League Member).

SUBTRACTIONS.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1. From a fierce fighting dog take three letters, and leave an animal that becomes furious at the sight of anything red.

2. From a dog used in duck-hunting take four letters, and leave a German watering-place.

3. From a dog that has rescued many travelers in the Alps take ten letters, and leave a little preposition.

4. From a fierce dog mentioned in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" take five letters, and leave a vital fluid.

5. From a watch-dog take five letters, and leave a conjunction.

6. From Bob, Son of Battle, take three letters, and leave a falsehood.

7. From a wild dog of India take one letter, and leave an opening.

8. From a black-and-tan take four letters, and leave to make a mistake.

When the eight little words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the final letters will spell the name of a man who loved dogs well.

MARGERY QUIGLEY.

NOVEL DIAGONAL.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1 . . . . .
2 3 . . . .
. 4 5 . . .
. . 6 7 . .
. . . 8 9 .
. . . . 10 11
. 12

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To pour out. 2. An enigma. 3. To value. 4. Anything taken and preserved as a memorial of victory. 5. Deadly. 6. Undisturbed. 7. The decisive moment.

From 1 to 12, a great Greek comedian.

MARIE BLUCHER.

ZIGZAG.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower left-hand letter, will spell an annual holiday.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Hangings. 2. The god of eloquence. 3. A place where things are made. 4. A feminine name. 5. Comes back. 6. In place of. 7. Idea. 8. Applause. 9. Grieves. 10. Attractive. 11. Insanity. 12. Fathers and mothers. 13. Longed.

E. ADELAIDE HAHN.

DIVIDED WORDS.

ALL the objects pictured may be described by words of four letters. Take the first two letters of the first picture and then the second two of the next picture. These four letters will describe the third picture.

Designed by
LAWRENCE H. RIGGS (League Member).

ZIGZAG.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the following words have been doubly beheaded and doubly curtailed, the remaining words will contain a zigzag. By beginning at the upper left-hand corner, a May holiday may be spelled out.

1. Doubly behead and curtail without courage, and leave middle.

2. Doubly behead and curtail pertaining to comets, and leave to encounter.

3. Doubly behead and curtail relating to Turkey, and leave a masculine nickname.

4. Doubly behead and curtail a gland near the ear, and leave to decay.

5. Doubly behead and curtail a pattern of excellence, and leave a shred.

6. Doubly behead and curtail prudent, and leave lighted.

7. Doubly behead and curtail a mooring-place, and leave an old piece of Anglo-Saxon money.

8. Doubly behead and curtail a place where coal is dug, and leave a fermented drink.

9. Doubly behead and curtail ardor, and leave a cave.

10. Doubly behead and curtail punishment for sins, and leave a feminine nickname.

11. Doubly behead and curtail put off, and leave a song.

OLIVE S. BRUSH.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMAS.

1. The house-dog found, 1-2-3-4-5-6 up in his kennel, a 1-2-3 which had been 4-5-6 there by the comfort to be seen within.

2. With an 1-2-3-4-5-6 feeling of compassion, I went 1-2 to the hospital 3-4-5-6 reserved for the blind.

3. Resolved not to 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 any of the rules, the student practised on his 1-2-3-4 and then 5-6-7 his dinner.

4. Until he should 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 in his behavior, the 1-2-3 was not allowed to 4-5-6-7 about the grounds.

WILMOT S. CLOSE (League Member).

DIAGONAL.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter, will spell the name of a tune often sung by large gatherings.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Old. 2. Very large. 3. Merciful. 4. A kind of small cucumber much used for pickles. 5. Brigands. 6. To beat severely. 7. A character in "Ivanhoe."

HELEN BIGELOW (League Member).

CONNECTED SQUARES.

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Low. 2. A Biblical name. 3. To exchange for money. 4. A feminine name.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A quadruped. 2. Comfort. 3. Questions. 4. Repose.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A flower. 2. The coast. 3. The entire amount. 4. To rub out. 5. To let again.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A luminous body. 2. Part of a fork. 3. A feminine name. 4. To raise.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A journey. 2. To be borne in a carriage. 3. A thought. 4. A fruit.

ARNOLD POST (League Member).

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXX. JUNE, 1903. No. 8.

THE SCHOOL-ROOM DOG.

By Mary E. FitzGerald.

On Friday, Miss Murphy had declared, in a voice trembling from her efforts to keep back the tears, that she could not put up with George White another day. He was simply an "instrument of torture," she said.

The principal looked sympathetic, but said, with a sigh, that it was a sad thing to turn a ten-year-old boy into the street, and that is what would have to be done if she gave him up; no one else could manage him.

"Well," she replied, "it is a case of turning either him or me out. I have tried everything. Kindness he laughs at; severity he sneers at. He has done everything that a child bent on mischief could do. If I were not the victim, it would be rather amusing to see the infinite variety of his devices for making mischief in the school. Every time he puts his hand into his pocket, I shudder for fear it will come out with a rat or a mouse in it."

"But what ever makes you think that?" said the principal, looking amused in spite of his sympathy.

"I was foolish enough to show fear, one day, when a rat came sauntering in from the hall. Yes, I mounted the chair and did all the things that people laugh at women for doing." She smiled at the thought, and then, recollecting the woes of the day, she sighed.

"You are tired out; go home, and on Monday George shall get his walking-papers. I am sorry you did not speak of this before. It is a shame to have you annoyed in this way. Good night. But cheer up; your sufferings are over. George shall go on Monday. I must see that he does."

A DÉBUT.

On Monday life looked brighter, and the teacher confided to her friend that she believed she would try George another day. He could n't "spring" any surprises on her, because he had already done everything that could be done except actually producing the rat.

George seemed unusually quiet that morning. The school-session had not yet begun when a most peculiar sound seemed to issue from his vicinity. The children looked interested, but George appeared so busy that the teacher, although suspicious, gave him the benefit of the doubt and said nothing.

A few minutes later, the same sound, proceeding unmistakably from George's desk, was heard again.

Miss Murphy felt herself turning pale, and her heart gave a convulsive leap as she thought, "It certainly *must* be a rat this time!"

But George's look of terror as she went down the aisle convinced her that this was something out of the ordinary.

Then, at her stern request, George brought forth from the bosom of his jacket something

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that looked like a ball of mud — something round, with woolly spots here and there; something with a little red tongue eagerly licking the grimy hand that held it.

She gazed at it in speechless amazement, and then her fondness for anything little and helpless caused her to take the tiny animated ball tightly to her shoulder, and say in the most caressing tones, "What a *dear* little dog!"

THE PUPPY IS ADOPTED.

"BUT what did you bring him to school for? And how did he come to be so forlorn? And have you given him anything to eat?" she asked, turning to George.

"I found him in an alley yesterday, and took him home; but my aunt put him out this morning, and I had nowhere to leave him, and I thought he 'd be still, he 's so little," he replied breathlessly. "I gave him some bread, but he would n't eat it, and he does n't know how to drink water."

The children had all crowded round to see the dog, and from among the many suggestions one was selected. George was given a nickel to buy milk, and was told to ask the storekeeper to warm it a little.

He returned in less than half an hour with Mr. Puppy cleaned and fed and happy; and the little dog spent the remainder of the morning in the waste-basket, which had been cushioned with a shawl.

At noon, George and Miss Murphy discussed ways and means. He was determined to keep the puppy, even if he had to house it somewhere else than in his own home.

"If your aunt sees how fond you are of it, perhaps she will let you keep it," suggested the teacher.

"If she thought I liked it much, she 'd be more likely to get rid of it, the way she did with my rabbit; but she won't get it," he said.

"Well, we 'll see what can be done. We can manage for a day or two, at any rate; bring him back this afternoon."

"He 's the cunningest little thing, is n't he?" said the proud owner. "Would you think any one could throw him in the mud, Miss Murphy? I thought maybe you 'd make me take him home, but I knew you would n't hurt him, if you found me out. You would n't hurt anything, would you, Miss Murphy?" And after this surprisingly long speech from the boy she had formerly been unable to move, he went away with his treasure carefully hidden under his coat.

THE PUPPY FINDS LODGINGS.

ON her way downstairs Miss Murphy had occasion to call upon the janitor, and suddenly it occurred to her that perhaps he might find a hole or corner for the puppy in the cellar. At first he refused point-blank even to consider the subject; then he rubbed his chin thoughtfully and said maybe it could be managed. "It is too bad to deprive a kid of his pet," he said; and promised that, for a couple of days at least, he would put him in the big box that held the waste paper. But, alas! when Miss Murphy mentioned the owner's name, the kindly old man became furious.

"Is it George White you are asking me to do a favor for? That imp that hit me in the neck with a lump of mud and nearly ruined me best coat, to say nothing of giving me such a headache that I was sick for two days! If ever I lay me hands on *him*—" Here speech failed him.

Miss Murphy confessed there were times when she wished some one who had the right to chastise him would exercise that right. "But since he takes an interest in this little animal," she said, "I am going to try to reach him through his love for it, and you are going to help me, Mr. Flood; I know you will. You have good reason to be angry, but think what I have endured for five hours every blessed day for a year! If I can forgive him, surely you can."

He bridled and set his lips and sputtered, and finally said he 'd "think it over."

But, alack! when George heard what arrangements had been made, he flatly refused to accept any favors from "old Flood."

"He 'll just kill my dog. He 's only purtendin', Miss Murphy. I know I threw mud at him, and I 'm goin' to hit him with a frozen snow-ball when I get a chance," he said viciously. "Takes boys and bangs 'em up against the wall, he does; but I 'll get even with him.

I don't want any old janitor to bang my dog up against the wall, and that 's what he 'd do if he got mad at him once."

Miss Murphy persevered, and eventually succeeded in inducing George to go down to the basement with her. Mr. Flood's manner was so gay and debonair that she felt a thrill of suspicion, and wondered if he *could* be so resentful in his ill humor as to punish the boy through his pet.

To her surprise, he greeted George with "Hello, kid! Got any mud to throw? That

MR. FLOOD.

was a nice trick to play on an old man who never did anythin' to you."

"You did, too," quickly replied George. "You bumped me up against the side of the school-house for nothin'."

Mr. Flood took him by the shoulders. "Well, maybe I did. I usually catch the one that 's handiest, and I suppose it was your luck to be in the way; but did you ever think, me boy, how many times you *did* do somethin' and did n't get bumped?"

This was evidently a new view of the situation, and a smile crept into the eyes of the old man, and then to the lips, and, wonderful to see! George was laughing. He wriggled himself loose with an "Ah-h-h, go on"; and then the janitor and the boy fell to examining the dog in the chummiest way imaginable. The little mouth was opened for inspection, the ears were felt, and various other points carefully gone over, much to Miss Murphy's amusement; and Mr. Flood's opinion, given after much rubbing of his chin, was that it was "a mongrel — a nice little feller, though."

He said his "ol' woman" would give him a bottle of milk to bring over, and George could come down early and feed Mr. Puppy.

"Now," said Miss Murphy, "you must be sure to wait until George comes, no matter how hungry the doggie is. My mother does n't like any of us even to feed her cat. And," she went on, "George can do little chores for you to help pay his pet's board."

HE BECOMES A MEMBER OF THE SCHOOL.

Miss Murphy received so many petitions to see the doggie that she made up her mind she would keep the little creature in the room. A rug was brought and put in a warm corner; a little staple was driven into the base-board, and to this he was chained. Always at recess he was to be taken down for a run; and so he became an honorary member, for the time being, of Room Five.

When the principal learned of the arrival of the puppy he looked very dubious at first, and came into Miss Murphy's room with an expression that boded ill for the hopes of the scholars; but, as if he knew he was on trial, puppy sat up straight on his rug to his extreme height of ten inches, looked the principal in the face with his head on one side, as if weighing *him* in the balance, and suddenly gave a convulsive little leap of joy and began to lick the hand held out to pet him. The puppy had won.

"If the superintendent has no objections, he may remain for the present," said the principal.

Before the sessions began, a throng surrounded the dog, and, until Miss Murphy positively forbade it, he would have suffered from too bountiful and rich a diet at the hands of the generous pupils.

His education began at once. This always took place at recess-time, for Miss Murphy's

room was noted for its good order, and during session she allowed nothing to interfere with the regular work. But at recess the once quiet, studious children immediately became a very jolly lot of teachers themselves, with the amusing novelty of a dog for a scholar.

Miss Murphy would look on at it all and smilingly say: "Well, when that sullen Charlie Nelson took doggie up the other day, and petted him as gently as even little Margaret does, and when I saw Lawrence cuff a boy who was stoning a cat, I cheered up."

At first every movement of the puppy was watched with extreme interest — often, I fear, with the result of lessons none too well learned; but one day, when it seemed impossible to arouse any interest in arithmetic, Miss Murphy took the little dog into the cloak-room, where, in spite of his piteous little whines and the miserable face of George, she let him stay. Not one word was said, but the next day, when she made the slightest move in his direction, there was such a sudden show of studiousness that she thought her lesson had been taken to heart.

George, who had become a reigning favorite in the room, was picking up wonderfully in his lessons, but physically he looked wretched. Mr. Flood and he got on very well together, and the janitor had established him in a fairly profitable paper route and secured him several customers.

One day Mr. Flood came up smiling and in evident possession of a great joke. "Miss Murphy," he said, "have you never noticed that the pup has no name? He 's always called 'No. 5's dog,' or 'our dog,' or 'George's dog,' or 'the little puppy.'

"I have talked to George about it, but all he would say is, 'He *has* a name.' 'But what 's the good of a name,' said I, 'if no one knows it?' But he 's stubborn about some things, so I let him alone. This morning he was combing out the doggie's coat, and talking to it and whispering and loving it, — and indeed, miss, it would do your heart good to see them together, — when he said: 'Now, "Murphy," you must sit up and let me get the tangles out of your frizzes, or else you won't be a nice little doggie.' Then I walked in on him, and I thought I would have died. You never saw anything so funny as the look on his face.

"'Sonny,' I said, 'it is n't becoming to call a dog after Miss Murphy; the lady might not like it.'"

The lady in question looked perfectly confounded, and then, the idea of it pleasing her fancy, she laughed.

"Well," she replied, "I have never suffered from an excess of dignity; but what little I have will certainly be lost if that little piece of impudence is called 'Murphy'; but what did George say?"

"He said he called the dog after you because he liked you better than anybody, but if I thought you would n't like it, he 'd change it. I thought I 'd get your opinion."

"Well, what do *you* think?"

"It will be confusing once in a while; but what if it is? You like a joke yourself and won't mind."

Miss Murphy thought it over, then she said: "It 's a queer notion, but, after all, it 's an honest one, and he seems set upon it. I think the children would like it, too." So she decided to let George keep the name for the present.

Next day she announced to the children the honor which George had bestowed upon her, and their looks of surprise and delight showed that they indorsed the boy's choice. And thus "Murphy" was christened.

GEORGE AND "MURPHY" MAKE FRIENDS.

"DID you know, Miss Murphy, that poor George has n't any place to live?" whispered one of the scholars to the teacher one day.

"No place to live!" said Miss Murphy, in astonishment. "Why, where is his aunt?"

"She moved two or three weeks ago, and George would n't go with her. Mama has tried to get him to come and sleep at our house these cold nights, but he won't. He 's such a funny boy: he gets mad if you offer him a thing. There are eight of us children, but my mama says there 's always room for one more; but really we can't get him in. She told me to tell you, because she thought you might manage some way."

Miss Murphy went down to see Mr. Flood,

who was as shocked as she at the state of affairs.

"But I can do nothing, miss. I 'd take him home, but my wife does n't like boys or dogs; but something must be done."

"I 'll take him home to-night," said Miss Murphy, "and perhaps, as 'the night brings counsel,' I may be able to suggest something to-morrow. Can he be of any use to you in the work?"

"Oh, yes; he 's neat and energetic about everything he does."

"Could you pay him anything?"

"I might give him a suit of clothes, and after that pay him a little each week. It would make him more independent-like."

George objected very much to going home with his teacher when she asked him, but when she said, "Why, George, my big brother is just wild to see 'Murphy' perform, and will be so disappointed," he yielded.

George was now no stranger to Mrs. Murphy, for every Saturday he appeared, beat the rugs, and gave the dog a bath. Nothing could persuade him, however, to take a cent for his work; he said his dinner was all it was worth. On every hand the teacher had to fight an independence so fierce that it frightened her.

"Murphy" was put through his paces, and showed some accomplishments that even the teacher had not known he possessed. When George took the broom and pretended to sweep, "Murphy" took in his teeth a towel conveniently dropped on the floor, and began to dust in the most businesslike and thorough way. The family said they had never had a pleasanter evening, and although the house was small, the family large, and the mother a semi-invalid, still George was pressed to come again. They had been warned to ask him no questions.

The next day a note was written to the mother of eight, and, as school was about to close, the teacher said, "George, will you do Mrs. McCarthy a favor? She wants you to take 'Murphy' over to her house,—she has heard so much about him,—and she says if it is very late when he gets through his tricks you had better plan to stay all night." So one more night's supper and lodging were secured for him. The fashion spread, and invitations poured in until it seemed as if the whole school term might be provided for. The children proved a blessing to the boy. The good mothers saw that the little clothes were mended, and then Mr. Flood took him down-town and bought a complete outfit, part of which had been paid for by the night-work.

"Murphy" by this time had learned many tricks; he would shake hands, spar, pretend to read a book, and he invariably dusted the table before lying down. Occasionally he dusted the teacher's table, too; but one sad day, alas! he knocked over her ink and a vase of flowers, so she put him in the cloak-room, where at intervals he tapped for admission, but in vain.

Her table received no more dustings. Her ink happened to be on *his* table one day, and, with his duster in his mouth, he sat looking up at it with the most mournful expression until a little girl removed it.

He was now being thoroughly trained for "attention," and a comical sight he was with one paw over his eye, on his nose—in fact, any place except where his trainer wanted him to put it. They never thought when poor "Murphy" was making such a ridiculous object of himself, that this trick would prove his salvation. After a while the children of the whole school would gather around to see "Murphy" at "attention" every time he saw the big, good-natured policeman in the yard.

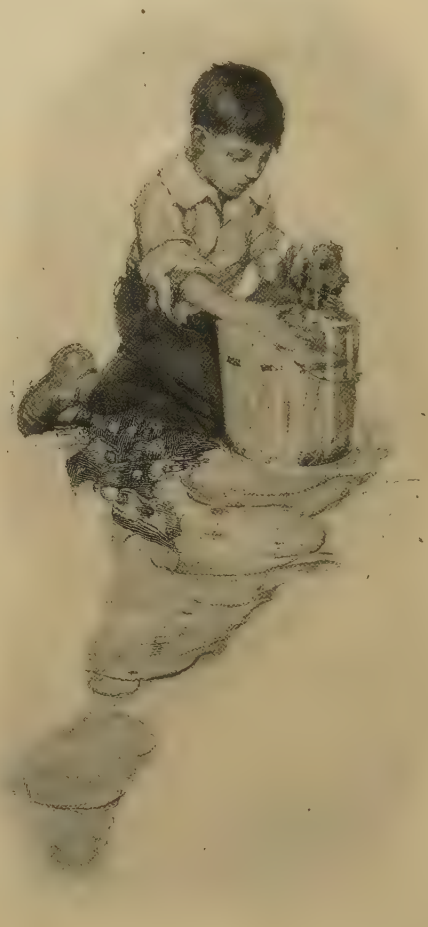
GEORGE FINDS A HOME.

"Miss Murphy, do you believe in miracles?" said Mr. Flood.

"Yes," promptly responded Miss Murphy, "I do. Why?"

"Well, one has come to pass. When I went home yesterday, who should be reading to my wife but George, and she 's declared many a time she 'd trounce him if she ever caught him: she can't forget that mud he threw at me. I was beginning to think I had the boy so much on my mind that it was only a ghost I saw; but just then 'Murphy' fell off the chair he was sitting on over into the coal-scuttle, and I heard the noise and knew I was awake. To say I was surprised is to put it mildly; but I acted as if it was the most ordinary thing in the world, and then I heard the news.

"It appears that my wife had turned her ankle, and wanted some one to go for the doctor. The lad was the first one who passed, and she tapped on the window for him. When he came back from the doctor's, without saying anything to her, he went into the kitchen and began to clear up. She could see it all reflected in the looking-glass. The fire had gone out, and he got the kindling; and 'Murphy,' who must always have a finger in every pie, brought him a small bit of the kindling, sometimes standing on his hind legs, sometimes dancing and going through so many antics that my wife forgot her ankle. But when George began to sweep and the dog to dust, that beat anything she ever saw, and she laughed so loud that I believe it helped her to get well. She thinks a lot of the stories in the 'Record,' and was pining to know how things were turning out with the heroine in one of the continued stories, so she had George read to her; and that settled the matter: the boy and the dog are to be quartered with us. I raised a lot of objections, and then I was told I was an unfeeling wretch, because she had always wanted a boy to save her steps, and the dog would be company for her. Now what do you think of that? Would you have believed it possible that he could have won her over like that?"



"EVERY SATURDAY HE GAVE THE DOG A BATH."

"I could n't be happier if some one had left me a fortune," said Miss Murphy, at home that night, and every one rejoiced with her.

"MURPHY" MAKES A NEW FRIEND.

THE children were getting ready for gymnastic class when the tall, fine-looking, genial superintendent, accompanied by a strange gentleman, came in. He greeted the children courteously, and then, glancing toward "Murphy's" table, seemed utterly confounded by what he saw.

He had not visited the room since the advent of the new pupil, and the principal had forgotten to mention the puppy to him, so there certainly was good reason for his astonishment.

"Murphy," who dearly loved visitors, sat up with the most interested expression, and, his outstretched paw being ignored, had laboriously got his paw to his eye and sat at "attention." Mr. Leonard walked over, examined the dog critically, and graciously shook the proffered paw; but he said no word, and no indication of what he felt could be guessed.

The march began. Down from the table leaped "Murphy" and caught in his mouth his own especial wand, made just long enough to pass easily between the desks. He had been trained to keep from knocking the seats, and usually his whole attention was devoted to keeping the wand straight.

Drawing was next on the program. The dog had been taught to pass pencils, but, of course, was allowed to do this only on special occasions. A basket was hung around his neck, and he would go demurely down the aisle, as

sober as a deacon with a collection-plate; but to-day he stopped at the desk of every one of his particular friends, and succeeded before long in spilling the pencils on the floor. His short barks and frantic efforts to get them back into the basket overcame even the teacher's annoyance, and she laughed, the visitors joining in heartily.

"Now, 'Murphy,'" she said, "you 've certainly distinguished yourself this afternoon, so you just march right into the cloak-room; but before you go you may bring me a ruler." And when he crawled to her with it in his mouth, Miss Murphy gave him two slaps — gentle ones, it must be admitted — across the woolly little back; after that, with his head down and tail between his legs, he went into solitary confinement.

When the teacher was asked to stop a few minutes in the principal's office, it did n't require the gift of prophecy to know what the trouble was. The visitor who was there asked the particulars of "Murphy's" installation, and then the teacher earnestly assured him that the mischief of that afternoon was entirely out of the ordinary, and that usually the dog was a real help instead of a hindrance, that he had a more powerful influence on the children in the room than any one would have an idea of, and that he had made a good, earnest boy out of a little demon of mischief.

"Your room," the visitor said, "made me think of a parent with an only child on exhibition. Just think of it — fifty guardians for one little dog! How could he behave any better? The kindliness in your room is worth any amount of good order, although I 'm sure the good order is there, too. Now, I have a couple of little girls who are to have a birthday-party next week. My sister is at her wits' end to know what to do to entertain the guests. Suppose you have that little fellow bring 'Murphy' and

"'SHE THINKS A LOT OF THE STORIES, SO SHE HAD GEORGE READ TO HER.'"

spend the afternoon. I 'll give him three dollars for it with pleasure."

"Who is that gentleman?" she said to the principal, after the visitor had gone.

"It is the great Dr. B——, who is making a study of school-room conditions. He was very

much interested in your experiment. He is coming to see you again soon."

Miss Murphy did not feel so sure of the delight of the principal, but when he came next time he walked up the first thing and shook hands with "Murphy." He said his little girl demanded every night the story of the dog who ran around the room with a stick in his mouth, and shook hands with papa and barked at the policeman, and he wanted to get some new particulars.

The entertainment at Dr. B——'s proved a great success, and for several Saturday afternoons thereafter George and his dog were engaged by some of the families in the neighborhood. The money he thus made was put in the bank, making what Mr. Flood called "a rainy-day collection," and George healthy, happy, busy, and "getting rich" was a very different boy from the George frowsy, mischievous, ragged, of four months ago.

PROSTRATED.

As Miss Murphy stepped from the car one Monday she was met by half the pupils of her room. At sight of her, tears and lamentations broke forth, and it took the bewildered teacher some time to learn that her namesake had been stolen.

"It was that beautiful collar you gave him!" reproachfully cried one little girl; and that seemed to be the universal opinion, and in some way the teacher felt herself responsible.

She had had six small foreign coins each engraved with a letter, the whole forming the word "Murphy." The coins were fastened on a leather band, and a Roman coin was used to balance the license-tag. The children thought it the most beautiful thing they had ever seen. At first "Murphy" himself thoroughly detested the whole arrangement; when it was put on, he walked with the greatest dignity into the cloak-room, and stayed there the rest of the session. But being very susceptible to kind words and caresses, and receiving them in such abundance, he became as vain as a peacock when he was "dressed up," and insisted upon making a tour of the rooms every time he had his collar on.

No doubt the children, in talking of it, had greatly exaggerated its value, and some one had been tempted; at any rate, "Murphy" had disappeared, and there was sorrow in the school-room.

The teacher's eyes were red, the little girls were sad all day, and the boys at the whispering recess spoke as if some one were dead.

One little optimist said: "Oh, we 'll get him back; you just see if we don't! All our fathers and mothers will tell about him; and the school-yard policeman will tell all the other policemen, and I 'm just *sure* we will get him again."

This hopeful little soul, who always reminded his teacher of Tommy Traddles, seemed to have a cheerful influence, and toward the end of the day there seemed to be no doubt whatever but that "Murphy" would be found. Plans were even made for decorating his table; but the days passed, and still no sign of the lost pet.

George was wandering the streets, looking like a ghost. Mr. Flood hired a janitor for a few days, and threw himself heart and soul into the search. Mr. Leonard, the principal, came over to condole with Room Five, and said he had spoken of the dog in every room he visited, and the children were scouring the streets.

At the end of the month all hope, however, had died out, and it seemed a certainty that the dog was not in the city.

But one day a messenger boy came in, and the letter he brought said:

> Send owner of "Murphy" to Madison and State streets, northeast corner.

All the children wanted to go, of course; but, as George was the only recognized owner, it was he who went.

There was a shout as George came up the street carrying something in his arms, and when he came into the room, such a rush and scramble; but, alas! how quickly the joy gave way to tears! "Murphy" was not the "Murphy" of a month before. Muddy, thin, frightened, sick, he shrank as if in terror of his former playmates. When the teacher took him in her arms, he tried to put his paws around her neck, but was too weak to do it.

With tears George told how he had been found. The big policeman at one of the busiest corners of the city had seen standing upright

against a building a muddy, forlorn dog, evidently trying to perform some trick. He toppled over two or three times, and then for one second sat at "attention." The policeman suddenly remembered orders from police headquarters regarding a curly brown dog answering to the name of "Murphy." When he saw the dog he called, "Is this 'Murphy'?" The little creature looked up so quickly that the officer felt sure it was the missing pet of the school-room.

He sent word to headquarters, and gave the dog into the keeping of the Italian boy who kept a news-stand near by. The boy tried to feed him, but he would n't take a thing, and his new keeper feared the dog would n't live through the night.

Poor George was frightened at such a prospect, but Tommy Traddles came to the front again and suggested "warm milk, like that he had when he was a little puppy," and this, being at once administered, seemed to revive him.

In two weeks he was back at his table; but, somehow, he did n't seem the same for a long time. He who had graciously held out a paw to every one who came in, now cowered at sight of a stranger, and once, when some repairing was in progress, he could not be prevailed upon to lie down anywhere but on the platform at the side of the teacher's desk until the men had gone. Every one wondered what had destroyed "Murphy's" confidence in the human race and what had been his experiences, and the children amused themselves writing compositions about his adventures; but one and all agreed he had been badly treated, and that it was a "mean shame" to hurt any one's dog, and as long as they lived they would be good to "dumb animals who could n't tell where they lived or anything."

The collar, unfortunately, was never recovered.

So, having provided George with a home, with friends, and with a bank-account; having given Miss Murphy peace of mind; having taught fifty children the value of kindness to dumb animals, and provided entertainment for the whole class, not to mention many friends outside, "Murphy" can now be left trotting around the school-room, only happy when he is useful, even if in his well-meant endeavors in this line he occasionally hinders more than he helps.

WHEN STACIE'S CLASS WAS GRADUATED.

By Laura Alton Payne.

Dr. Barton answered the anxious eyes turned toward him as he emerged from the sick-room. Stacie's lips trembled so that she could not frame the words.

"Perfect freedom from work and worry, and constant and tender care for the next three or four years, may prevent your mother from becoming a hopeless invalid for the rest of her life, my dear."

"Oh, doctor!"

"There, there, my dear! don't you begin to worry. Worry kills more than disease and medicine and unskilful doctors combined. We two will bring her through all right. You may go in to see her now, if you will only appear natural. Don't stay too long or talk too much, but let her sleep; rest is her first great need."

And kind-hearted Dr. Barton, who had known Stacie all her life, patted soothingly her pretty brown head, then took his departure without guessing all of the humble tragedy he had left behind him.

Stacie's first thought was for her mother—the delicate little mother who had so bravely borne the burden since her husband's death three years previous. Full of ambition for her two children, Stacie, now fifteen, and Keith, a year older, Mrs. Hamilton had cheerfully assumed the whole responsibility of household cares and financial perplexities. She had hoped to keep both in school until they were graduated; but work and worry, combined with a severe attack of the grippe, proved too much for her frail constitution, and it succumbed to the strain.

Though Stacie's first thought was for her

mother, her next was for her school. In her overwhelming anxiety she had devoted herself so absorbingly to the sick-room that she had not even thought of the coming school term till Mary Bruce came in one day.

"Whom do you intend to get to stay with your mother when school begins?" Mary inquired.

Stacie looked at her blankly a moment; then, as the inevitable dawned upon her, she turned pale. "School!" she faltered. "I — I had n't even thought of school, I 've been so worried about mama. My school-days are over, I suppose."

"Oh, Stacie! can't you — "

Stacie anticipated the question. "No, I can't," she said bravely. "We simply cannot afford it. Even if we could, I would n't leave mama. Dr. Barton says she must have constant care, and no one understands her as I do."

"But I thought it was your ambition to be a teacher."

"So it is — was, rather. But," cheerfully, "if I can't be a teacher, I can be a nurse. Dr. Barton says I am a natural-born nurse, and mama agrees with him."

In spite of all the bravery she showed before Mary, Stacie's disappointment was hard to bear. She bore herself cheerfully in the presence of her mother and others, but poured her woes into Keith's sympathetic ear. Together they considered the situation, pro and con. Hiring help was out of the question. Their limited income had required their mother to exercise strict economy. Of course Stacie's school expenses would cease; but the expenses of the sick-room would more than counterbalance that. As they talked their troubles magnified.

"Perhaps I 'd better stop school, too," suggested Keith, reluctantly, "and go to work."

"No, no!" Stacie objected quickly. "At least, not just at present — not till it 's absolutely necessary. I am strong, and I am rapidly learning to do things. If I 'd not been so blindly selfish I 'd have learned long ago; then, perhaps, mama would n't have broken down. You can help evenings, Keith. Expenses will lessen after a while, Dr. Barton says. Besides, I intend to become a famous economist."

"Well, it 's awfully good of you, Stacie, to let me go on, and I appreciate it, I can tell you. If you can't go on with me, you shall go on after I have finished — that I 'll promise you."

So the vexed question was settled—or supposed to be. The first day of school was another trial to Stacie. One after another of her classmates passed, some with a gay greeting, some pausing a moment to condole with her. She finally grew so tearful under this sympathy that she retreated into privacy, and remained there the rest of the day. She had anticipated so much from her first year in the high school!

However, Stacie bore an unclouded face into the sick-room. This was the one thing she insisted upon: no gloomy brows must enter that sanctified place, no matter how she and Keith felt.

But hope is always lurking around dark places, ready to brighten them at the merest hint of an opportunity. A happy solution of the difficulty came to Stacie one evening toward the close of the first week of school. After leaving her mother comfortable for the night, she sat down by Keith, who was preparing his lessons for the next day, and began to examine his new books.

"Latin, algebra, physics, and general history," she enumerated, caressingly fingering one after another of the tempting pack. "Oh, dear! and I 've so longed to study Latin! Is it very hard to understand, Keith?"

"Not very. Here, let me show you a little about our lesson for to-day." And Keith glibly began, "Regina coronam laudat" ("The queen praises the crown"), translated the whole lesson, then carefully explained the pronunciation, the cases and case-endings, the verb-endings, the vocabulary, and the synthesis.

"How easy!" cried Stacie, eagerly, after following him attentively, drinking in his explanations as a thirsty man drinks water, her eyes brightening with hope. "Why, I can do that easily now!" And she proved it by going through the whole lesson with scarcely a blunder. "Oh, Keith! why can't I study at night what you do at school during the day?" Stacie was pale with excitement.

"All right, old girl! I 'll help you!" Keith returned encouragingly.

Stacie clapped her hands at a sudden in-

spiration. "I will! I will!" she cried excitedly. "And I 'll study all the other branches, too! Mama does not need me much after her bedtime, except on her bad nights; so I 'll have the whole evening for study. And"—growing still more excited as the idea expanded—"I can manage my work so that I can find time during the day—that is, on most days. Oh, Keith, why can't I—"

"Why, you can!" interrupted Keith, infected with Stacie's enthusiasm. "It 's a capital idea! Why did n't we think of it sooner? And you can take the exams with me, too—I 'll bring the questions home. It will be fun to see how you stand them, even if they don't count."

So it began. Mrs. Hamilton, who had been worrying a good deal in secret over Stacie's prospects, was delighted with the plan. "I think I can help a little, though it is years since I 've looked into those studies," she said.

Between her mother and Keith, Stacie progressed famously. She soon left Keith behind in Latin and general history, and ran him a close race in physics and algebra. With no distractions of a bustling school-room, every moment devoted to study counted. She found her mother's assistance on her "good" days invaluable. Best of all, the new interest created proved a tonic to Mrs. Hamilton, partly because it relieved her mind as to Stacie's prospects, partly because the work was congenial and relieved the tedium of the sick-room.

Greedy of time for her precious studies, Stacie reduced her housework to system in the minutest detail. And if she chose to murmur theorems and conjugations and declensions in preference to singing while preparing meals, washing dishes, sweeping, and dusting, there was no one to laugh at her choice. Had there been, she would not have cared.

Stacie also learned to economize expenses in order to supply herself with the necessary material for her work. Keith approved of but, boylike, laughed at her various economical devices. One evening his curiosity was aroused upon discovering a neat pile of oblong sheets of wrapping-paper on the table between their respective books.

"What are these for?" he inquired.

"Scribble-paper," was the reply. "I use so many tablets. This costs nothing, and I like it better than cheap tablet paper. Try one."

Keith did so, and voted it a success. "I 'll use it, too, hereafter, O Professor of Economics," he said with a laugh. "But hurry up, sis; I 've brought you the examination questions in Latin. Had the test unexpectedly this afternoon. I told Miss Winslow all about you, and she seemed very much interested. She says that she will correct your manuscript along with the others; also your history; and that she will speak to Miss Williston about your other two studies."

"How very kind of her!" cried Stacie. "Please thank her for me. And thank you, too, Keith. But give me the questions, and please do not speak another word for the next hour at least. I *must* get this translation."

Friday evening Keith came in from school with a broad and quizzical grin.

"See here, Stacie," he exclaimed with an injured air, as he brandished a folded paper, "do you call this fair? Here I 've attended school faithfully day after day, meekly obeyed every rule, studied hard, and tried my best to keep in the good graces of my teachers, only to be rewarded now by their giving you a higher standing than I in everything but physics. I call it base ingratitude. Physics! In the words of the immortal William, 'Throw *physics* to the dogs.' It 's algebra I aspire to, and by divine right of all educational theories I ought to stand higher than you. What business has a girl to excel in mathematics, I 'd like to know? It puts a popular time-honored theory to blush, and one superior male mind to shame. Please show more consideration for the fitness of things after this by keeping within the established sphere for womankind. Don't go above the eighties in mathematics, anyway. If you do, missy, it will serve you right should I refuse to bring the questions home. You—"

"Oh, you ridiculous boy! Do hush and give me my grades. You 're welcome to excel in your old minus-and-plus—hope you will next time. It 's Latin I aspire to."

Stacie faithfully accompanied Keith through the long three-year course, leading him in some studies, following in others, but never very far off. Keith helped her over many an obstacle

made easy for him in the school-room, only to see her outstrip him to the next goal. However, Stacie proved herself able to return favor for favor. If Keith smoothed the way to her understanding of the intricacies of chemistry and mechanics that he delighted in and she found difficult, Stacie's assistance banished some of the terrors of Latin conjugations, German genders, and rhetorical figures that were Keith's bugbears and her delight. In spite of Keith's efforts, figures and symbols, lines and angles continued as easy for Stacie as for himself, first one, then the other, excelling slightly in the tests.

The habit of home study became so fixed with Stacie that she found it as easy to study one time as another, while Keith, who worked in the public library on Saturdays during the school term and all through vacation, was often too tired to study at night. Stacie's vacation study partly compensated for her losses in other ways. Then, too, Professor Morris (the superintendent of the schools) and the various teachers became deeply interested in her struggle for an education; they granted her the privileges of the school library, made helpful suggestions as to her work, and graded her papers regularly.

By the end of the second year Mrs. Hamilton's health had improved so much she could perform some of the lighter household tasks. This gave Stacie more time to devote to her studies. She had developed such a power of concentration and independence that she found the final work comparatively easy — even to writing an essay, which she worked over as faithfully as though she was still in school.

"I want it all," she said to her mother and Keith. "No matter if I cannot graduate, I shall have the substance, and shall be prepared to teach just as soon as mama is strong enough for me to leave her — the goal toward which I have been working for the last three years. You must teach, too, Keith, — you have learned methods in helping me, — then attend spring terms and summer schools till you get a college education. That is my ambition."

One day, about a month before the close of the term, Keith came in with a bundle, which he dropped into Stacie's lap as he passed her. She looked up questioningly.

"O thou of little curiosity, why don't you undo it? Behold!" Keith snapped the cord and held the sheer white folds up to view.

"Oh-h!"

"It 's a gown for you to wear at the commencement, old girl — and my tribute to pluck. You shall taste the last bitter drop of the woes of school life — selecting a style for the aforesaid gown. I 've left it for you to select the thingumbobs for it."

"Oh, thank you, Keith! But the gown is not the 'last bitter drop'; you forget the diploma — the one ungettable thing."

"Pooh! what 's in a diploma? A paper by any other name would look as sweet!"

"No, it would n't," laughed Stacie,— "not to me. I never dreamed of getting one for the occasion. But how can I thank you, you dear boy, for this lovely gown?"

"By wearing it to the exercises and outshining all the other fellows' sisters."

"I 'll do my best," was the laughing reply.

Stacie was a vision of girlish loveliness as Keith escorted her and their mother to the seats reserved for them in the large auditorium.

After several orations had been delivered with more or less trepidation and success,— Keith's among them,— Professor Morris advanced to the front of the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I want to tell you a story." Then, to Stacie's amazement and confusion, he went on to relate the story of her struggle. Her cheeks grew hot beneath the gaze of so many curious eyes, and she wished that Professor Morris would not be quite so complimentary. She had only done her duty to herself and mother. Keith's eyes twinkled as she glanced at him. She knew then why Professor Morris was telling the story.

"And now," Professor Morris was saying in conclusion, "I have the pleasure of announcing to you that the board has unanimously voted to ask Miss Hamilton to come upon the platform with her old class during their graduating exercises. This announcement, I will say, will doubtless be as much a surprise to Miss Hamilton as to you, for we have taken the liberty of keeping from her the decision of the board until this moment.

"When once we have entered upon a course of deception, how easy it is to pass from one

stage to the next! Furthermore, at the request of the class, I have been instructed by the board to ask Miss Hamilton to read the essay which she handed to the instructor in English a week ago for criticism. I hesitate to disclose the ruses I had to resort to in order to obtain the essay. Suffice it to say that I now have the manuscript in my hand, and I will ask Miss Hamilton to give us the pleasure of hearing her read it, with humble apologies for not having given a more timely notice."

Amid wild applause, Stacie went forward as in a dream, and, taking from Professor Morris's hand the familiar manuscript over which she had worked so hard for weeks, she began to read mechanically. But her habit of thoroughness and self-reliance saved the day; soon regaining her composure, she went through to a triumphant finish.

"You did it in fine style, Sis," whispered Keith — "even to a graceful retreat. *I* felt all hands and feet."

"Thank goodness, that 's the last!" breathed Stacie.

Keith looked at her quizzically. "Felt that way myself," he murmured cheerfully. "Feared you would collapse under the shock — I almost did. Sly old Prof.! that 's why he was so interested in your essay last week! and I never once suspected what he was up to."

The last orator bowed and sat down with a sigh of relief audible to those near him, and the cloud of anxious responsibility that hovered over the semicircle began to lift. There was at least a bow and a "Thank you" still to go through with when the diplomas were distributed, but would Mohammed come to the mountain, or must the mountain go to Mohammed? This was the question that vexed their souls during the interval that followed. It soon became apparent that Mohammed chose to seek the mountain, and the last vestige of the cloud dissipated. Professor Morris made the customary presentation speech as he passed from graduate to graduate.

Stacie began to wish herself anywhere else than where she was as Professor Morris advanced. She would feel so mortified when, after presenting Keith's, he would turn away. If only she were not the last in the row! She knew she would look embarrassed, and — yes, she was terribly afraid the tears would come; her throat was tightening now. Oh, dear!

The ordeal had come. But, instead of turning away, Professor Morris paused directly in front of her.

"And now, Miss Hamilton," he was saying, "allow me to present you with a testimonial of our appreciation of by no means the least deserving graduate in the class. The granting of this diploma, though somewhat irregular, has the hearty approval of all the teachers and graduates, and of even the august school board itself, and it gives me great pleasure to carry out their will."

Stacie found herself standing, though she was conscious of no effort in rising, and staring at a small white roll in her hand, while the audience, equally surprised, added its approval of the unexpected final act in the day's drama by a rousing round of applause.

"GERALDINE." FROM A PORTRAIT BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER.

MOUNTING LARGE ANIMALS.

By Crittenden Marriott.

At one time or another in his life, every boy who is a boy has been fired with a desire to "stuff" an animal of some sort — either a favorite dog which has met with an untimely fate, or an unfortunate cat, or some wild animal which has fallen into his hands. As a rule, however, how much skill is needed to properly mount an animal, large or small, and how thorough a knowledge of its anatomy is required to make it look lifelike.

Nowadays all small animals are modeled in plaster of Paris almost as if they were intended

FIG. 1. SHOWING THE FRAMEWORK. (SEE PAGE 692.)

something has gone wrong with the operation: either the skin has been ruined in removing it; or it has been spoiled by insects after it was removed; or, if both of these difficulties were gotten over successfully, the result has looked so awkward and shapeless that it has soon been thrown away.

This is not surprising when it is understood for statuettes, and then have the skin drawn over them carefully; while the frames of large animals are constructed of wood, covered with laths, over which quantities of excelsior are fastened, or with wire netting, over which plaster is carefully molded to fit the animal.

The accompanying photographs show the stages in the process of mounting a walrus at

FIG. 2. STUFFING THE SKIN. (SEE PAGE 692.)

FIG. 3. DRYING OUT THE SKIN. (SEE PAGE 692.)

the National Museum in Washington, as well as views of an elephant and a buffalo in "undress"—before the prepared skin has been placed upon them. They show what a hollow

Fig. 2 shows the skin stretched over the frame and three men at work stuffing in excelsior through apertures cut in the skin for this purpose. As each portion is finished it is tacked

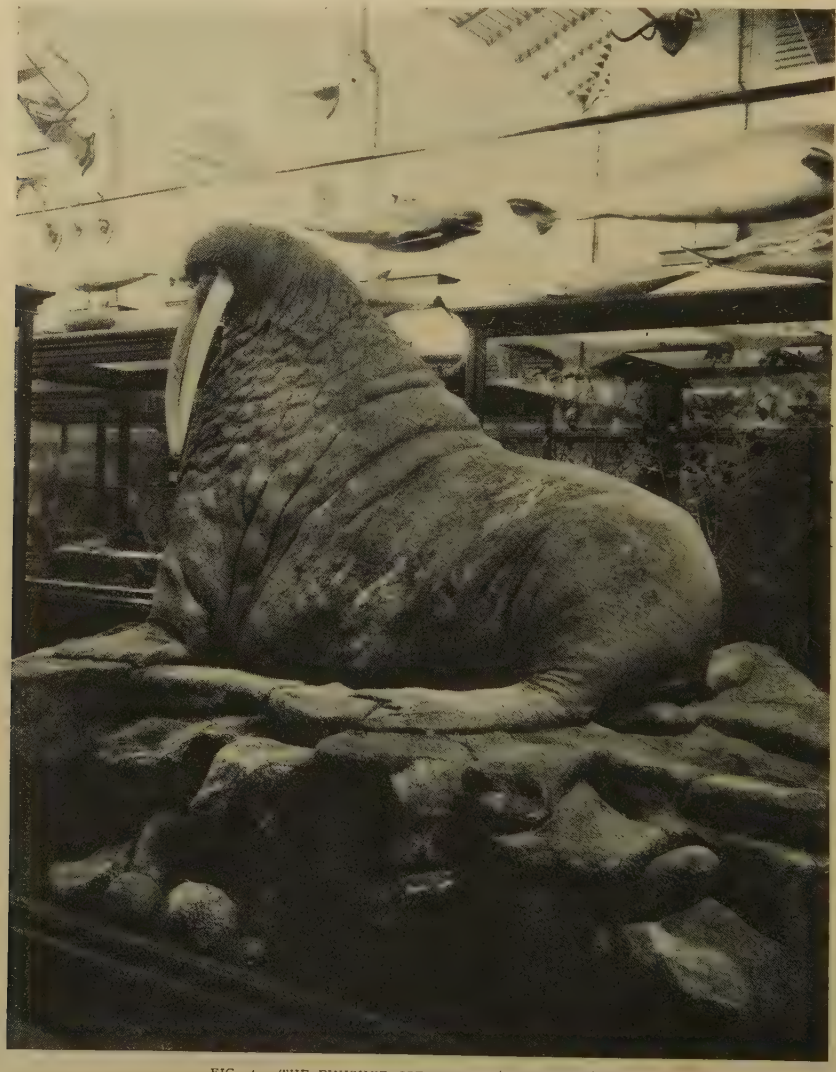


FIG. 4. THE FINISHED SPECIMEN. (SEE PAGE 693.)

mockery a mounted animal usually is, however lifelike it may look.

Fig. 1 shows the framework for the animal. All of it is of wood or wire, except the bony skull-piece carrying the tusks and a small portion of the skull itself; notice the flippers, the bulging chest which gives such a haughty appearance to the finished animal, and the apology for a tail bent around forward.

in place by long pin-like nails. This work is continued until every part of the skin is filled out to exactly the right degree.

Fig. 3 shows the third step in the process—the drying out. While the skins are, of course, thoroughly cured and preserved, they are nevertheless flexible and more or less moist. When placed in the dry air of an exhibition hall they will shrink somewhat and in so doing may often

be distorted. Accordingly, before being placed on exhibition, the animals are firmly tied down and left to dry. Observe the cords passing over the back and the precautions taken to prevent their cutting or rubbing the shrinking hide. Upon the shoulders appear a number of curious worm-like pads secured by nails. They are intended to hold the skin in place without permitting it to be torn as it shrinks.

ing, but is a task that requires much experience if a lifelike animal is to be constructed. All skins come to the work-shop done up in tight bundles, with nothing except themselves to show the dimensions, appearance, and so on of the creatures from which they were taken. The taxidermist must first decide how he will pose his animal, whether standing, sitting, or lying down. He is not copying from a model, as a

FIG. 5. AN ELEPHANT READY FOR HIS SKIN.

Last comes Fig. 4, showing the walrus mounted and ready for inspection.

Preparing the frames is not, as some may suppose, merely a matter of skilled carpenter-

sculptor or a painter usually is, but is making an original pose.

Of course the frames will vary with the pose. Live animals can dispose their bones in dozens

of different attitudes, but stuffed ones have no such flexibility; they must have a different frame for every posture. Notice the large animals the next time you go to a Zoo, and you will see that some bones which are very prominent in one attitude disappear entirely in another. The workman then must know enough of the animal in question to decide just what points are to be emphasized in the chosen pose.

This brings up the question of actual dimensions. Study of a skin as it hangs outside a furrier's window or lies as a rug on a parlor floor will quickly show how difficult it is to decide even so simple a question as the distance between the points where the legs must be joined to the body. Here is where experience comes in; a skilled man can tell very accurately where the important bones in a skeleton must have been and where the important points in the wooden frame must accordingly be. What small inaccuracies there may be when the frame is completed can be rectified by padding with excelsior.

Fig. 5 shows a view of an elephant all ready to have the skin put on, and Fig. 6 one of the early stages in mounting a buffalo. There have been recent improvements in the process of mounting animals, whereby plaster of Paris is employed in some cases instead of excelsior. The advantage of this is that the plaster is too hard to be pulled out of shape by the drying skin, as the excelsior sometimes is, thus doing away with the necessity of waiting for the mount to dry before exhibiting it.

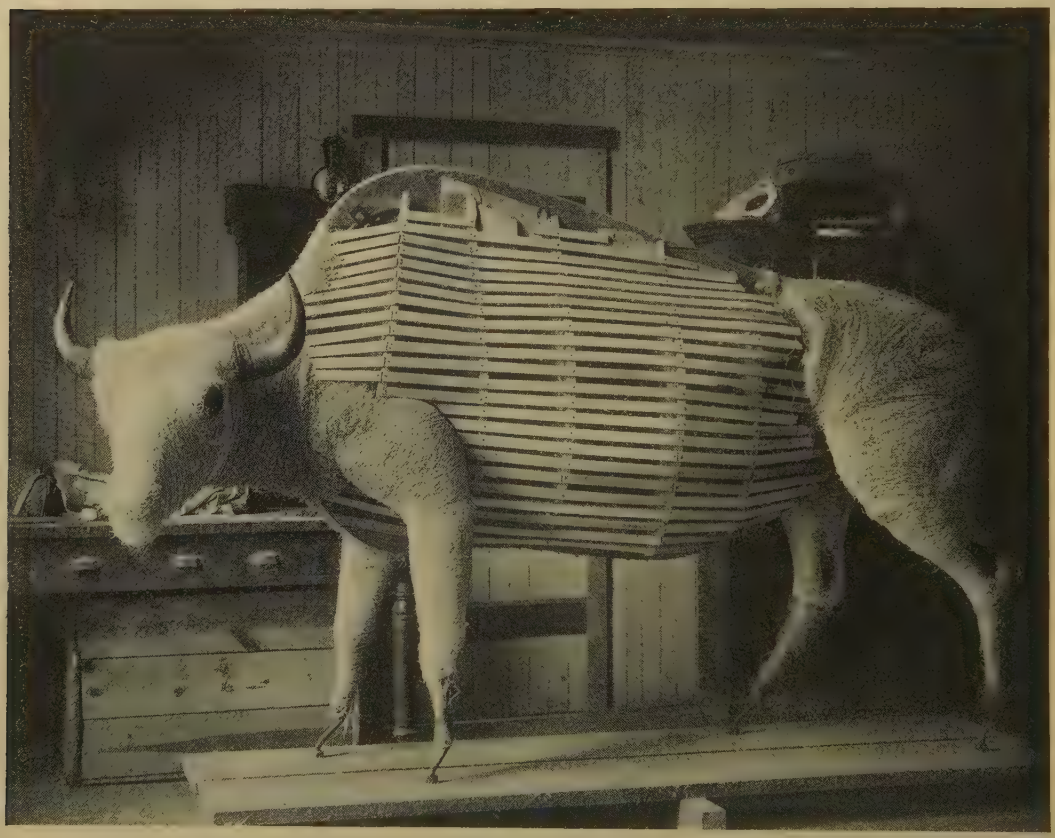


FIG. 6.* THE FRAME FOR A BUFFALO.

"VACATION DAYS."

THE two pictures on this page are copies of a pair of paintings, or decorations, in a Chicago school-room. The original pictures are the work of a clever young artist of that city, Miss Hope Dunlap, who, in choosing her subjects, preferred to depict girls and boys at play in the open air rather than bending over desks and books.

To young eyes, weary of the hard problems of arithmetic, grammar, or geography, it must be a welcome relief to look upon these pictures, filled with the jollity and freedom of the out-door sunshine; and the children should be grateful to the gifted young painter who has enlivened the walls of their school-room with scenes so cheery and pleasing. But it is quite possible, too, that on some dark day, when things have gone wrong and study-hours seem especially long and dull, the sight of these paintings may prove only tantalizing, distracting the young scholars' thoughts from books and lessons. Many a tired lad or lassie must wish that he or she could fly away from the school-room and share in the good times that these little folk of the artist's brush are having.

But if occasionally these pictures make the school-room seem all the darker and the text-books more dull and dreary than ever, it is only for the moment, since they are a consoling reminder, too, of the happy hours to come, when the last lessons are said, examinations are over, and vacation actually begins.

THE ART OF DOING WITHOUT.

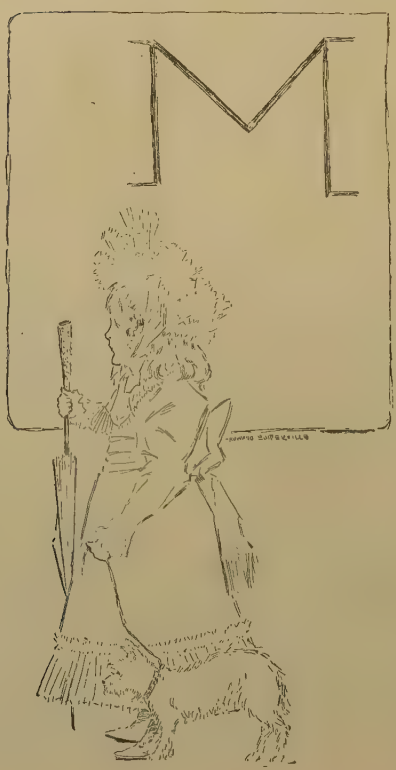
THERE 's a beautiful art that is sadly neglected,
And daily I wonder to see it rejected
By some who 'd be healthy and wealthy and wise
By just condescending to open their eyes
And look at things fairly, with never a pout—
I refer to the fine art of doing without.

"Why, that 's nothing wonderful!" maybe you 'll say;
"I do without things that I want every day!"
Quite likely you do. But how do you do it—
With good grace, or a face that 's as blue as a bluet?

There 's a wonderful difference (just jot that down)
Between giving up things with a smile or a frown;
And that is precisely the difference between
The artist and bungler—you see what I mean.

You can't do as you like? Then do as you can;
I 'm sure you will find it the very best plan.
Can't have what you want? Take what you can get;
No better device has been patented yet.
'T is the bravest and blithest and best way by far
Not to let little losses your happiness mar.
'T is an art that needs practice; of that there 's no doubt:
But 't is worth it—this fine art of doing without.

Minnie Leona Upton.



MY TRAVELER.

BY E. L. SYLVESTER.

SHE looked so bright and happy,
Starting off the other day,
That I could not but wonder
Which way her journey lay.

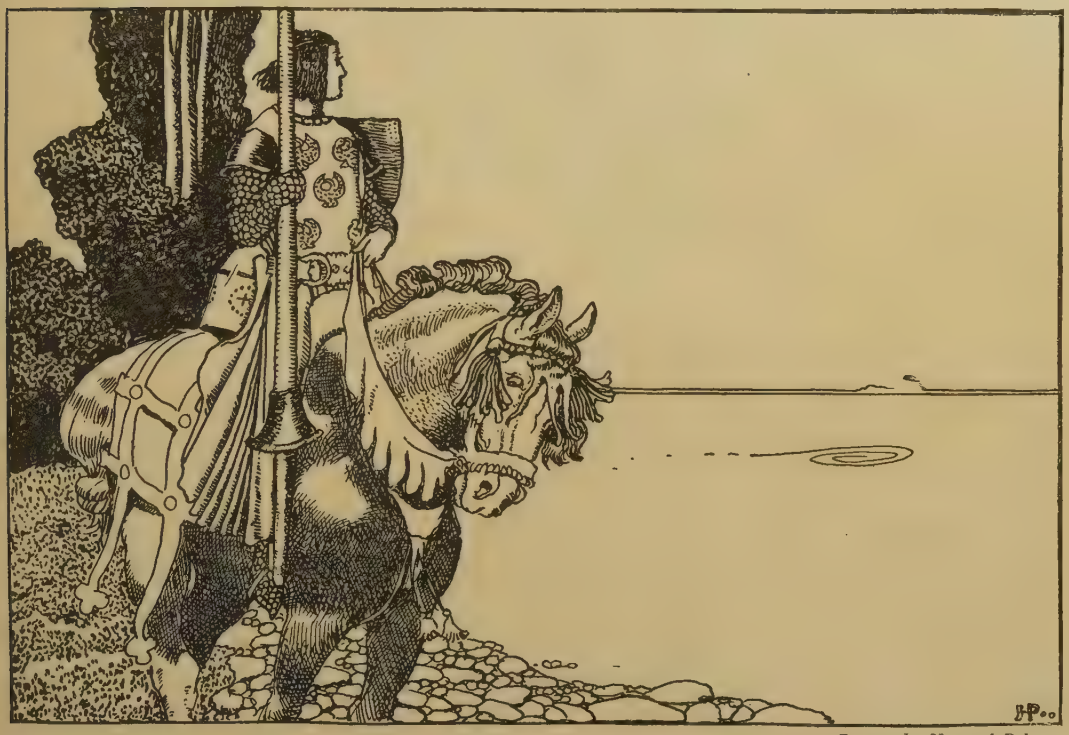
"Perhaps you 're bound for London?"
Said I, in kindly tone,
"For Paris, Rome, or Venice,
Or maybe for Cologne?

"Or do you travel farther—
To India or Japan?
To Turkey, Persia, Egypt,
Siam, or Hindustan?"

Then, smiling at me gaily,
She replied: "I 'm going down
To Daisyville, New Jersey, sir,
To visit Gran'ma Brown."

THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.*

By Howard Pyle.



Drawn by Howard Pyle.

Chapter VII.

How Queen Guinevere went a-maying, and of what befell.

Now it befell upon a pleasant day in the springtime that Queen Guinevere went a-Maying with a goodly company of knights and ladies of her court. And among those knights were Sir Pellias and Sir Geraint and Sir Dinador and Sir Aglaval and Sir Agravaine and Sir Constantine of Cornwall, and sundry others.

The day was exceedingly pleasant, with the air as warm as milk, and the sunlight all yellow like to gold, and the breeze both soft and gentle. The small birds they sang in every thicket and hedge-row, so that it made the heart very joyful for to hear them. And all about there bloomed so many pretty flowers of divers sorts that the entire meadows were carpeted, as it were, with tender and delightful beauty. And anon the wind would wax strong and full, and anon it blew softly; and whenever it waxed strong all the tree-tops swam like soft plumes against the bright sky.

Such was the spring day when Queen Guinevere and her court went a-Maying, and certes it is good to be abroad in the field and in the sunlight beneath the gentle sky at such a season.

And as the fair young queen and her gay court of lords and ladies gathered the white blossoms of the hawthorn, they ever chattered and laughed and made them very merry.

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It was down in the meadows they were, beside the smooth-flowing river, and as they walked in joy of holiday among the fragrant blossoms, one of the damsels who was attendant upon the queen cried out of a sudden: "Lady, oh, my lady, look! pray look! Who can he be that cometh yonder?"

Then Queen Guinevere lifted up her eyes, and, behold! she saw that there came across the meadows a damsel riding upon a milk-white palfrey. And, accompanying the damsel, there were three pages beautifully clad in sky-blue raiment. And the damsel was also clad entirely in blue, excepting that she wore a finely wrought chain of gold about her neck, and a fillet of gold about her brows. And her hair (which was as yellow as gold) was wrapped all about with bands of blue ribbon, embroidered with gold. And Queen Guinevere observed that of the pages that followed the damsel one of them bore a square frame, and that the frame was enveloped and covered with a curtain of crimson satin.

Now when the queen beheld that goodly company approaching, she bade Sir Pellias for to go forth to meet the damsel.

So when Sir Pellias met the damsel and her three pages, he spake to her in this wise: "Fair damsel, I am commanded by yonder lady for to greet you, and to crave of you the favor of your name, so that I may make you beknown unto her."

And the damsel replied: "Sir Knight, I do perceive from your countenance and address that you are certes some lord of very high estate and of great nobility; wherefore I will gladly tell to you that my name is Parcenet, and that I am a damsel belonging to the court of a certain very high dame who dwelleth at a considerable distance from here and who is called the Lady Ettard of Grantmesnle. I come hitherward desiring to be admitted to the presence of Queen Guinevere; accordingly if you shall tell me whereabouts I may find that noble lady, I shall assuredly be very greatly beholden unto you."

"Ha, lady!" quoth Sir Pellias, "thou shalt not have very far to go to find that noble queen; for, behold, yonder she walketh, surrounded by her court of lords and ladies." And the damsel said: "I prithee bring me unto her."

So Sir Pellias led Parcenet unto the queen, and made the queen acquainted with the name and title of the damsel. And Queen Guinevere, with great graciousness of demeanor, demanded of the damsel what might be the business that brought her thitherward so great a distance from her home.

"Lady," quoth the damsel, "I will tell you that very readily. The Lady Ettard, my mistress, is considered by all those in that part of the world whence I came to be the most beautiful lady in all the world. Now of late there hath come such a report of the exceeding beauty of the Lady Guinevere that the Lady Ettard hath seen fit for to send me hitherward for to see for myself if that which is said of the beauty of that queen is soothly true. And indeed, lady, now that I stand before you, I may not say but that you are the fairest dame that ever mine eyes beheld — only saving and excepting my Lady Ettard."

Then Queen Guinevere laughed with a very great heart of mirth. "Fair damsel," quoth she, "it seemeth to me to be a very merry affair that thou shouldst have traveled for so great a distance for so small a matter. And, in sooth, I set no great store by mine appearance, whatsoever it may be; wherefore I am altogether willing to concede that thy lady — and haply many another — is far more fair than I am. For though the court of queen or lady may flatter her, yet her looking-glass doth always tell her the very truth without any flattery whatsoever. But tell me, damsel, what is that thy page beareth so carefully wrapped in that curtain of crimson satin?"

"That," quoth the damsel, "is a true and perfect picture of the Lady Ettard my mistress."

Then Queen Guinevere said: "Now I will that thou show to me and my court the picture."

"That will I do," said the damsel. Whereupon she commanded the page who bore the picture for to come forward. And the page did so, and dismounting from his noble white horse, and kneeling upon one knee, he uncovered the picture before the face of Queen Guinevere and

before her court, so that the queen and all her court beheld the picture. And the picture was painted very cunningly upon a panel of ivory, framed with gold and beset with many jewels of divers colors. And the queen and her court beheld that the picture was the picture of a lady of such surpassing and extraordinary beauty that her like was hardly to be found in all of the world.

"Hey!" quoth Queen Guinevere, "thy lady is indeed graced with an extraordinary beauty, fair damsel; and if she indeed resembles that picture, I am very well fain to acknowledge that her like for loveliness is not to be found in all of the world."

Then up spake Sir Pellias before all that noble court. "Not so, dear lady," quoth he; "for I do protest, and am willing to maintain my words against all comers, that thou thyself art by far the most beautiful lady in the entire world."

"Heyday, Sir Knight," quoth the damsel Parcenet. "It is well that thou dost maintain that saying so far away from the ten towers of Grantmesnle; for at that place is a certain knight, called Sir Engamore of Malverat, who is a very great knight indeed, and who maintaineth the same in favor of the Lady Ettard against all comers who dare to encounter him."

Then Sir Pellias placed his palms together before Queen Guinevere and besought her thus: "Lady, I do pray thee of thy grace that thou wilt so far honor me as to accept me for thy true knight in this matter. For I would fain assay this adventure in thy behalf if I have thy permission for to do so. And if thou grantest me leave I will straightway go forth against Sir Engamore of Malverat, and I greatly hope that when I meet him I shall cause his overthrow, to the increasing of thy honor."

Then Queen Guinevere laughed again with very great mirth. "Dear knight," quoth she, "it pleaseth me beyond measure that thou shouldst take upon thee in my behalf so small a quarrel of mine as this quarrel is. For if so be thou dost assume so small a quarrel, then how much more wouldst thou take a more serious quarrel upon thee! Wherefore I do accept thee very joyfully for my champion in this affair. So go thou presently and arm thyself in such a way as may be fitting for this adventure."

"Lady," said Sir Pellias, "I do beseech thee further for to permit me in this affair to enter upon my undertaking clad in no better guise than I now am. For an I do succeed in winning for myself armor and accoutrements upon the way, consider how much greater will be thy due, seeing that I enter upon my adventure clad only in holiday raiment."

Now at this time Sir Pellias was clad altogether in an attire fitted for a May-day: to wit, doublet and hosen of fair crimson cloth of delicate texture, cut shoon of black velvet, and a black velvet cap surmounted by a long crimson feather. Hanging from his shoulders was a short fair cloak of crimson silk, embroidered in silver and with balls of silver dependent from the corners thereof. Wherefore it was never before heard of that a knight setting forth upon a serious adventure should go clad in such a guise. Nevertheless the queen did not forbid him, but she bade her page Florizel for to fetch the best horse that he might obtain for Sir Pellias, and bade him go as he listed. So he rode away, all in the sunlight, across that field abloom with many flowers; and with him went the damsel Parcenet and the three pages clad in blue.

Thus entered he upon that famous adventure of which I have now to tell you; for so one oftentimes beginneth with a light heart a silly undertaking that endeth very seriously.

So they rode for a considerable distance, with little or no discourse, until at last the damsel Parcenet said: "Sir, I know not thy name or thy condition, or who thou art; wilt thou not inform me thereof?"

And Sir Pellias said: "I will so, damsel. Men call me Pellias of the Hill, and I am a knight of King Arthur's court and his Round Table."

But when Parcenet heard who was that knight who rode beside her, she cried out with great voice; for Sir Pellias was very famous throughout that entire land, and was held by many of good information to be the strongest knight in all of the realm, saving only King Arthur and King Pellinore — for at that time Sir Launcelot had not yet appeared, nor Sir Tristram, nor Sir Percival, nor Sir Bors de Ganis. And the

maiden was wonderfully uplifted in thought for to find herself in the company of so famous a knight. Wherefore she said by and by: "It will surely be a great honor for Sir Engamore of Malverat to have to do with so famous a knight as thou art, Sir Pellias." Whereunto Sir Pellias replied: "I think there are several other knights of King Arthur's Table who are better knights than I." And Parcenet said: "I trow not, Sir Pellias."

Then by and by she asked of Sir Pellias: "How wilt thou get thyself armor for to fight with Sir Engamore withal?"

And Sir Pellias made answer very steadfastly: "Maiden, I know not where I shall find me armor for my defense, but before the time cometh for me to engage with Sir Engamore of Malverat I shall find me armor sufficient for my purpose. For thou must know that it is not always the defense that a man weareth upon his body that bringeth him success, but more often the spirit that uplifteth him unto that which he undertaketh."

And Parcenet said: "I would that I had a knight of such a spirit as thou hast, Sir Pellias." And Sir Pellias laughed and said: "Maiden, when thy time cometh I wish for thee a knight with much more spirit than I. Only tell me: wouldst thou have him fair or dark, or short or tall?"

And Parcenet said: "I would have him about as tall as thou art, and with the same color of hair and eyes, and with a straight nose like unto thine, and with a good wit such as thou hast."

To this Sir Pellias made reply: "Alackaday! why didst thou not tell me so ere we had come so far? For I could easily have got thee a dozen such in Camelot; for they have them there a-plenty in wicker cages, and sell them two for a farthing."

Whereat the damsel laughed right cheerfully, and said: "I trow not, Sir Pellias."

Thus talking with great good will and right pleasantly, Sir Pellias and Parcenet and the three pages following them traveled onward until about the middle of the day.

At that time they came to a very pleasant place in a valley where was a plantation of apple-trees all abloom with pink blossoms. And here Sir Pellias he dismounted and then lifted the damsel down from off her palfrey. And when they had seated themselves in the grass one of the pages spread a fine napkin upon the soft and tender lawn, and upon the napkin he set a roasted capon and a fair loaf of white bread and a bottle of Rhenish wine the color of yellow gold. And Parcenet seated herself upon one side of the cloth and Sir Pellias sat upon the other side. Then, before they began for to eat, Sir Pellias spake and said: "Maiden, I would that I might gaze upon that picture of thy mistress again, and that I might behold it whilst I eat my meal." And Parcenet made reply: "Why not, Sir Pellias? Thou shalt indeed see it."

So she commanded the page who bore the picture for to fetch it, and the page did so and set it up against the trunk of the apple-tree. And Sir Pellias regarded the picture with a great deal of pleasure, and he said: "Ha, maiden, if thy lady is as fair of face as this picture telleth her to be, she is very fair indeed." Whereunto Parcenet replied: "I tell thee, Sir Pellias, that picture doeth her very ill favor, for she is a very great many times more beautiful than that."

"Alas, maiden," said Sir Pellias, "in that case it is an ill thing for any knight for to have to assail her claim unto beauty. Now I tell thee truly, I would rather be the true knight of that lady than of any one whom I ever beheld in all of my life."

At this Parcenet fell a-laughing beyond all measure. "Heyday, Sir Knight," quoth she, "and is it so with thee? Now I may tell thee that ladies like to the Lady Ettard are as plentiful at Grantmesnle as knights like thee are plentiful at Camelot. For in like manner at Grantmesnle do they keep such ladies in wicker cages a-hanging like gay birds from the windows of houses."

And Sir Pellias said: "Maiden, thou makest a mock of me."

Thereupon they both fell to with right good will at their repast, for they were anhungered.

So I have told you how Sir Pellias and Parcenet began that journey, traveling right cheer-

fully together through the gentle springtide so long ago. That night they lodged at a very quaint and pleasant inn that stood at the outskirts of the Forest of Usk, having reached the border of the woodland at that time of the day when the sun was sloping to his setting. And the next day they entered the forest.

Now after they had traveled a considerable distance through the depths of the silent woodlands, they came to that part which is called the Forest of Arroy. And when they had come thither, the damsel Parcenet said to Sir Pellias: "Sir Knight, this part of the forest is called by those who know it the Forest of Adventure. For it is a very wonderful place, full of magic and of singular sights and sounds. For thou must know that it is in this part of the forest that there dwelleth the Lady of the Lake, and her magic is of a sort that maketh all this woodland fay. Somewhere nigh to this place is that land containing the lake wherein she dwelleth, and I tell thee that very few people have ever entered that land to behold it, and fewer yet have returned to tell unto other men that which they have seen. And this forest is called the Forest of Adventure because that no knight hath ever entered its boundaries but some adventure of a strange sort hath befallen him."

And Sir Pellias said: "Maiden, that which thou tellest me is very pleasant for to hear, for doubtless in this place I shall obtain a suit of armor to my liking."

So they entered the Forest of Adventure without more ado, and as they traveled forward for a very long way they discovered that the forest here grew ever more dark and strange and lonesome, so that it seemed at times as though the silence covered them all over like a cloak, so that to those travelers the forest was soothly a very grimly place. So following their journey they came at last to a place where the road grew exceedingly narrow, and lo, before them was a brawling stream of water that ran down violently, with many whirlpools and waterfalls, betwixt stones of huge and monstrous size covered with moss and lichen. And all the trees round about were crooked and bent and covered with thick green moss. And as they drew nigh to the ford of this stream they perceived a great thorn-tree that grew close by the way. And underneath the thorn-tree upon a bank of green moss there sat a beldam so aged and wrinkled that her like was hardly to be found in all the world. For her chin rose upward toward her nose, and her nose descended toward her chin; and her face it was covered with a multitude of wrinkles. And when this beldam perceived them drawing nigh, she called aloud upon Sir Pellias in a cracked and broken voice: "Sir Knight, Sir Knight, wilt thou not of thy knightliness help a poor body across this torrent? Here beneath this thorn-tree have I sat for many days, and yet no one cometh who will give me aid."

Then Parcenet said to the old woman: "Peace, be still, thou hag. Who art thou who sittest here in rags and tatters that dareth to ask of so noble a knight for to give thee such aid as that?"

But the old woman cried all the louder: "Sir Knight, Sir Knight, I do beseech thee of thy knighthood for to carry me across this torrent. For behold my frame, how aged and how feeble. I may not cross the water of my own strength, for an I undertake it I must of a surety sink therein and perish."

Then Sir Pellias turned his face upon Parcenet, and he said very seriously: "It is thou who must hold peace, damsel. Dost thou know so little of true knightliness as to think that a fair face alone layeth claim upon one who weareth belt and golden spurs? King Arthur, who is the perfect model of knighthood, would never take any difference to mind concerning who it was that called upon his knighthood for aid, provided that one were in need of his succor and assistance. And as he is himself so hath he taught his knights to be. Wherefore this poor creature hath as great a right to mine assistance as though she were the fairest dame in Christendom." Then turning him toward the old woman, he said: "That which thou requirest of me I will perform according unto thy behest." Wherefore he dismounted from his noble warhorse, and lifting up the old woman from where she sat, he set her with great gentleness upon the saddle. Then himself mounting his steed once more, he drave into the ford of the stream, and so came across the torrent in safety to the other side. And close behind him came Par-

cenet, and she neither laughed nor frowned, but she looked very strangely upon Sir Pellias, for mayhap she had never yet seen a knight of such a sort as that knight of King Arthur's Table, who would perform such a service for an old woman of such ill visage and all clad in rags and tatters. And after Parcenet came the three pages, and so they crossed the stream together.

Now when they had reached the other side of the water Sir Pellias dismounted and would have aided the old woman to alight from the saddle; but, lo! she waited not for his aid, but leaped down very lightly from where she sat. Then befell a strange thing that passed all for marvelousness, for, instead of that old woman, there was in that place a wonderful lady of such extraordinary beauty of countenance and of apparel that neither Sir Pellias nor the damsel had ever beheld her like before.

And if that forest was the forest of enchantment, then did this lady belong well in such a place, for she too was altogether of enchantment. For it was very plain to be seen that she was not of the earth like ordinary mortals, but was something altogether different. Her face was of a wonderful clearness, like to ivory for whiteness, and her eyes were black and bright, like unto two jewels set into ivory; and she was clad all in green from head to foot, excepting that a cord of crimson and gold was interwoven into the meshes of her long hair, which was like to fine silk for softness and for glossiness. And around her neck was a wonderful necklace of opal stones and emeralds inset into gold, and about her wrists were bracelets of wrought gold inset with emerald stones and opals.

Thus had the Lady of the Lake appeared unto King Arthur, and thus did she appear unto Sir Pellias that day.

And when Sir Pellias beheld her extraordinary beauty, and that it was in no wise like to the earthly beauty of any lady whom he had ever beheld, he wotted that she must be some one of high degree and of exalted station in a land of faerie into which he had entered. Wherefore he knelt before her and set his hands together, palm to palm. And she said: "Sir Pellias, why dost thou kneel unto me?" And he said: "Lady, because thou art so wonderful." And she said: "Thou shalt not kneel to me, Sir Pellias, for he who serveth a lady as thou hast done service to me maketh himself her equal, whosoever she may be." And he said to her: "Lady, who art thou?" And she replied: "I am one who holds an exceedingly kind regard toward King Arthur and all his knights, because that he and they are of such noble sort and quality. And more especially do I hold a kind regard unto thee, Sir Pellias; though why that should be thou as yet knowest not. I am she, by name Nymue, whom men call the Lady of the Lake, and it was through me that King Arthur obtained that wonderful sword called Excalibur."

And Sir Pellias said: "Lady, thou doest me great favor in that thou lettest mine eyes behold thy beauty." And the lady smiled upon Sir Pellias and said: "Sir Pellias, I am minded to do thee a much greater kindness than that, though what that kindness may be thou art not now prepared to know, but by and by thou shalt know it. Meantime I do claim thee for my knight in that thou hast so well served me this day. And in token of my kindness toward thee I do bestow this upon thee, which I bid thee to wear under all circumstances; for it is of a virtue that thou wottest not of." Therewith she took from about her neck that collar of opal stones, of emeralds, and of gold, and hung the same about the neck and shoulders of Sir Pellias, so that it hung down upon his crimson raiment with a very wonderful glory of variegated colors. Then, while Sir Pellias still knelt, she vanished from the sight of those who looked upon her, and was gone upon that moment, leaving them all astonished and bemazed at what had befallen. For, lo! where she had been there was nothing but that woodland and the brawling stream.

Then, by and by, Sir Pellias arose from his knees like one in the maze of some wonderful dream. So he mounted upon his horse without speaking a word, but in entire silence. And likewise in entire silence they departed from that place. Only after they had gone a very considerable distance Parcenet said: "Sir Pellias, thou art certes very worthy of that great favor that hath been bestowed upon thee."

And Sir Pellias, all bewildered, said with exceeding modesty: "Dost thou think so, maiden?"

And she said: "Yea, I do think so."

But Sir Pellias knew not that the necklace which the Lady of the Lake had hung about his neck possessed such a virtue that whosoever wore it, that one was beloved of all. For that collar of emerald, of opal, of gold, was, indeed, of that singular virtue.

And now listen of what furthur adventures befell Sir Pellias in this part of the forest, and of how he won him a suit of armor.

Chapter VIII.

How Sir Pellias overcame a red knight called Sir Adresack, and of how he liberated twenty-two captives from that knight's castle.

Now, after that wonderful happening, they journeyed continuously for a great while. Nor did they pause at any place until they came, about an hour after the prime of the day, to a certain part of the forest where charcoal-burners were plying their trade. Here Sir Pellias commanded that they should draw rein and rest for a while, and so they dismounted for to rest and to refresh themselves, as he had ordained that they should do. And while they ate their midday meal those sooty fellows who dwelt thus always within the deep and silent forest stood about them at a distance and looked at them from afar as though they were strange beings from out of another world.

Now as they sat thus refreshing themselves with meat and drink, there came of a sudden from out of the forest a sound of great lamentation and of loud outcry, and almost immediately there appeared from the thickets, coming into that open place, a lady in woeful array, riding upon a pied palfrey. And behind her rode a young esquire, clad in colors of green and white and seated upon a sorrel horse. And he also appeared to be possessed of great sorrow, being in much disarray and very downcast of countenance. And the lady's face was all beswollen and inflamed with weeping, and her hair hung down upon her shoulders with neither net nor band for to stay it in place, and her raiment was greatly torn by the brambles and much stained with forest travel. And the young esquire who rode behind her came with a drooping head and a like woeful disarray of bramble-torn apparel, his cloak dragging behind him made fast to his shoulder by only a single point.

Now when Sir Pellias beheld the lady and the esquire in such sad estate, he arose immediately from where he sat, and went straightway to the lady and took her horse by the bridle and stayed it where it was. And the lady looked at him yet saw him not, being altogether blinded by her grief and distraction.

Then Sir Pellias said to her: "Lady, what ails thee, that thou sorrowest so greatly?"

Whereunto she made reply: "Sir, it matters not, for thou canst not help me."

"How know ye that?" said Sir Pellias. "For I have a very good intention in my heart for to aid thee if it be possible for me to do so."

Then the lady looked more nearly at Sir Pellias, and she perceived him as though through a mist of sorrow. And she beheld that he was not clad in armor, but only in a holiday attire of fine crimson cloth. Wherefore she began sorrowing afresh, and that in great measure, for she deemed that here was one who could give her no aid in her sorrow. Wherefore she said: "Sir Knight, thy intentions are kind, but how canst thou look to give me aid when thou hast neither arms nor defenses for to help thee in taking upon thee such a quarrel?"

And Sir Pellias said: "Lady, I know not how I may aid thee until that thou tellest me of thy sorrow. Yet I have good hope that I may serve thee when I shall know what it is that causes thee such disorder of mind."

Thereupon, still holding the horse by the bridle, he brought the lady forward to that place where Parcenet still sat beside the napkin spread with food. And when he had come to that place, he, with all gentleness, constrained the lady for to dismount from her horse. Then, with equal gentleness, he compelled her to sit down upon the grass and to partake of the food. And when she had done so, and had drunk some of the wine, she found herself to be greatly refreshed, and began to take to herself more heart of grace. Thereupon, beholding her so far recovered, Sir Pellias again demanded of her what was her trouble, and besought her that she would open her heart unto him.

So, being encouraged by his cheerful words, she told to Sir Pellias the trouble that had brought her to that pass.

"Sir Knight," she said, "the place where I dwell is a considerable distance from this. Thence I came this morning with a very good knight called Sir Brandemere, who is my husband. Now this morning Sir Brandemere would take me out a-hunting at the break of day; and so we went forth with a white hound of which my knight was wonderfully fond. So, coming to a certain place in the forest, there started up of a sudden from before us a white doe, which same the hound immediately pursued with great vehemence of outcry. Thereupon I and my lord and this esquire followed thereafter with very great spirit and enjoyment for that sport. Now when we had followed the white doe and the white hound for a great distance, we came to a certain place where we beheld before us a violent stream of water which was crossed by a long and narrow bridge. And we beheld that upon the other side of the stream there stood a strong castle with seven towers, and that the castle was built up upon the rocks in such a way that the rocks and the castle appeared to be altogether like one rock.

"Now as we approached the bridge aforesaid, lo! the portcullis of the castle was lifted up and the drawbridge was let fall very suddenly and with a great noise, and there immediately issued forth from out of the castle a knight clad altogether in red. And all the trappings and the furniture of his horse were likewise of red; and the spear which he bore in his hand was of ash-wood painted red. And he came forth very terribly, and rode forward so that he presently stood at the other end of that narrow bridge. Thereupon he called out aloud to Sir Brandemere my husband, saying: 'Whither wouldst thou go, Sir Knight?' And unto him Sir Brandemere made reply: 'Sir, I would cross this bridge; for my hound, which I love exceedingly, hath certainly crossed here in pursuit of a doe as white as milk.' Then that Red Knight cried out in a loud voice: 'Sir Knight, thou comest not upon this bridge but at thy peril; for this bridge belongeth unto me, and whosoever would cross it must first overthrow me or else he may not cross.'

"Now my husband Sir Brandemere was clad at that time only in a light raiment such as one might wear for hunting or for hawking; only that he wore upon his head a light basinet of steel infolded with a scarf which I had given him. Ne'theless he was so great of heart that he would not abide any challenge such as that Red Knight had given unto him; wherefore, bidding me and this esquire (whose name is Ponteferet) to remain upon the farther side of the bridge, he drew his sword and rode forward to the middle of the bridge with intent to force a way across if he was able so to do. Whereupon, seeing that to be his intent, that Red Knight, clad all in complete armor, cast aside his spear and drew his sword and rode forward to meet my knight. And so they met in the middle of the bridge. And when they met together that Red Knight lifted himself in his stirrups and smote my husband Sir Brandemere upon the crown of his basinet with his sword. And I beheld the blade of the Red Knight's sword that it cut through the basinet of Sir Brandemere, so that the blood ran down upon my knight's face in great abundance. Then Sir Brandemere straightway fell down from his horse and lay as though he were dead.

"Having thus overthrown him, that Red Knight dismounted from his horse and lifted up Sir Brandemere upon the horse whence he had fallen, so that he lay across the saddle. Then, taking both horses by the bridle, the Red Knight led them both straight away and so into his castle. And as soon as he had entered into the castle the portcullis thereof was immediately closed behind him and the drawbridge was raised. Nor did he pay any heed whatever either to me or to the esquire Ponteferet, but he departed, leaving us without any word of cheer; nor do I now know whether my husband Sir Brandemere is living or dead, or what hath befallen him."

And as the lady spake these words, lo, the tears again fell down her face in great abundance.

Then Sir Pellias was very much moved with compassion; wherefore he said: "Lady, thy case is indeed one of exceeding sorrowfulness, and I am wonderfully grieved for thee. And, indeed, I would fain aid thee to all the extent

that is in my power. So if thou wilt lead me to where is this bridge and that grimly castle of which thou speakest, I make thee my vow that I will assay to the best of my endeavor to learn of the whereabouts of thy good knight, and as to what has befallen him."

"Sir," said the lady, "I am much beholden unto thee for thy good will. Yet thou mayst not hope for success shouldst thou venture to undertake so grave an adventure as that without either arms or armor for to defend thyself withal. For consider how grievously that Red Knight hath served my husband Sir Brandemere, taking no consideration as to his lack of arms or of defense. Wherefore it is not likely that he will serve thee any more courteously." And to the lady's words Parcenet also lifted up a great voice, bidding Sir Pellias not to be so foolhardy as to do this thing that he was minded to do. And so did Ponteferet, the esquire, also call out upon Sir Pellias that he should not do this thing, but that he should at least take arms to himself ere he entered upon this adventure.

Sir Pellias encounters the Sorrowful Lady in Arroy

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

But to all that they said Sir Pellias replied: "Stay me not in that which I would do, for I do tell you all that I have several times undertaken adventures even more perilous than this, and yet I have scaped with no great harm to myself." Nor would he listen to anything that the lady and the damsel might say, but arising from that place, he aided the lady and the damsel to mount their palfreys. Then mounting his own steed, and the esquire and the pages having mounted their steeds, the whole party immediately departed from that place, leaving the charcoal-burners much marveling at the wonderful visitors who had come thus into their smoky world.

And as they journeyed, the esquire Ponteferet directed them how to proceed so as to bring them to the castle of the Red Knight.

In this way they traveled those lonely woodland paths of the Forest of Adventure, nor did they perceive any break in the woodlands until after three leagues or four or a little more they came to a more open place in that wilderness where was a steep and naked hill before them. And when they had reached to the top of that hill, they perceived beneath them a river, very turbulent and violent. Likewise they saw that the river was spanned by a bridge, exceedingly straight and narrow, and that upon the farther side of the bridge and of the river there stood a very strong castle with seven tall towers and many roofs of red tiles. Moreover, the castle and the towers were built up upon the rocks, very lofty and high, so that it was hard to tell where the rocks ceased and the walls began. Wherefore the towers and the walls appeared to be altogether one rock of stone. And about the tops of the towers there flew an incredible number of jackdaws with a very great deal of noisy clamoring, and there were so many of those jackdaws that they appeared like bees swarming about a beehive.

Then the esquire Ponteferet pointed with his finger and said: "Sir Knight, yonder is the castle of the Red Knight, and into it he bore Sir Brandemere after he had been so grievously wounded." And Sir Pellias said unto the lady, Sir Brandemere's wife: "Lady, I will presently inquire as to thy husband's welfare."

Therewith he set spurs to his horse and rode down the hill toward the bridge with great boldness. And when he had come nigher to the bridge, lo, the portcullis of the castle was lifted and the drawbridge was let fall with a great noise and tumult. And straightway there issued forth from out of the castle a knight clad all in armor and accoutrements of red. And this knight came forward with great speed toward the bridge's head. Then, when Sir Pellias saw him approaching so threateningly, he went forth very boldly upon the bridge, and when the Red Knight saw him approach, he said, "Ha! who art thou who darest to come thus upon my bridge?"

Unto him Sir Pellias made reply: "It matters not who I am, but thou art to know, thou discourteous knight, that I am come to inquire of thee where thou hast disposed of that good knight Sir Brandemere, and to ask of thee why thou didst deal with him so grievously a short time since."

At this the Red Knight grew very full of wrath. "Ha, ha!" he cried vehemently. "That thou shalt presently learn to thy great sorrow, for as I have served him so shall I presently serve thee, so that in a little while I shall bring thee unto him. Then thou mayst ask him whatsoever thou dost list. But seeing that thou art unarmed and without defense, I would not do thee any bodily ill. Wherefore I demand of thee that thou shalt presently surrender thyself unto me; otherwise it will be very greatly to thy pain and sorrow if thou compel me to use force for to constrain thy surrender."

Then Sir Pellias said: "What! what! Wouldst thou thus assail a knight who is altogether without arms or defense as I?"

And the Red Knight said: "That shall I do if thou dost not yield thyself unto me."

"Then," quoth Pellias, "thou art not fit for to be dealt with as beseemeth a tried knight; wherefore should I encounter thee thy overthrow must be of such a sort as may shame any belted knight who weareth golden spurs."

Thereupon he cast about his eyes for a weapon to fit his purpose, and he beheld how that a certain great stone was loose upon the coping of the bridge; so this he laid hands upon for his purpose.

Now this stone was so huge that three strong men of this day might hardly lift it; yet did Sir Pellias pluck it forth from its place seemingly with great ease. Then uplifting it with both hands, he ran swiftly toward that Red Knight and flung the rock at him with great force.

Nor might the Red Knight withstand that blow, nor hardly might any man in all of the world have withstood it. For the stone smote the Red Knight upon the middle of the shield, and drave it back upon his breast with great violence. And the force of the blow drave the knight backward from his saddle, so that he fell down to the earth from his horse with great violence and tumult, and lay upon the bridgeway like one who was altogether dead.

And when they within the castle who looked forth thereupon saw that blow, and when they beheld the overthrow of the Red Knight, they

lifted up their voices in great lamentation, so that the outcry thereof was terrible for to hear.

But Sir Pellias ran with all speed to the fallen knight and set his knee upon his breast; and he unlaced his helmet and lifted it; and he beheld that the face of the knight was strong and comely, and that he was not altogether dead.

So when Sir Pellias saw that the Red Knight was not dead, and when he perceived that he was about to recover his breath from the blow that he had suffered, he drew that knight's misericorde from its sheath and set the point to his throat, so that when the Red Knight awoke from his swoon he beheld death, as it were, in the countenance of Sir Pellias and in the point of the dagger.

So when the Red Knight perceived how very near death was to him he sore besought Sir Pellias for mercy, saying, "Spare my life unto me!" Whereunto Sir Pellias said, "Who art thou?" And the knight said, "I am called Sir Adresack, surnamed of the Seven Towers." And Sir Pellias said to him, "What hast thou done unto Sir Brandemere and how doth it fare with that goodly knight?" And the Red Knight said, "He is not so seriously wounded as you suppose."

Now when Sir Brandemere's lady heard this speech she was greatly exalted with joy, so that she smote her hands together, making great cry of thanksgiving.

But Sir Pellias said: "Now tell me, Sir Adresack, hast thou other captives beside that knight Sir Brandemere at thy castle?" And Sir Adresack said: "Sir Knight, I will tell thee truly; there are in my castle one and twenty other captives besides him: to wit, eighteen knights and esquires of degree and three ladies. For I have defended this bridge for a long time, and all who have undertaken to cross it, they have I taken captive and held for ransom. Wherefore I have taken great wealth and gained great estate thereby."

Then Sir Pellias said: "Thou art soothly a wicked and discourteous knight so to serve travelers that come thy way, and I would do well for to slay thee where thou liest. But since thou hast besought mercy of me, I will grant it unto thee, though I will do so only with great shame unto thy knighthood. Moreover, if I spare to thee thy life there are two several things which thou must perform. First thou must go unto Queen Guinevere at Camelot, and there must thou say unto her that the knight who left her unarmed hath taken thine armor from thee and hath armed himself therewith for to champion her beauty withal, as he hath set out to do. Second thou must confess thy faults unto King Arthur as thou hast confessed them unto me, and thou must beg his pardon for the same, craving that he, in his mercy, shall spare thy life unto thee. These are the things that thou must perform."

And Sir Adresack said: "These things do I promise to perform if thou wilt spare my life."

Then Sir Pellias permitted him to arise, and he came and stood before Sir Pellias. And Sir Pellias summoned the esquire Ponteferet unto him, and he said: "Take thou this knight's armor from off his body, and then put thou it upon my body, as thou knowest how to do." And Ponteferet did as Sir Pellias bade him. He unarmed Sir Adresack and he clothed Sir Pellias in Sir Adresack's armor. Then Sir Pellias said unto Sir Adresack: "Now take me into thy castle, that I may thereunto liberate those captives that thou so wickedly holdest there." And Sir Adresack said: "It shall be done as thou dost command."

Thereupon they all went together through the gate into the castle, which was an exceedingly stately place. And there they beheld a great many servants and attendants, and these came at the command of Sir Adresack and bowed themselves down before Sir Pellias. Then Sir Pellias bade Sir Adresack for to summon the keeper of the dungeon and Sir Adresack did so. And Sir Pellias commanded the keeper that he should conduct them unto the dungeon, and the keeper bowed down before him in obedience.

And when they had come to that dungeon they beheld it to be a very lofty place and exceedingly strong. And there they found Sir Brandemere and those others of whom Sir Adresack had spoken.

But when that sorrowful lady perceived Sir Brandemere, she ran unto him with great voice of rejoicing, and embraced him and wept over

him. And he embraced her and wept, and altogether forgot his hurt in the joyous delight of beholding her again.

And in the several apartments of that portion of the castle were just eighteen knights and esquires and three ladies, also, besides Sir Brandemere. Among all of those knights were two from King Arthur's court: to wit, Sir Brandiles and Sir Mador de la Porte. Whereupon when these beheld that it was Sir Pellias who had liberated them, they embraced him with great joy and kissed him upon either cheek.

And all those who were liberated made great rejoicing and gave Sir Pellias such praise and acclaim that he was greatly contented therewith. Then when Sir Pellias beheld all those captives who were in the dungeon he was very wroth with Sir Adresack; whereupon he turned unto him and said: "Begone, Sir Knight, for to do that penance which I imposed upon thee to perform; for I am very greatly displeased with thee, and fear me lest I should repent me of my mercy to thee."

Thereupon Sir Adresack turned him away, and he immediately departed from that place and called to him his esquire, and with him he rode away to Camelot for to do that penance which he had promised Sir Pellias for to do.

Then, after he was gone, Sir Pellias and those captives whom he had liberated went through the divers parts of the castle. And there they found thirteen chests of gold and silver money and four caskets of jewels,— very fine and of great brilliancy,— all of which treasure had been paid in ransom by other captives who had in aforetime been violently held at that place.

And Sir Pellias ordained that all those chests and caskets should be opened, and when those who were there looked therein, the hearts of all

Sir Pellias, the Gentle Knight.

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

were wonderfully exalted with joy at the sight of that great treasure.

Then Sir Pellias commanded that all that treasure of gold and silver should be divided into nineteen equal parts, and when it had been so divided he said: "Now let each of you who have been held captive in this place take for his own one part of that treasure as a recompense for those sorrows which he hath endured." Moreover, to each of the ladies who had been held as captives in that place he gave a casket of jewels, saying unto her: "Take thou this casket of jewels as a recompense for that sorrow which thou hast suffered." And unto Sir Brandemere's lady he gave a casket of the jewels for that which she had endured.

But when those who were there beheld that Sir Pellias reserved no part of that great treasure for himself, they all cried out upon him: "Sir Knight, Sir Knight! how is this? Behold, thou hast set aside no part of this treasure for thyself."

And Sir Pellias made answer: "You are right; I have not so. For it needs not that I take any of this gold and silver or any of these jewels for myself. For, behold! ye have suffered much at the hands of Sir Adresack, wherefore ye should receive recompense therefor. But I have suffered naught at his hands, wherefore I need no such recompense."

Then were they all astonished at his generosity, and gave him great praise for his largeness of heart. And all those knights vowed unto him fidelity unto death.

Then, when all these things were accomplished, Sir Brandemere implored all who were there that they would come with him unto his castle, so that they might refresh themselves with a season of mirth and good faring. And they all said that they would go with him, and they did go. And at the castle of Sir Brandemere there was great rejoicing, with feasting and jousting.

And all who were there loved Sir Pellias with an astonishing love, because of that collar of emeralds and opals and gold. Yet no one knew aught of the virtue of that collar, nor did Sir Pellias himself know of it.

So Sir Pellias abided at that place for three days. And when the fourth day was come he arose betimes in the morning and bade saddle his horse and the palfrey of the damsel Parcenet and the horses of their pages. Then, when all those who were there saw that he was minded to depart, they besought him not to go; but Sir Pellias said: "Stay me not, for I must go."

Then came to him those two good knights of Arthur's court, Sir Brandiles and Sir Mador de la Porte, and they besought him that he would let them go with him upon that adventure. And at first Sir Pellias forbade them; but they besought him the more, so that at last he was fain to say: "Ye shall go with me."

So he departed from that place with his company, and all those who remained gave great sorrow that he should go away.

So ended this second adventure of Sir Pellias. And the next adventure telleth of how that good and valiant knight did battle with Sir Engamore of Malverat, the champion of the Lady Ettard of Grantmesnle, and in it shall be told the several adventures that befell thereby.

(To be continued.)

ABOUT MAGNETS.

By Lawrence B. Fletcher, Ph.D.

Every one is familiar with toy magnets — straight or curved bars of steel which attract and hold suspended light pieces of iron such as tacks and iron filings. Let us examine one of these curious bars and see what we can learn about them. In the first place, how are they made, and how came they to be made?

Thousands of years ago a mineral having this strange power of attracting iron was found in the country anciently called Magnesia, in Asia Minor. The name of this country has given us the word "magnet." This mineral, which is now called the *lodestone* (not *loadstone*), attracted the attention of the curious, and it was discovered

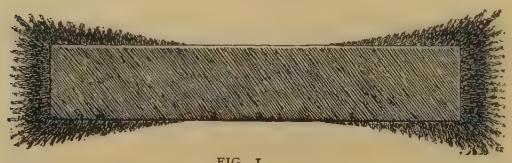


FIG. 1.

that a piece of iron which had been rubbed with the lodestone acquired the same power of attracting iron; in other words, the piece of iron became a *magnet.* It was afterward found that such an iron or artificial magnet could be used like the lodestone itself to convert other pieces of iron into magnets by rubbing. Still more recently, a mode of making magnets by means of electricity was discovered, that is, by wrapping a piece of

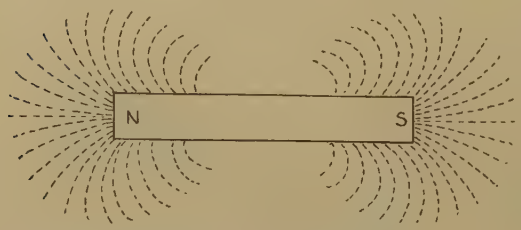


FIG. 2.

insulated wire many times around the bar and then causing a current of electricity to pass through the wire. The familiar small toy magnets are simply steel bars which have been rubbed a few times against powerful magnets.

Now, if we bring a needle near our little magnet we will at once find that all parts of the magnet do not act in precisely the same way.

If the needle is brought near either end of the magnet it is strongly attracted, and if allowed to come in contact with the magnet it will take quite a little force to pull it away again. But if the needle is brought near the middle of the magnet it is attracted very slightly or not at all.

FIG. 3.

From this we can infer that all the strength of the magnet is at its ends, or poles, as they are called. This is graphically shown in Fig. 1, which represents a bar magnet that has been laid on a flat surface, such as a sheet of paper or a pane of glass, which has been covered with a light coat of fine iron filings. Upon lightly rapping the magnet or surface to overcome the friction of the jagged filings against each other and against the surface, these small particles of iron promptly arrange themselves as shown — clustering thickly round the poles and leaving a vacant space in the middle. We see, too, that the filings bristle out in various directions. Each filing, in fact, points in the direction of the magnetic force at the spot where it lies. By laying the paper with the filings over the magnet and tapping it we may cause the filings to arrange themselves in a much more extended pattern, somewhat as shown in diagram in Fig. 2.

The filings are here arranged in curved lines, a few of which may be traced from their start at one pole to their termination at the other. They

are shown more clearly when a horseshoe magnet is used, because the poles are near each other. These curved lines are called "lines of force," because they indicate the direction of the magnetic force.

But you must not think that the lines of force have any real existence, any more than the meridians and parallels of latitude on a map or globe have. They simply serve to map out the space about a magnet, the magnetic field, as it is called, and they may be drawn so as to show the strength as well as the direction of the magnetic force at every point.

FIG. 4.

Now, though it would appear from this that only the ends of the magnet are magnetic, yet if the bar is broken in two and the pieces are separated, we find that the broken places attract the needle just as the original ends, or poles, did and still do. In fact, these broken ends *are* poles.

In other words, each piece is a complete magnet, with two poles, and a place in the middle where there is no attraction. Now, if we put the broken ends together again, we might perhaps suppose that as we have brought two poles together at the break, this part of the bar would now attract the needle twice as strongly as one pole did.

We shall find, however, that the reunited ends have no effect at all upon the needle.

In fact, we have simply reconstructed the original magnet with two poles and a middle part where there is no attraction. We can break each of the pieces in two, and continue breaking until we have divided the magnet into a great number of short bits, and we shall find that each bit is a complete magnet with two poles.

If we put the bits together again, however, the poles that come together disappear, and we have again a single magnet with a pole at each end and none at any other point.

Why do the poles disappear? Because magnetic poles are of two different kinds, north poles and south poles, and if we put the fragments together exactly as they were originally a north pole and a south pole always come together.

If a magnet is hung up by a string around its middle, it will turn so as to point north and south. The end which points north is usually called the north pole and the other end the south pole of the magnet. North poles and south poles have different and, to some extent, opposite properties.

The north poles of two magnets *repel* each other. So do the south poles. But the north pole of each magnet *attracts* the south pole of the other.

When no other artificial magnet is near, the free magnet points north and south under the influence of the greatest of all known magnets, the earth. If the earth were not a magnet a suspended magnet would show no preference for any particular direction. When a magnet is broken in two one of the broken ends becomes a north and the other a south pole, as in Fig. 3. When these poles are put together they destroy each other's effects, as we have seen. Now, as a magnet may be divided into smaller magnets and built up again from them, it is supposed that every magnet actually consists of a great number of very small magnets, with all their north poles pointing the same way, or nearly so.

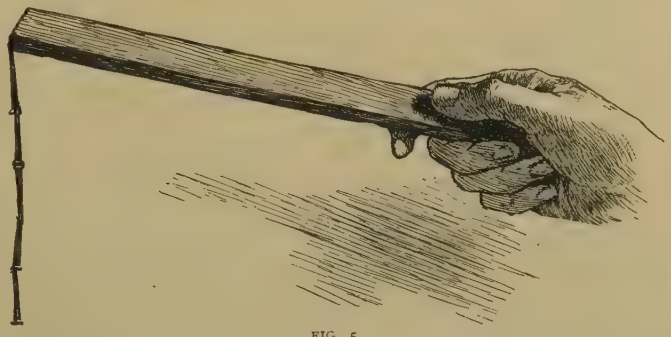


FIG. 5.

But when the iron is magnetized by rubbing it against a magnet, the little magnets in the iron are all turned by the influence of the large magnet to the same direction, so that north and

south poles neutralize each other in the interior of the bar; but at one end there is a collection of free north poles and at the other a collection of free south poles.

This may seem hard to believe, but several well-known facts make it probable.

We have seen that magnets can he made by electricity. In this way not only can a bar be magnetized very quickly, but its magnetism can be almost instantly reversed; that is to say, the north pole can be changed to a south pole by simply changing the direction of the magnetizing electric current.

Now, when the bar is magnetized, a sharp metallic click is heard, and the bar is found to be a little longer and thinner than it was before, its volume remaining unchanged. Then if the magnetism is reversed rapidly a number of times, a click is heard at every reversal, and the bar becomes quite warm from the rubbing together of the little magnets as they turn. It is easy to understand that soft or wrought iron, in which the particles can turn readily, is more easily magnetized than cast-iron or hard steel. Steel, on the other hand, retains its magnetism better than soft iron does, and it is of steel that the familiar permanent magnets are made.

The strongest magnets are made of very hard steel. A strong magnet will lift many times its own weight.

Small magnets are stronger in proportion to their weight than large ones, and the latter are best made by magnetizing thin steel bars separately, and then fastening them together in bundles.

I have spoken of magnetizing a bar of iron by *rubbing* it against a magnet; but a nail or other piece of iron which is simply held against the pole of a magnet, or even very near but not touching, itself becomes a magnet for the time being, and will support another nail applied to its lower end. (See Figs. 4 and 5.) If the magnet is strong and the nails not too heavy, a chain of four or five may be held in this way; but if the first nail next to the magnet is pulled away from the pole, it at once loses nearly all its magnetism, and lets the other nails fall.

If a nail while in contact with the magnet is struck or hammered, it will retain more magnetism after separation, and will lift iron filings or small tacks; but if hammered after separation, it will lose nearly all its strength. In both cases the hammering seems to temporarily loosen the particles of iron, so that they can turn more readily to the same direction in the first case, and back to their original direction in the second.

Magnets are weakened by heating, and at a red heat lose all their strength.

Magnets are frequently made in the form of a horseshoe or letter **U**, but a horseshoe magnet is really nothing more than a bar magnet bent. As both poles will attract iron, it is apparently twice as strong as when in the bar form. A piece of iron laid across the poles is attracted by both of them. In this case the poles act on *opposite* ends of the iron and do not destroy each other's effects, for each pole magnetizes the portion of the iron opposite it. The iron, therefore, becomes a strong magnet with its north pole touching the south pole of the horseshoe magnet, and its south pole touching the north pole. This is popularly called a "keeper," because it "keeps," or preserves, the strength of the magnet, which becomes much weaker when the keeper is left off.

Iron, steel (which is a modified iron), the metals nickel and cobalt, and some substances which contain a large portion of iron, are the only bodies that can be strongly magnetized, though many others can be magnetized very feebly and temporarily.

What magnetism really is, no one knows. It seems to be a natural property of the particles of iron, and what we call magnetizing is only, as I have said, the act of turning the magnetic particles so that they act together. This is frequently brought about by causes beyond our control, and almost all pieces of iron, if carefully tested, are found to be weak magnets.

AN "ATTRACTIVE" EXPERIMENT.

CAPTURING A GREAT SERPENT.

By G. R. O'Reilly.

URING the tour of a circus company in South America, one of the specialties was a snake-charmer who performed with several large serpents, beautiful in color and proportion, but formidable as to size and temper. Among the collection of reptiles were two or three which proved to be totally unmanageable on account of their enormous dimensions and exceedingly savage disposition. It being impossible to handle them with safety, they were simply left on exhibition, securely confined in large cages of wire netting, which were placed one on top of the other just outside the ring and near to the entrance, so that all who attended might see them as they passed in and out.

It happened one night that, owing to some accidental disarrangement of his harness, one of the horses became unmanageable just in front of the spot where these cages were placed. He reared up again and again, and in the intervals kicked viciously and plunged about furiously, threatening every moment to break the reins by which the driver contrived still to hold him. As the people became terrified, many jumped from their seats and rushed for the place of exit. This confusion increased the efforts of the struggling beast. He reared up madly, and fell backward against the cages, knocking them over, as well as injuring several of the crowd in doing so. Instantly the cry was raised, "The snakes are out!" Needless to say, this alarm turned the whole audience into a struggling mob. The screaming of the women and the shouting of the men were so great that the officials and managers failed to make themselves heard or heeded, and in the midst of the uproar the largest of the great serpents, the fastenings of whose cage had become undone, glided off through the terror-stricken crowd and quickly disappeared beneath the canvas of the tent into the darkness beyond.

It was not until the audience had left that the circus people found out their loss. They made a diligent investigation of the vicinity, but failed to find the snake. Nor did a renewed search the next day yield any better result.

Months after the circus had gone and the people had ceased to talk of the episode, I happened to be hunting in the mountains some twenty miles from the town where the occurrence took place.

The rainy season not being as yet quite over, I generally slept at night in one of a collection of palm-leaf huts pleasantly situated on the sloping hillside, surrounded by small but flourishing plantations of maize and bananas stretching down from the houses to the borders of a pretty lake of several acres in extent. All around these plantations and the lake the trees of the great tropical forest stood up in an encircling wall of solemn and gloomy grandeur.

Within the preceding month some predatory animal had appeared in the neighborhood and frequently carried off pigs and goats. What the thief was, none could tell, so the mystery of these losses caused several of the men to sit up at night and watch for his approach.

The moon was at its full and every leaf plainly visible, but for the first and second nights of the vigil nothing appeared, and they began to think that, after all, maybe the animals had merely fallen into the lake and been drowned, or perhaps wandered off into the forest. On the third night, however, with the full moon shining brightly overhead, as the watchers were sitting upon an isolated rock looking out over the silvery waters, the sudden squealing of a pig, followed by the barking of the dogs in the inclosure by the houses, caused them to reach for their guns and quickly run up the hill. Hur-

riedly they entered the corral, and there, close in a corner where a tall banana-tree waved its broad green leaves in the moonbeams, was a huge serpent securely wrapped around a good-sized pig and slowly squeezing its life out. An enormous reptile he was, without doubt, and how long — who could tell? At any rate, the pig was almost concealed in his folds, and yet a great part of his length was still lying disengaged upon the ground. When the men drew closer he did not offer to move, but only seemed to tighten himself more securely on his victim, on which his great gaping jaws were fixed with teeth embedded in its neck close behind the ears. The excited men stood over him a moment in consultation, and quickly decided that as he appeared to be so occupied with his prey there would probably be little risk in taking him alive. Accordingly, one seized him around the throat with both hands, while the others caught him by the body, incautiously leaving the tail free. Feeling himself thus attacked, he at once unloosed himself from the pig and whisked himself about so furiously that two of the men were thrown to the ground. But still they held on, and, getting a better grip on him, were preparing to carry him off out of the corral when, with another swish, he lashed the hinder part of his body around the banana-tree.

"I SWUNG MYSELF DOWN BY THE VINES, AND THERE I SAW HIM LYING, COILED IN A HEAP." (SEE PAGE 717.)

The women and children were now crowding on the fence, the dogs were barking furiously at a safe distance, and altogether the confusion was indescribable, every one giving directions which nobody could take. But the great snake, without any adviser, was more than a match for them all. He hissed fiercely, and every instant coiled himself more firmly round the tree; and in spite of their efforts to keep him straightened out, managed to get his body contracted into a number of *s*-like curves, which gave him considerable advantage against his would-be captors. "Pull all toge-

ther, boys!" exclaimed old Manuel. "If not, he 'll beat us."

Then commenced the tug of war. Old Manuel gave the word, "Heave ho!" The tree swayed with the shock, but the snake was still fixed there as firm as ever. Another pull, and another by jerks, and again the tree shook and swayed. "Now for a good one!" said Manuel. They set their heels firmly in the soil and lay backward, putting all their weight and strength into the effort. This time not only did the snake come, but with him came also the tree; for its superficial roots gave way, and banana-tree, snake, and men fell together all in a heap, one on top of the other. They let go their hold, scrambled to their feet, and scurried to the gate. The snake was quick to take advantage of the accident. He shot forward before the struggling men had had time to regain their feet, and, rearing his long neck over the six-foot fence, glided over it as easily as if it were only a fallen tree in his forest home. Away down the hill he rushed toward the lake, laying prostrate the rank maize stalks as he passed. Swiftly, too, he went; for, though they snatched their guns instantly to pursue him, still he kept well in the lead, and, going over the rocks, plunged into the lake below before a single trigger could be pulled. He had disappeared, but only for an instant; for soon the long sinuous form became visible gliding away over the surface of the moonlit waters on which he seemed to float, buoyed up, as it were, by the very impetus of his own velocity. He went directly toward the dark wall of forest on the opposite side, but ere he had gained its shadows the noise of the rifle-shots of the enemies he had left on the rocks behind him rang out, and echoed again and again among the winding nooks of the forest and rock-bound shore.

All that day I had been away in the woods, and now, returning tired from my wanderings, had just at that moment sat down to rest and smoke on the protruding roots of a giant tree growing on the bank over that very part of the lake toward which the flying serpent was now heading. I heard in alarm the *ping* of the bullets that struck the rocks below me. One crashed through the branches above, cutting through leaves and twigs in its way. Another buried itself with a thud in the turfy bank. Then came the shots and their echoes to explain the flashes I had seen two seconds before across the water. Naturally, I shifted my quarters at once to the other side of the tree, for they were either firing at me or at something in my neighborhood. Long experience of forest life had made me cautious; so I sat as still as a withered stump in the wind, with ears and eyes alert to every rustling leaf, to every blade of grass that stirred about me. The reflection of the moonlight from the water close by, and the occasional beams that stole here and there through the canopy of branches overhead, made the various objects in the vicinity, the fallen leaves and gnarled roots, more conspicuous than they would have been farther away from the forest edge. Happening to cast my eyes toward the water, I saw what appeared to be a great root stretching upward from the lake in which it lay and leaning against the bank close by my elbow. As I looked it appeared to move, and presently the end by my side pushed itself in farther fully two feet over the bank, and again remained motionless. The end of it now lay in a patch of moonlight. It was living, indeed, for there were the glittering eyes and quivering forked tongue of the largest snake it had yet been my lot to encounter. His enormous head and neck lay right in the light, showing a brownish black mottled with yellow markings. Knowing the ways of serpent life, the dullness of their senses, and the sharpness of their eyes for motion, I remained perfectly quiet, expecting that he would soon be on the move again if only I remained unobserved. For a few moments he kept as still as death; not even the sensitive tongue came forth to tell that he suspected the presence of an enemy: and from this I felt certain that I was altogether unnoticed. I longed to capture him alive, but was entirely unprepared for such a feat, and, besides, in the position in which he lay it would have been impossible for me alone to take him, as a struggle of mere strength between us might probably result in my having my ribs crushed like match-wood in his folds. Therefore I prudently determined to wait till the morrow, as I felt confident that he would remain in the vicinity. Though I could not make out exactly of what species he was, yet

from appearances I thought he belonged to the boa family, and might possibly be a water-loving anaconda. At last he began to stir. First of all, the forked tongue darted in and out tremblingly; then he raised his head slightly, and glided forward very slowly, passing on straight into the forest. Though his head had already

"HOLDING THE SACK SPREAD OUT BEFORE ME, I ADVANCED." (SEE PAGE 718.)

disappeared in the bushes beyond, and his tail had not yet come up over the bank, his huge body filled all the intervening space. I judged him to be over twenty feet long. Slowly as a snail he crawled on, until finally his tail, too, disappeared in the thicket.

I stealthily took my departure, and soon arrived at the huts, where the story of his attack on the pig, his attempted capture, and his final escape across the lake formed the only topic of conversation among the villagers until far into the night.

When I announced my intention of taking him alive on the morrow, the people laughed at what they called my foolhardiness. "Had n't he already escaped from five strong men, and pulled a tree out by the roots, besides?" "He would certainly crush and swallow any man he should meet alone," and so on. I was advised not to ramble in the woods by myself again lest he should make a meal of me. However, I assured them that all I wanted was a sack large enough to hold him, and I would attempt to capture him alive. Old Manuel soon set his pretty daughter, Reglita, to work, and from two coffee-bags she stitched up the large sack I required.

Next morning, accompanied by all the men in the place, I set out, with the sack, to find the snake's lurking-place. It was extremely difficult to persuade the men to leave their guns at home and believe that one man could do what five had been balked at.

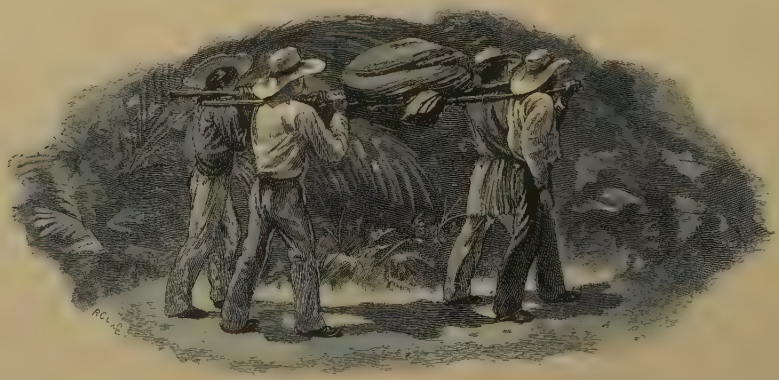
We first of all passed round to that part of the lake where he had disappeared. We hunted every thicket and peered into every hollow trunk, but in vain. Then we returned to the waterside, where the bank was high and turfy, matted with roots, and overhung with a dark canopy of trees and vines covered thickly with foliage, stretching far out and dipping into the lake beyond. This overhanging bank looked down on a piece of sand sloping away down to the water's edge, and was hollowed out far under an ancient tree that grew gnarled and knotty above. Seeing what a retreat this would afford, I swung myself down by the vines, and as my feet touched the sand, there I saw him lying, coiled in a heap, nicely drawn in under the arch of roots and well in the shade. An African python he was, of the same species as one I had brought to England eleven years before. He could not have chosen a cooler spot to sleep in. The equatorial sun might blaze overhead, but he could rest all day long in the shadow of the moist bank, and enjoy every breeze from the open surface of the lake beyond. He was just in the position most favorable for me—coiled, with his head well out to the front, and clear of roots and branches. My companions were, meanwhile, searching for him upon the bank above, and I considered it best to leave them there, and say nothing to them of my finding him, lest they should come trooping down and cause him to shift his position.

Accordingly, I prepared to work in silence

and alone. So, standing exactly where I was, about ten feet from him, I unloosed the sack so slowly that I could scarcely be seen to move. This slowness was necessary, lest I should alarm him; for the eye of a snake, as is well known, though slow to note form and color, is extremely alert to any sudden motion. Holding the sack spread out before me with both hands, keeping it mouth upward, and hanging down like a screen to protect my legs from his bites in case he should attack, I advanced toward him inch by inch. As I approached I could see over the outstretched sack that he never moved. According as I drew closer my progress became yet slower until finally I stood right over him, with the suspended sack between us and within ten inches of his nose. Then at last did he give the first sign of life, running out the quivering forked tongue, and pushing forward until its delicate black points touched the screen that hung between us. He was not alarmed; so I gradually lowered it over him, covering up his head and neck so that he could n't see me. Then I quietly dropped on one knee, and let down the whole sack upon him, almost completely covering him up. Noting well where his head was, I quickly but gently ran in my right hand under the sack, and got my fingers well round his throat just behind the jaws. I neither pulled him nor pushed him; neither lifted him up nor pressed him down: I simply held him firmly but yet withal so gently that he felt no violence. All was ready now for the final stroke. With my left hand I quickly jerked the sack off his head, spreading it full length away before him along the sand, and by the same rapid movement brought the mouth of it forward, so that his head, which I raised slightly at the same time, lay now exactly inside the opening. He hissed slightly then for the first time. Hurriedly I gathered up the mouth of the sack with my left hand, keeping his head grasped in my right within it. He tried to pull back, but by throwing myself well over on the left knee I managed to kick him vigorously on the tail with my right foot. This made him instantly shoot forward into the depths of the sack, which I held well gathered up with my left hand, so that he had sufficient room to enter but no opening by which to get his head out again. My right hand, which had held his neck, I pulled away as soon as he began to move inward, and now used it to accelerate his speed in getting in the rest of his body which yet remained outside. I quickened his inward retreat considerably by scratching his back, especially near the tail, a kind of interference generally disagreeable to all members of the serpent family. He hurried to draw himself wholly within the sack and coil himself near the bottom, thus reaching, as it seemed to his reptilian intelligence, a place of security from disturbance.

While he was yet only half in, my friends on the bank above discovered me, and craned their necks over to see the interesting spectacle. But they never uttered a word until the last tip of his tail disappeared, when, swinging down by vines and branches, they grouped round and assisted, with laughter and cheering, at the tying up of the sack with a stout cord.

Upon a stretcher made of two long green poles we carefully lifted the captive, and bore him proudly homeward in triumph.



AN EARLY MORNING PLUNGE.

HOW MANY?

(*A Bit of Word-play.*)

How many bowls to make a boulder?
How many shoals to make a shoulder?

How many lambs to make a llama?
How many drachms to make a drama?

How many bats to make a battle?
How many rats to make a rattle?

How many folks to make a focus?
How many croaks to make a crocus?

How many quarts to make a quarter?
How many ports to make a porter?

How many fans to make a phantom?
How many banns to make a bantam?

How many aches to make an acre?
How many fakes to make a fakir?

How many wraps to make a rapture?
How many caps to make a capture?

How many sums to make a summer?
How many plums to make a plumber?

How many nicks to make a nickel?
How many picks to make a pickle?

How many capes to make a caper?
How many tapes to make a tapir?

How many tons to make a tunnel?
And how much fun to make a funnel?

Justine Ingersoll.

A PAGE OF "SNAP-SHOTS."

"SNAP-SHOTS."

By Frederick W. Wendt.

"LOOK at that, uncle," said Robert, throwing four dozen little films on the desk. "I spent two whole weeks taking them, and now they are all fizzles."

"Let me see," answered Uncle George, picking up the films and carefully examining them. "They are all good, as far as the mechanical process goes. I mean, the exposures are right, the focus is correct, and they are well developed. But all that is very little to *your* credit; for with the universal focus, the camera, and not the photographer, regulates a snap-shot and takes care of the focus. And the photographer to whom you have brought them

QUICK SHOTS AT DIVERS.

evidently understands developing. They are good negatives, and still — you are right — they are all 'fizzles.' Why? Let me tell you a story, Robert: Once upon a time a lady asked a famous painter: 'What do you mix your colors with, sir, to obtain such wonderful results?' 'I mix them with brains, madam,' replied the painter." Uncle George looked at Robert.

"You mean, uncle, that I have n't mixed my snap-shots with brains?"

"Precisely. Let us take a walk, and I will show you what I mean."

Living near the sea-shore, they had not walked very far before they came to a lighthouse.

"Now, Mr. Photographer," said Uncle George, "let me see how you would photograph that lighthouse."

Robert drew his camera out of its case, and, without a moment's preparation, "snap" went the shutter, and the picture was taken.

"My, how it wabbled," said Uncle George.

"What do you mean?" asked Robert.

"You will see what I mean when the picture is developed. There won't be a distinct line in it. Always hold your camera tightly against your body with both hands, to steady it; stand perfectly still; stop breathing for an instant, and press the button with your right thumb. Now try again."

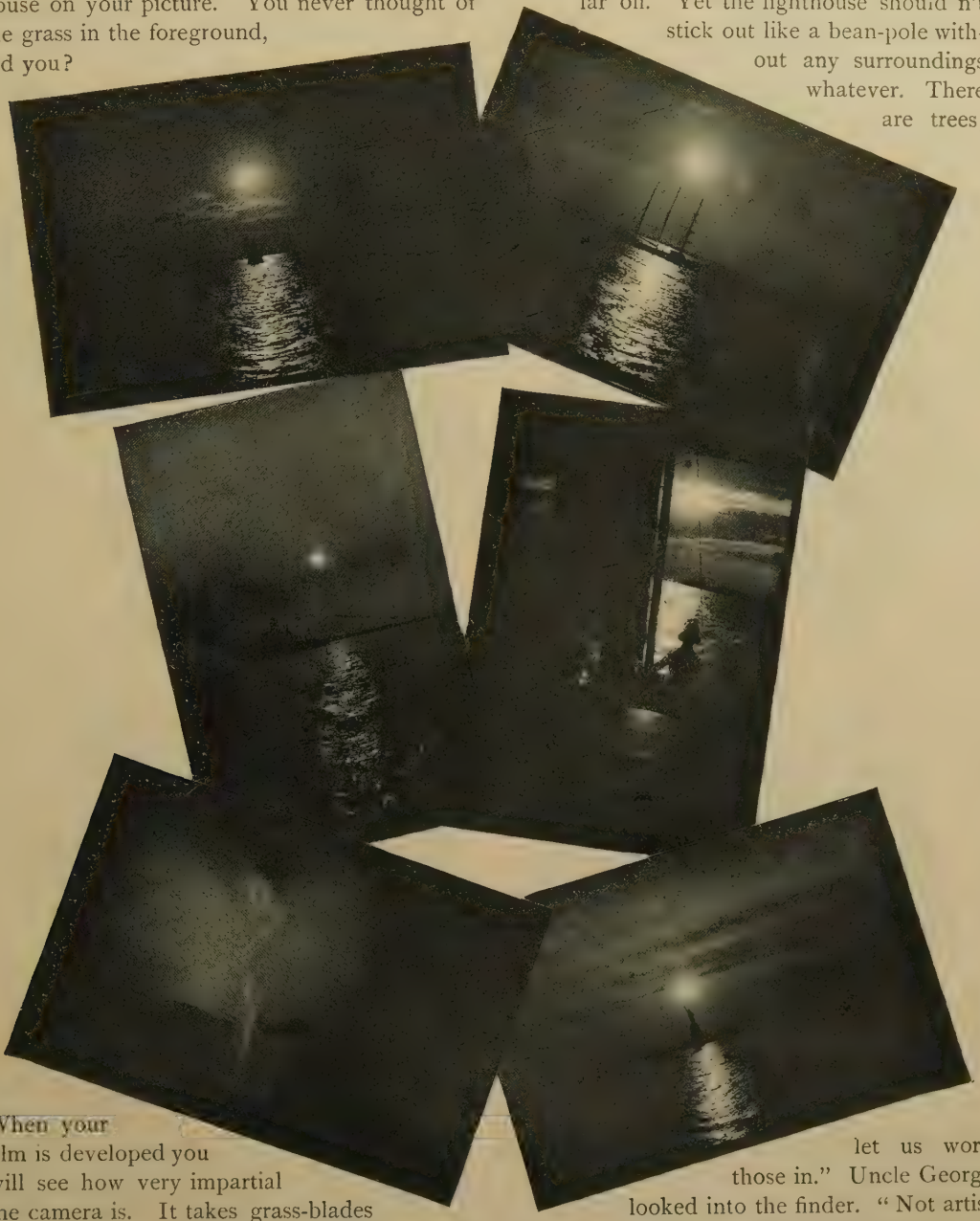
"I am going a little farther away from it," said Robert.

Uncle George sat down on the grass without answering a word. In a few minutes Robert returned. "I held it as steady as a church this time," he cried.

"What were you photographing?" asked Uncle George, with an air of innocent inquiry.

"Why, the lighthouse, of course."

"I am afraid you will find more grass than house on your picture. You never thought of the grass in the foreground, did you?



"MOONLIGHT" VIEWS.

When your film is developed you will see how very impartial the camera is. It takes grass-blades just as clearly as houses. You forgot all about the grass, did n't you?"

Again and again Robert tried; but every time something or other was wrong. At last Uncle George took the camera into his own hands.

"Now, my boy," he said, "let us 'mix a snap-shot with brains.' Not too much plain foreground, not too much sky, not too near, not too far off. Yet the lighthouse should n't stick out like a bean-pole without any surroundings whatever. There are trees; let us work those in." Uncle George looked into the finder. "Not artistic yet," he said. "Suppose we get a bit of fence and foliage in; it will make the picture look less as if it had been done with a chisel and a hammer."

"It seems to me you *are* mixing it with brains, I must say," exclaimed Robert.

"We have chosen a difficult subject to practise on," replied his uncle. "This, I believe, is the best we can do."

"Click!" went the "snap-shot with brains." And that night the negatives were developed.

I wonder if my readers will have any difficulty in picking out the one Uncle George took?

Now, my dear young photographer, whoever you may be, possibly you are just like Robert in that you have never before realized what a "snap-shot with brains" is. You have never discovered what your little pocket-camera may be made to do when you *think* before you *snap*. It does not depend so much on *what* you take as on *how* you take it. Summer is here, and on land and water your camera can be made an interesting companion. Let me suggest to you a few experiments you may not have thought of before. I do not claim them as original, but they will do to begin with, and they will doubtless suggest others to you.

SWIMMING UNDER WATER.

1. Water pictures. Stand on a pier about six or eight feet above the surface of the water, and point your camera at your friend swimming or floating below. If your "subject" can swim under water, and the water is clear, you will in this way obtain pretty studies of reflection and refraction. Then try to take persons diving and jumping into the water; but do not be disappointed if at the first few trials your films show only a part of the body or the tip of the feet. It is not easy to catch a quickly falling object in the center of your picture.

2. Moon pictures — really setting-sun pictures. Just before the sun sets the actinic rays are weak. You may point your lens *directly at the sun*, without fear of fogging your plate. Water is an important factor in a picture of this sort, because it shows reflected light. The effect is enhanced by having one or more ob-

A JUNE MORNING.

jects in or near the reflected path of light — either in the foreground or background.

3. Lightning pictures. People have said to me: "How can you snap the shutter just as the flash comes?" You don't. You point your lens at a retreating thunder-storm — at night. Then open your shutter, and leave it open until you have caught one or more flashes on the film. As it is night, you may keep your lens open until nearly dawn without fogging your plate.

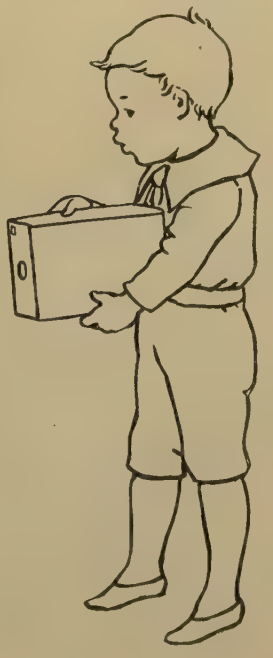
4. A few hours with your friend the camera can be made to teach you quite as much about perspective and the laws of light and shade as many a text-book.

Hundreds of new ideas will suggest themselves to you when once you have begun to put your mind upon what you are doing, and your frivolous "snapping" may be changed into a most interesting study. Try it and see.

SOMETHING WRONG.

By E. L. Sylvester.

Johnny's not an expert,
  Or else he'd surely know,
Phœbe should n't have her hands
  Placed before her, so.
Phœbe's hands are pretty,
  And small as they can be,
But in the picture Johnny takes!



Well — turn this page and see!

JOHNNY'S PICTURE OF PHŒBE.

AN INTERESTING WALK.

By Laura E. Richards.

Mr. Little, Mr. Small,
Mr. Short, and Mr. Tall
Went a-walking out one day
On the high and public way.
And they met with Mr. Stout,
Mr. Grim and Mr. Grout,
Mr. Swift and Mr. Strong,
Mr. Light and Mr. Long;

And they said: "I pray you, say,
Saw you aught of Mr. Gay,
Mr. Smart and Mr. Keene,
Mr. Brown and Mr. Green,
Mr. Sterne and Mr. Sweet?
They would make our joy complete;
Mr. Fair and Mr. Bright
Would be gladsome to our sight.
And no grief our hearts could ravage
Had we only Mr. Savage,
Though, indeed, we still should lack
Mr. White and Mr. Black,
Mr. Gray and Mr. Blue,
Those companions tried and true!"

But the others answered: "Nay!
None of these we 've seen to-day;
But we met with Mr. Priest,
Who was riding on a beast;
Mr. Pope and Mr. Prior,
Mr. Knight and Mr. Squire,

Mr. Prince and Mr. King,
Rushing on like anything,
Hasting after Mr. Sharp,
Who was playing on the harp;
While his uncle, Mr. Wise,
Shook his head with groans and sighs,
Crying loudly: 'No, no, no, boy!
Stop and hear me play the hautboy!'
Mr. East and Mr. West,
Mr. Good and Mr. Best,
Mr. Grand and Mr. True
Did illuminate our view;
Mr. Hill and Mr. Plain,
Mr. Field and Mr. Lane,
Mr. Sand and Mr. Shore,
Who have hastened on before.
Come with us, and you shall see
Mr. Wood and Mr. Tree,
Mr. Branch and Mr. Flower,
Mr. Church and Mr. Tower,
Mr. Castle, Mr. Hall,
And, the very best of all,
Friends from whom we ne'er will roam,
Mr. House and Mr. Home."

DOG: "YOU CERTAINLY HAVE AN ADVANTAGE."
GOAT: "HOW SO?"
DOG: "WHY, THESE SUMMER SHOWERS DON'T TAKE THE CURL OUT OF YOUR HORNS."

A Solemn Warning.

BY
Margaret Vandegrift.

IT is a great risk to name a kitten anything, for you never can tell how the most promising-looking one will "pan out," as the miners say of their ore. Looks go for nothing.

This was just what was worrying Mr. Woodnutt's three children. There were four kittens to be named, and everybody was afraid to take the responsibility of naming them. You see, they had had experience to teach them. A year or two before, a serious-looking tabby-kitten had been named "Tabitha," and had turned out a perfect disgrace, both to her name and the neighborhood, disappearing, finally, in a sudden manner not wholly unconnected with the disappearance of young chickens. A playful jet-black kitten had been named "Topsy," and had grown up into a stupid, heavy tabby that would hardly run when she was chased.

So it was suggested, this time, by an older member of the family — not the cat's family, you understand, but the children's — that it might be better to wait until the kittens were about half-grown, and had shown some decided character or tendency; but this suggestion was not favorably received.

"Suppose they had called *you* 'Thing-em-bob' until you were ten or twelve; how 'd you have liked it?" said Jack, indignantly. "What they need is names, right away, so that they may know themselves apart as soon as their eyes are open!"

They tried to dream names. Jack told them how. "Now look here, Mary and Ted; when

you go to bed to-night, as soon as you begin to be sleepy, say over to yourselves as hard as you can, 'What shall we name the kittens? What shall we name the kittens?' and ten to one we 'll all dream names, and then we can draw lots and choose from them all."

They faithfully tried this, and nobody but May dreamed a single thing. She awoke out of a nightmare. She dreamed that every creature in the Zoölogical Garden was to have a new name, and she was obliged to do the naming.

But, as it often happens with our troubles, the children's difficulty removed itself before they could determine what to do. The day after the dreaming plan had failed, three of the four kittens, to quote Sarah, who had come in from the kitchen to make the announcement, "turned up missing." Those who had tears shed them abundantly; a manly dignity prevented Jack from contributing, but he expressed his feelings in a tender care for "Mary Ann," the stricken mother, until, to his indignation, he observed that if she were really stricken she was successfully hiding her sorrow. To be sure, she lavished endearments on the last of her family, "But she 'd have done that anyhow!" said Jack, contemptuously, when May called his attention to it as some excuse for Mary Ann. Things certainly were made easier for the children by this sad and mysterious dispensation.

The kitten that was left was rather remarkable-looking, they thought: almost all white, with two black spots exactly alike on both sides of her forehead, which looked like very precisely arranged bands of hair. "She looks like somebody," said May, in a perplexed tone. "If we could only find out who it is, we 'd name her that right off, and it would always be right — unless she should lose her hair. *Do* cats ever lose their hair, do you s'pose, Jack?"

"Of course they don't!" said Jack, loftily, but added in a less superior manner, "though such a lot comes off on your coat, every time you pick one up, that I should think a cat would go bald in about a month! She *does* look like somebody, but I can't think who it is, either."

"*I* know!" shouted Ted, suddenly. "It 's mama's picture of Mrs. Ray, the president of our Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. She 's got her hair fixed that way, you know. It will be appropriate, too, because we mean to take the best care of the dear little thing."

"I declare it does look like her," exclaimed May and Jack both at once, and May went on excitedly: "That 's just what we 'll call her — 'Lucy B. Ray.' Do you know what the B. stands for, Jacko?"

"Both," said Jack, gravely.

"That 's foolish," said May, with dignity. "B. does n't stand for either Lucy or Ray."

"But it does stand for Both," chuckled Jack. "Oh, May, it 's the easiest thing in the world to catch you!"

"Well, I can't help it," answered May, calmly. She was too much engrossed with the question of the hour to stop to take offense. "We ought to know what the B. stands for, to see if it 's suitable. Oh, I 'll tell you! Let 's pretend it stands for 'Behaveyourself,'—like as not it does, for you know she behaves herself a great deal,—and then when Lucy is good we can just call her 'Lucy B.,' and when she 's bad — of course she 'll be bad sometimes — we can say, 'Lucy Behaveyourself!' and it will be her name and a tiny scolding all rolled into one."

"That 's not so bad," said Jack, which was high praise from him; and as Ted usually said whatever Jack said, the name was at once adopted and put into service.

I do not believe that there was ever such a perfect rogue of a kitten as "Lucy Behaveyourself Ray" turned out to be. Sarah, the cook, was disposed to be kind to her at first, partly because she was so small and partly because she wore her hair "so nately." But Sarah soon found that that kitten belonged to the large family of Give-them-an-inch-and-they'll-take-an-ell. She was evidently a kitten with a turn for logic, for, having seen Sarah fill her saucer with milk from a pan, she never lost an opportunity to help herself at first hand from the pan when it happened to be left on the kitchen table; and it was funny how she was instantly lost to sight whenever Sarah picked up the broom, even though this were done with no thought of kitty in her mind.

She could be, and frequently was, all sunshine and sweetness, playing in the most fascinating manner with spools, strings, curtain-tassels, lace curtains, "tidies," apron-strings, anything that would flutter, or could be made to flutter with a little persuasion from her claws. But at the slightest approach to a liberty with her long black tail those claws would pounce on luckless fingers with a quickness that suggested lightning —with this difference, however: lightning is said never to strike twice in the same place. The children were kept in an uncomfortable state of balance between admiration and indignation.

At last Mrs. Ray developed a taste for vagabondage. When her feelings were hurt by the broom, or otherwise, she would "silently steal away," the length of the absences varying to suit the depth of the wound her sensitive spirit had received. Of course, the first time she went off the children bewailed her as lost, and Sarah said, "Good riddance to bad rubbage then!" But at the end of three days Mrs. Ray walked in as if she had only stepped out to look at the weather. She had a miserably cold and famished expression, and when Sarah, thinking to tantalize her, put bread in her saucer of milk, she ate it greedily, a thing she had never before been known to do. Her beautiful bands of sleek black "front hair" were all rubbed up the wrong way, and had a brown, foxy look, which made her likeness to her namesake the funniest imaginable caricature.

A few days of good living brought her back, so far as looks went, but it was quite evident that she had been depriving herself of the comforts and example of a law-abiding home. Formerly, her thieving had been only on the spur of the moment; now she seemed to watch for opportunities and to do it simply for the enjoyment of it, for her spoils were found in all sorts of ingenious hiding-places, such as the small space behind the bolster in the "spare room," the corner of the sofa concealed by the sofa-cushion, the linen-closet, Mrs. Woodnutt's work-basket, and other places too numerous to mention.

Of course her life was in constant peril. At least twice a week some one said sternly, "That cat really *must* be drowned; we have put up with her too long!" And the result of this remark was always such a flood of tears and entreaties from the young folks that she was reprieved, "till the next time, mind!"

Things were in this unhappy state when the time for the annual bonfire arrived. Mr. Woodnutt had rather distinct recollections of how he used to feel about bonfires, so he always arranged to have the yard and garden raked and cleared up for the spring planting on a Friday, and then, of course, the bonfire came on Saturday. It was never lighted until just after the one-o'clock dinner, and he came home to dinner on this festive occasion, and so was on hand to see that nothing was roasted other than the apples and potatoes and marbles, all of which were prepared as part of the ceremony. The apples and potatoes were generally highly successful, but somehow nobody had ever had reason to be proud of the marbles; they came out looking a good deal like flat cough lozenges.

The previous year May had been coaxed, without much effort on the part of the boys, into allowing them to burn a dilapidated cast-off old doll who rejoiced in the name of Jim Hutchinson. The success of that sacrifice suggested, probably, the idea of some similar ceremony as an addition to the annual festivity.

So about a week before the event of the season, May went to Mrs. Woodnutt and asked:

"Mama, have you about a yard of Canton flannel that you could get along without, and might we have it, without telling what it 's for, for a few days? It 's a surprise!"

Mrs. Woodnutt replied that she thought she had at least a yard of the Canton flannel which she could spare, and it was given to May at once, together with a large needle and some strong thread.

The play-hours of all three of the conspirators, for some days thereafter, were spent in the room over the carriage-house, the weather, happily, being mild; but no one could imagine what design was being worked out with a yard of Canton flannel, a large needle and thread, and the basket of excelsior with which Jack was seen carrying up the stairs. Also, on the day before the bonfire, Jack bought a four-cent bottle of shoe-polish, which duly and mysteriously disappeared into the aforesaid loft.

The bonfire day was all that could be desired. "Clear weather, slightly higher temperature, rising barometer," predicted old Probabilities.

The fire was roaring in fine style when a procession of three came solemnly out of the carriage-house, where it had immediately before retired, for more marbles and potatoes, it was supposed. The procession was chanting something to a tune which was truly grand in its simplicity, being chiefly on one note. Canopied with an old carriage-curtain, still black and shiny, was a burden of some kind, carried on a litter between two of the solemn marching individuals. The procession wound its way, with numerous unnecessary turnings, which seemed to be made for the convenience of the chant, to the foot of a tree not far from the bonfire. Mr. and Mrs. Woodnutt, led by a natural curiosity, here joined in the ceremony, and found that the singers had halted by what looked like a very small grave. At this stage of the proceedings the carriage-curtain was lifted, disclosing what at a casual glance appeared to be a badly deformed black-and-white cat. At this point, I regret to say, the solemnity of the occasion was broken by Mr. Woodnutt. He was very near-sighted, and, looking with compassion at the Canton-flannel and blacking creature about to be consigned to the grave, he said:

"Why, children, why did n't you tell me of this? When did poor Mrs. Ray die? I knew she was missing, but I supposed she would turn up again, as she always has!"

The children turned their heads away, that their smiles might not betray them. They had meant this to be a solemn ceremony, and they were not going to part with the solemnity if they could help it; but Mrs. Woodnutt laughed in a manner quite unbefitting the occasion.

Then Jack, who was apparently chief mourner, and who had carried conspicuously a roll of very white paper tied with very black ribbon, said eagerly:

"The best part is to come! Please all sit down around the grave; I am appointed to read the poetry May made about Mrs. Ray when she ran away — it was this that started us. She 's been gone more than a week this time, and something ought to be done about it, and yet we did not want to really hurt her — only to give her a sort of solemn warning, you know!"

Then every one sat down, and Jack, with appropriate gestures and in his best style, read the following poem:

"TO LUCY BEHAVEYOURSELF RAY:

"My dear Mrs. Ray,
For a week and a day
You have not been once at the house;
For we 've been very much annoyed by the depredations of a mouse.
You have not been shut up in the attic,
For you always meow, when you 're there, in a way that is quite emphatic.
You have not been on the roof,
For you always meow there too, and that I did n't hear you meow I consider as a proof.
You have not been in the barn,
For I hunted for you there, and if you say that you have, it will be a great big yarn.
And I know you have not been flying about in the air,
For folks would have seen you, and so I preclude that you have n't been *any*where!
And if you had lived in old times, and your mistress had n't been rich,
They 'd have arrested you right straight off, and expermeated you for a witch!
But we 're a great deal too fond of you, for all you 're so bad, to truly expermeate you, you see;
And yet it really seems as if something ought to be done, so we 'll expermeate your exfigee!"

This was followed by a burst of applause.

Just then a betraying little *meow* made every one look up, and there, on the board seat in the apple-tree, sat Madame Ray, beaming down on her own funeral-party with all the light of her roguish yellow-green eyes.

"I 'm *very* glad she 's in time to see — and hear, too!" said Jack. "No, May," — for May was rushing to coax her recreant pet into her arms, — "just let her stay up there till we 're through; it 'll be a lesson for her."

So Mrs. Ray, reclining at her ease on the seat, was obliged to see the grave containing her counterfeit self filled up. But it did not seem to affect her in the least. She was certainly a hardened cat. Suddenly she dropped down from her perch, and, before any one could stop her, fiercely dug up her "exfigee," and began to worry it all over the grass-plot, apparently under the impression that it was an uncommonly large and vicious rat. This proceeding seemed

to give her such satisfaction that the children did not interfere with it.

"What do you think of it, papa?" said Jack, proudly, evidently referring to the poem and not the "exfigee."

"I could suggest a few verbal and metrical alterations," said Mr. Woodnutt, gravely, "but the poem is spirited, graphic, and, as a whole, deserving of high praise!"

Mr. Woodnutt's three children looked as proud as Punch, and May said modestly: "Would you just tell me about those — those alterations, please, papa?"

"Suppose I keep it till your eighteenth birthday, my dear," said Mr. Woodnutt, giving her a kiss; "and then, if you are still in the habit of dropping into poetry, we will scan it together."

Perhaps you think that after all this Mrs. Ray was a reformed cat? Not in the least! Not once in all her nine lives did she lose the need of that middle name "Behaveyourself."

PONE-BREAD.

By Grace Macgowan Cooke.

Little Bobby Black,
He 's a-singin' for a snack,
An' what shall we make him from de meal in de sack?
Go chunk up de fire wid a piece o' hick'ry wood,
Mix up de dough,
Pat it on de hoe —
An', sinner, did y' ever taste hoe-cake?
Oh, sinner, did y' ever eat ash-cake?
Ef y' did n't, y' don' know what 's good.

By O'Ryan O'Bryan.

"Oh, Evelyn May,"
Said her mother, one day,
"Your gowns you are outgrowing quite;
So far as I see,
They 're as whole as can be,
And the colors are perfectly bright."

Now Evelyn May
Had her gowns made this way—
With four tucks running right round the waist.
The dresses were sweet
And exceedingly neat,
With colors in excellent taste.

Of pinks there were two,
And one red and one blue,
And a dainty white guimpe went with each;
But she 'd grown up so tall,
Not a belt of them all
To her slim little waist-line would reach.

"Please give them away,"
Said Evelyn May,
"And of Mrs. O'Callahan's four,
Surely one they will fit,
And I do hope that it
Will be dear little Bridget Lenore."

'T was the night before the picnic that the gowns were sent away,
And the girls of the O'Callahans had had a wretched day,
Weeping loud and weeping long,
And the burden of their song
Was that not a child among them had a dress fit to display.

When the four had eaten supper and gone sobbing up to bed,
And Mrs. Tim O'Callahan laid down her weary head,
She was wakened from her nap
By a most tremendous rap
That, as Mrs. Tim declared, was "loud enough to wake the dead."

At the package handed to her she was very much amazed;
Then she lifted out the dresses, and her hands to heaven she raised.
"Just look at that," she said;
"See the pinks, the blue, the red!
There is one for every child, may the saints above be praised!"

When the gowns were out of pack
She was taken quite aback
That their lengths were all the same as they lay upon the floor.
But she took the one of red;
"This I 'm very sure," she said,
"Will just suit my little Bridget, the O'Callahan No. 4."

Then her eye lit on a tuck.
"Now if I am not in luck!
I can lengthen out another just as quick as quick can be."
So she added inches two
To the little gown of blue,
Laid it down beside the other for O'Callahan No. 3.

Seeing that her hand was in it,
'T was the work of but a minute

To rip out as many tucks as she thought would
make it do.
Thus the pinkest of the pink
Was let down in just a wink,
The four inches that were needed for O'Callahan No. 2.

The last one was so pretty
It seemed a dreadful pity
That her daughter Mary Ann was to height inclined to run;
"But when all four tucks," said she,
"Are let out, I 'm sure 't will be
A perfect fit for Mary Ann, O'Callahan No. 1."

On the morning of the picnic every child rose
with the sun.
How they shrieked with joyous laughter when
they saw what had been done!
At the very stroke of eight
They went sailing through the gate,
Little "Bridget L." O'Callahan and "3" and
"2" and "1,"
All ready for the picnic and quite eager for
the fun.

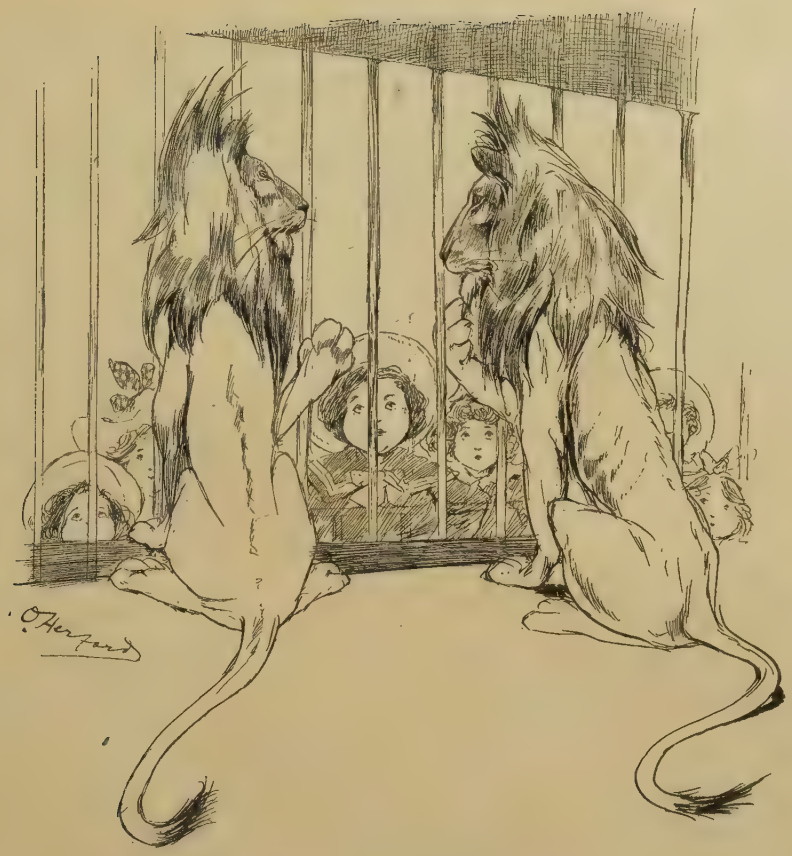
THE FAIRY FLOWER.

By Mary Bradley.

Deep in the shadow of the wood,
With somber things around it,
The little fairy flower stood,
And a little maiden found it.
She found it on a dreary day
When, for some mournful reason,
The blue sky seemed not blue, but gray,
And life a lonesome season.

But when she plucked it from the bed
Where nothing matched its whiteness,
The fairy blossom seemed to shed
A sudden lovely brightness.
As though it had some happy art
To reach the springs of gladness,
It comforted her heavy heart
And charmed away her sadness.

The little maiden cherished it,
And henceforth in her bosom,
As something dear and delicate,
She hid the fairy blossom.
It never lost its subtle charm
To overcome vexations
And take the sting from every harm,
Because its name was — Patience!



FIRST CHILD TO SECOND CHILD: "WHICH LION WOULD YOU CHOOSE?"
FIRST LION TO SECOND LION: "WHICH CHILD WOULD YOU CHOOSE?"

A BIT OF INDOOR PLAY.

By Ormsby A. Court.

Are you the girl or boy who sometimes longs for some amusement to while away the hours on some dreary day when you had to stay indoors? Then let me tell you of a play that I know of, and after you try it tell it to your friends, that they also may know about it.

First make two flat pads out of flannel, about two inches wide and three inches long. Next borrow a plump stick of sealing-wax at least three inches long. Next take a small piece of window-glass, say five or six inches square, and the cover of a small tin pail. Then ask mama for a piece of old silk ribbon about an inch wide and a foot long, and a yard of silk thread. Now perhaps mama will burn a match for you until nothing remains but the charred stick. You will now need a wee handful of sawdust, four or five downy feathers, some tiny pieces of tissue-paper, a large piece of newspaper, and an empty egg-shell. To obtain the egg-shell, make a small hole in each end of a hen's egg, then blow hard in one end, and the contents will run out of the hole in the other. Place everything on the table, and we are ready for our play.

Squeeze the ribbon between the two pads, and draw it back and forth between them a

number of times just as fast as you can; then place the ribbon against the wall, let go of it, and you will notice that it refuses to fall for some few moments. Next take a piece of the newspaper as large as your hand, lay it flat on the table, and stroke it with your open hand about ten times. Hold this paper against the wall and then let go of it. What does it do? Now warm the paper and one of the flannel pads, and stroke the paper with the pad a number of times. Again hold the paper against the wall and see how much more closely it clings. Try it against your cheek. Again warm the paper and pad and rub the paper very briskly; then take hold of one corner of the paper and gently peel it from the table. What a funny crackling noise it makes! — just as sometimes happens when you stroke pussy while she is near the hot stove.

Another very amusing play with the piece of newspaper and pad is to group your wee bits of tissue-paper on the table, again heat the paper and pad, and, after rubbing the newspaper briskly, hold it over the bits of paper. How they jump up and down! One would think they were having as much fun as you are. While we are playing with the bits of paper, let us put them in the tin cover and place the piece of glass over them. Briskly rub the glass with one of the pads or a piece of silk. How the paper dances about, as if each bit were alive! Now carefully break the burnt match into small pieces and put these pieces in the tin cover and rub the glass as before. Do they not hop about in a wonderful way?

Now cut the piece of newspaper as if making a paper comb, with the teeth one quarter of an inch wide and four inches long. Warm this make-believe comb, and with your hand stroke it from top to bottom very carefully, lest you tear it; then hold it against the wall or try to make it stand on its teeth on the table. Is it not amusing to see how it acts?

Next take a bit of the burnt match, which we will call a carbon, and the piece of silk thread. Tie one end of the thread very carefully to the carbon and the other to the gas-fixture. Now very briskly rub the wax with the pads, bring it near the carbon, and watch the carbon jump toward it; then gradually draw the wax away from the carbon in a straight line or a circle. Is it not amusing to see how the carbon follows the stick of wax? Again rub the wax with the pad, and gradually move it toward the carbon until it touches it, and see how comically the carbon acts. As the carbon jumps away let the wax chase it. There, did you ever see such a wonderful race? Now touch the carbon with your finger — one would almost think that it was alive!

Next take the sawdust, the feathers, and the scraps of paper. First make separate piles of each, and then mix them all together. Once more rub the wax very briskly, and point it at the sawdust, the feathers, or the scraps. Is it not a magical wand that you possess? Such fun if you keep the wax well rubbed! Separate the feathers and scraps, and try picking them up one by one.

Next place the egg-shell in front of you, again rub the wax with the pad, and bring it so near the shell that the shell is attracted toward it, then slowly draw it away, and the shell will roll after it for quite a distance. Choose a smooth, hard surface like a table-top to obtain the best results. As long as you keep the wax well rubbed the egg-shell will follow it in any direction that you please.

A last experiment, and one that offers quite as much amusement, if not more, than the egg-shell, is to make a paper hoop about as large around as a silver dollar and one half an inch wide. Rub the wax well and you will find that the hoop will roll after the wax more rapidly and more readily than does the egg-shell. This is quite an exciting as well as laughable diversion, and will no doubt be a favorite with you.

Remember, success depends on how well you keep the wax rubbed; if you are careless in this respect failure will be the result. Remember this also when you are telling your little friends what I have just told you.

I have purposely described these experiments as having been performed with simple, home-made apparatus. Girls and boys who care for something more elaborate will find, in many of the better toy-shops, complete sets of apparatus for doing these and many other interesting tricks with frictional electricity.

NEIGHBORS

By Ethel Parton.

(*See page 766.*)

On the bank of the Hudson River, within a short distance of General Grant's tomb, Riverside Drive, New York, on the knoll once known as Strawberry Hill, is a small inclosed grave bearing on its monument this inscription: "Erected to the memory of an amiable child. St. Claire Pollock. Died July 15, 1797. Five years of age."

The child was probably the son of Mr. George Pollock, who is said to have owned large tracts of land in that region, but who abandoned the purpose of making his home in America, and returned to Ireland in 1799.

Towering tomb and hillock low,
Truth, they are not far apart —
Child and hero lie below,
Simple heart and simple heart.

Century long a-sleeping sound,
Resting dreamless after play,
Though the green grass of your mound
Tossed and whispered where you lay,

Little neighbor, small and still,
Sleeping quietly near by,
While the temple on the hill
Rose in shining majesty,

Massy pillar, gleaming roof,
Folk that gazing thronged the spot,
Shout of workman, tramp of hoof,
Clang of hammer, stirred you not;

Nay, nor when, your peace to share,
Came the hero borne in state,
And the cannon-shaken air
Echoed homage to the great.

Now, beside the river's verge,
By the green hill's templed crest,
Tides may swell and throngs may surge:
Neighbors twain, ye take your rest.

Child beloved, yet lonely sleeping,
Long years lonely in your bed,
Now you lie in noble keeping
Where the nation guards her dead.

Finding fit and friendly room,—
Little grave, forgotten name,—
Sheltered by that shadowing tomb,
Safe enfolded in his fame!

After play-time, after labor,
While the centuries come and go,
Neighbor close to little neighbor,
Towering tomb and hillock low.

HOW REMI REDEEMED HIMSELF.

By Agnes Fraser Sandham.

I wonder how many of my young friends have ever been in the French country. I do not mean the land beyond the sea, but that part of Canada, on the shores of the Lower St. Lawrence, populated almost entirely by French Canadians; for there are hundreds of small villages between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the city of Quebec in which the English language is but rarely heard.

The children who inhabit this region would be quite an interesting study to those of you who have enjoyed all the advantages of the education to be found in towns and cities.

These young Canadians are as hardy and self-reliant as the animals with whom they frolic. They learn self-dependence from infancy, for they are usually so busy that there is no time to teach them any pretty baby ways or otherwise pet them.

One summer I accompanied a friend on a sketching tour among these quaint, primitive little villages, that remind one so much of the Norman and Breton villages of old France.

When down on the beach we had often noticed, with some curiosity, the half of an old canoe, or dug-out, in which the children used to play "boat." We learned that the other half did duty as a feeding-trough for the pigs. It had been ingeniously sawn in half when too old to serve its original purpose. I had sauntered down one morning to watch the incoming tide, when I was startled by seeing two very small children, one a sober-faced boy of six or seven years of age, and the other a chubby-faced little girl of five, adrift in deep water, paddling about in the half-canoe. I was horror-stricken, but I saw at a glance how matters stood.

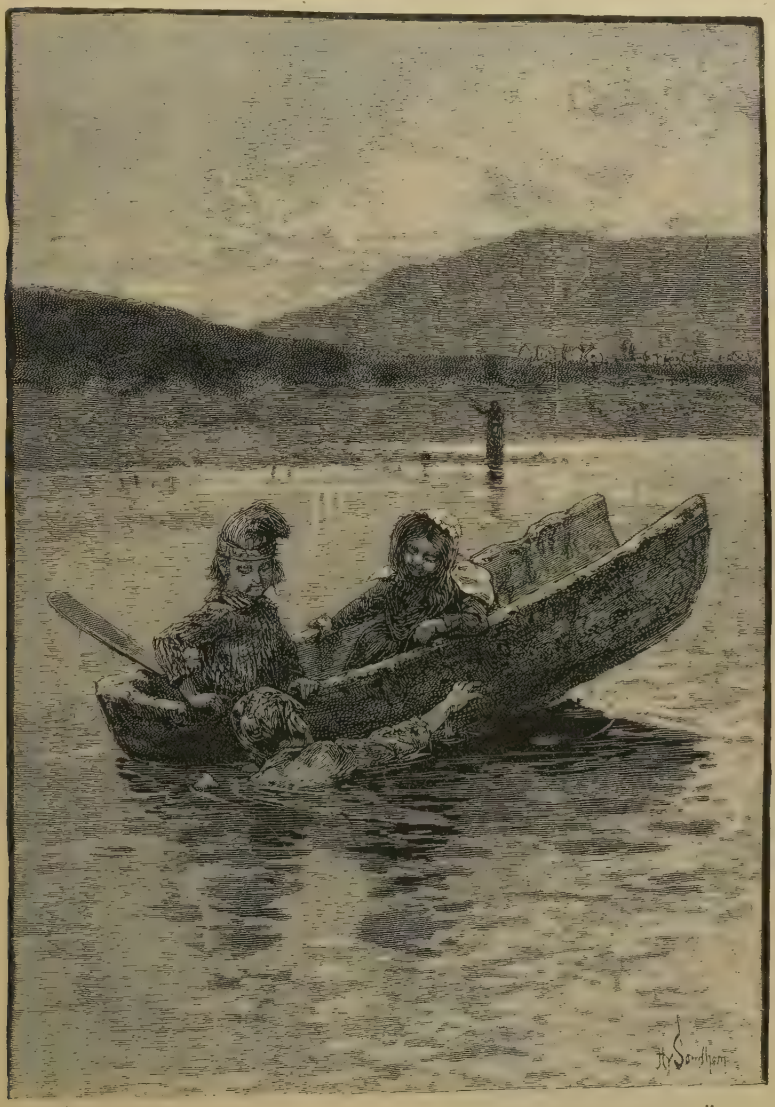
The children while at play had unintentionally dragged their "play" boat down to the water's edge, and the tide had come up and floated them off, and they, all unconscious of their danger, were delighted to find themselves in real water, and commenced paddling as they had seen their elders do.

As long as they kept the open end of their craft out of water they were comparatively safe; but what if one of them should happen to shift his or her position! I shuddered to think of the consequences. What was to be done? I dared not leave them and go for help; I must not even call for it, for fear of alarming the children. I felt rooted to the spot, and looked around in a bewildered manner, when I noticed a boy strolling up the beach near me.

Now I had learned to dislike this particular boy very much. He was a boy who seemed to be perfectly indifferent to other people's good or ill will. And yet I can't say why I personally disliked him, as I had never seen him do anything downright wicked; his pranks I always thought were chiefly the result of thoughtlessness. At his appearance the children would scatter, while he would beat down their sand houses and mud forts. He was always ready to provoke a game of fisticuffs with any one not older than himself. In fact, he seemed to have no friends but the dogs, and they followed him everywhere. And this boy — Remi Duval by name — was the only creature to whom I could turn in this emergency. I at once bade him run for help; but he did not take the slightest notice of me, but stood staring stolidly out at the children. I again addressed him, this time in pleading tones: "Oh, Remi, dear Remi, go run, like a good boy, and find some one to save poor little Pierre and Marie! See, I 'll give you this," temptingly holding up my penknife to allure him.

Still he heeded me not, but stood gazing out to sea, apparently quite indifferent. I was in despair; when, all at once, I saw him wade out until the water came up almost to his neck. Then, with one plunge, he was floundering about, beyond his depth. A new horror seized

me. Three children would now perish instead of two. But no. Presently I saw this boy, who was but fourteen years of age, strike out vigorously until within reach of the frail fragment of the canoe, which he touched gently—just enough to give it a movement shoreward. This he did at intervals until it was within my reach, when, wading out into the water, I quickly drew the canoe in, and the children were saved without ever having been conscious of their peril.



"HE TOUCHED IT GENTLY, JUST ENOUGH TO GIVE IT A MOVEMENT SHOREWARD."

But where was the brave boy who had risked his life to save his little neighbors? How my heart smote me for ever having entertained an unkind thought of him! Fortunately, he soon emerged from the water, in a half-fainting condition; and as I tenderly helped him home, I asked: "Where did you learn to swim so well, Remi?"

"I did n't know myself I could do it," he replied. "I never swam out any farther than that buoy, there, before."

"Well, why did you go, then?"

"Well, some one seemed to keep saying, 'Go, Remi, and save the kiddies,' and I had seen my father and the big boys do it, and I thought I 'd try it."

But, strange to say, from that day there was not a better or a more daring swimmer along that coast than the young hero of the half-canoe; and, best of all, there was no one the children more enjoyed having take part in their games than this same Remi Duval, whose first noble act of heroism seemed to have driven all the unkindness out of his heart, and transformed him into the faithful defender of all the smaller children from that time forth, whenever or wherever they might happen to need him.

LIKE GRANDMAMA.

By Agnes M. Watson.

My grandpapa says, and he surely must know,
That when to a tall, handsome lady I grow,
I shall look like my grandma a long time ago.
"For," he says, when I put on her bonnet and shawl,
"You 're as sweet as your grandma, though not quite so tall."
And certainly grandpapa knows best of all.

THE SMALLEST PYGMY AMONG FISHES.

By Hugh M. Smith.

The Philippine Islands, when more thoroughly explored by Americans, will doubtless be found to contain many curious creatures of land and water of which nothing is now known. Already there has been brought to notice a fish which is remarkable for its diminutiveness.

In 1901, while fighting was still in progress in various parts of the islands, officers of the medical department of the army stationed at the military hospital at Lake Buhi sent to Washington by mail a bottle containing about a thousand specimens of fish from the lake, and some cakes made by the natives from the same kind of fish.

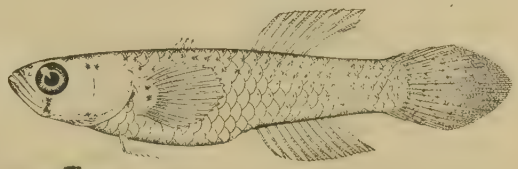
Lake Buhi is a beautiful mountain lake of southern Luzon, said to have been formed many years ago by a volcanic upheaval which blew away one side of Mount Iriga and scattered lava for miles around. It is reputed to be very deep, and, although many hundred feet above sea-level, is said by the natives to be influenced by the tides.

These fish at first were thought to be young, owing to their small size, but examination proved them to be fully grown, as the testimony of the army surgeons and the natives indicated. Further investigation showed that there had been no description of them in scientific literature and that no other known fish was so minute when mature.

It became necessary to give a name to this pygmy, and it was the writer's privilege to christen it. The name selected was *Mistichthys luzonensis*, certainly a very long one for such a short creature, but nevertheless very appropriate: for the first word means "smallest fish," and the second "inhabiting Luzon." By the tribe of Bicols, in whose territory Lake Buhi is, the fish is called sin-ar-a-pan.

The largest example of sinarapan thus far found is only half an inch long, and the smallest is less than two fifths of an inch. The number of fish in one pound is about sixteen thousand.

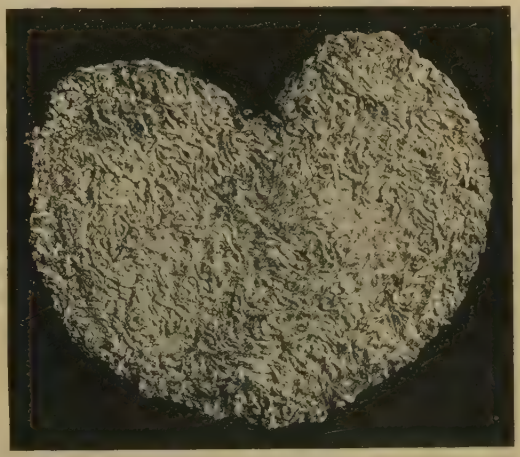
Curiously enough, this is an important food-fish, the most valuable in Lake Buhi. Of course it is too small to be caught in ordinary nets, so the Bicols let down a piece of closely woven cloth and capture a whole school at one haul. The fish are placed in wicker baskets from which



ACTUAL SIZE.

THE SINARAPAN, MAGNIFIED NEARLY SIX TIMES.

the water drains, and are taken to market. The natives greatly relish them, and eagerly await the arrival of the fishermen, exchanging three or four potatoes, a handful of rice, or a few copper coins for a pint of fish. After the fish are mixed with peppers or other spices and made into thin cakes, they are dried in the sun on leaves, and are ready to be eaten. The American soldiers have become very fond of this food, and liberally patronize the little native restaurants where the fish-cakes are served.



A SUN-DRIED FISH-CAKE.

Not only is this the smallest fish known to science, but it is also the smallest back-boned animal which has yet been discovered.

THE WINDOW ON THE STAIRS.

We 're little orphan girls and boys,
And have such heaps of fun;
We all live in a great big house,
Where we can play and run,
And from our window on the stairs
We can see the morning sun.

In summer-time they open it
To let us breathe the air,
And every morning when we 're dressed
Our teacher takes us there;
It 's much the nicest place of all,
Our window on the stair.

I wish all little girls and boys
Could have a lot of fun,
As little orphan children do;
I wish that they could run
To our big window on the stairs,
Where they could see the sun.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

A NONSENSE CALENDAR.

JUNE.

In balmy June we may espy
The flittering, fluttering Butterfly.
He idles round in sunny bowers,
And whispers nonsense to the flowers.

The most superfluous of things —
He 's nothing but a pair of wings;
He cannot work, he cannot play,
He never has a word to say.

But every day in sunny June,
Especially in the afternoon,
He sits with lazy, happy smile,
And winks his wings once in a while.

He 's of no use; he 's only sent
To June to be her ornament.
And so we smile as we espy
The flittering, fluttering Butterfly.

THE SWIFTS FLYING INTO AND OUT OF THE HUGE OLD-FASHIONED CHIMNEY OF THE FARM-HOUSE.

HOME-LIFE AND HAPPINESS.

YOU will recall James Russell Lowell's tribute to June, which begins with those familiar lines:

> And what is so rare as a day in June?
> Then, if ever, come perfect days.

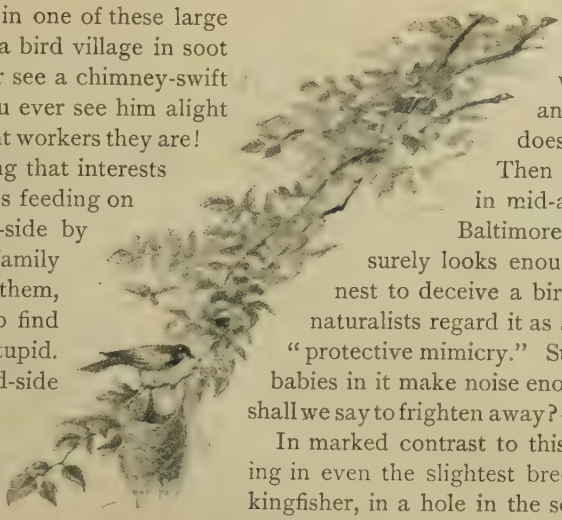
These expressions also linger in our memories: "The little bird sits at his door," "The high tide of the year," and "Everything is happy now." We all agree with Lowell that everywhere in June there is home-life and happiness. And what a host and variety of homes there are! We find them of many forms and down in queer places.

Perhaps one of the queerest is the home of the swifts inside a chimney at the farm-house. All day these soot-colored little birds have been racing through the air, twittering socially and gathering insects for the little ones in the many homes down in that big chimney. Perhaps there may be as many

A POND-SIDE HOME AT MOONLIGHT.
Porcupines feeding on the water-plants and other vegetation.

as a thousand birds living in one of these large old-fashioned chimneys—a bird village in soot and smoke. Did you ever see a chimney-swift alight on a tree? Did you ever see him alight anywhere? What persistent workers they are!

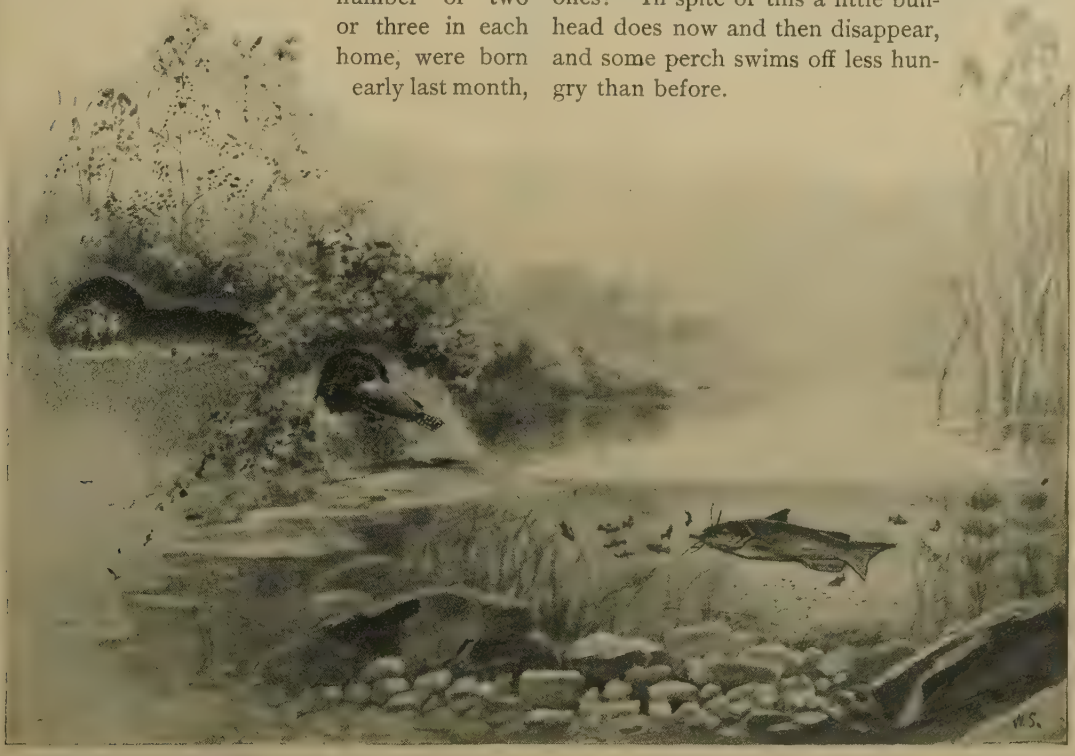
Another family-gathering that interests us is that of the porcupines feeding on water-plants at the pond-side by moonlight. Altogether a family of dull-wits we might call them, for it would be difficult to find animals more intensely stupid. But they prize their pond-side home, and wander around among the shrubbery and climb trees in perfect confidence that no animal can easily drive them away from their home. The mother porcupine made her nest in some near-by hollow log. The little ones, to the number of two or three in each home, were born early last month, and by this time are able to go out with their mother and seek food as she does.



BALTIMORE ORIOLE AND NEST ON AN ELM BRANCH.

Then there is that home in mid-air, the nest of the Baltimore oriole. The home surely looks enough like a hornet's nest to deceive a bird of prey. Some naturalists regard it as an example of real "protective mimicry." Surely the little cry-babies in it make noise enough to attract—or shall we say to frighten away?—any bird of prey.

In marked contrast to this bird-home swaying in even the slightest breeze is that of the kingfisher, in a hole in the solid bank of earth by the pond-side. Not far away from this bank, down in the deepest water, is the family of the bullheads—in some localities called cat-fish or horned pouts. How fierce and persistent is the mother in protecting her little ones! In spite of this a little bull-head does now and then disappear, and some perch swims off less hungry than before.

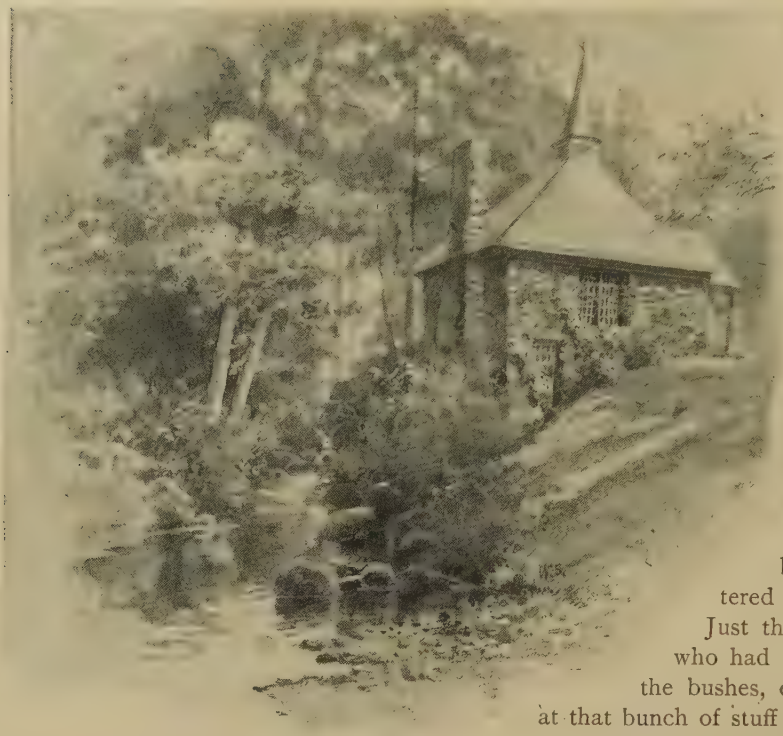


MOTHER KINGFISHER AND HER LITTLE ONES IN A NEST IN A HOLE IN THE BANK.

The artist has pictured the hole and nest as they would be if the earth on this side had been removed.

MOTHER BULLHEAD AND FAMILY.

Of the hundreds of little ones that usually make up a cat-fish family our artist has pictured only a few.



THE STONE SCHOOL-HOUSE BY THE RAVINE.

A BIRD TRAGEDY.

THE children in the little stone school-house under the hill have been taught to be kind to the birds, and when a bad boy pulled down the robin's nest from the high window-ledge and tumbled the eggs into the vines below there were many sorrowful faces.

Some days later at the noon-hour an eager stream of boys and girls poured out of the wide door, lunch-baskets in hand, and started in twos and threes to eat their dinner. Now a brook comes rushing down the ravine through stretches of fragrant hemlock, and stays just long enough to make a nice trout-pond near the school-house. As soon as the girls reached their favorite corner, where a fringe of elder-bushes hides the water from view, the teacher heard a sharp cry as if some one were badly hurt, and rushed out to see what was the matter.

"Teacher! teacher!" shouted the girls. "Some one has hung a bird in the tree."

The boys left their ball and the whole school gathered round in dismay; for there in the bushes hung a mother robin, a piece of gray yarn suspending her by the throat to an elder branch.

"Oh, do look!" cried one of the girls. "The robin's head is bloody and her bill is wide open as if she could n't breathe."

One of the boys quickly cut away the string with his pocket-knife. The poor bird's breast was still warm, but not a sign of life fluttered within.

Just then one of the children, who had been carefully observing the bushes, exclaimed: "Why, look at that bunch of stuff in the crotch above the robin's head!" And sure enough. It had all happened in the midst of her nest-building.

Then the teacher pointed to the place where the bird had tried to wind part of the skein of

"For there in the bushes hung a mother robin, a piece of gray yarn suspending her by the throat to an elder branch."

yarn about the foundations of her home. Evidently in her efforts to arrange the material she had become hopelessly entangled, and one loop tightening about her throat had hung her to the elder branch, causing her death in this tragic manner.

The children buried the bird in the school-yard, and there was much rejoicing when another pair of robins came and built in the old place on the window-ledge.

W. C. KNOWLES.

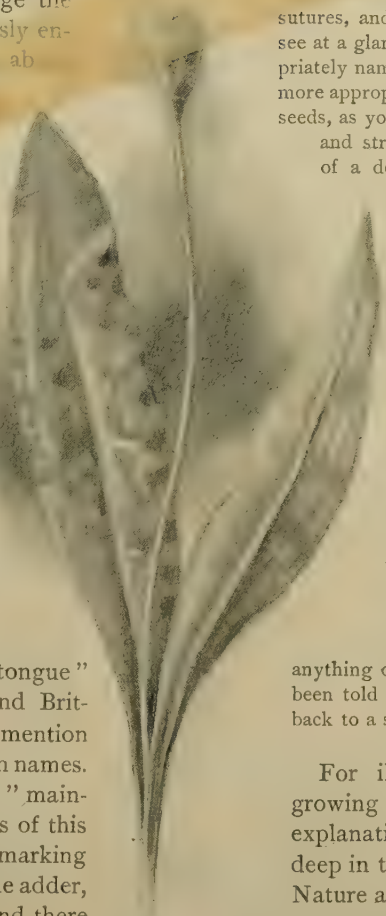
ARE THE NAMES INAPPROPRIATE?

ALL young folks who love to roam the woods and ravines in spring are familiar with the dainty lily known to botanists as *Erythronium Americanum* and commonly called "yellow adder's-tongue" or "dog-tooth violet." Gray's and Britton & Brown's botanies make no mention of the significance of these common names. "How to Know the Wild Flowers" maintains that "the two English names of this plant are unsatisfactory. If the marking of its leaves resembles the skin of the adder, why name it after its tongue? And there is little reason for calling a lily a violet."

"Nature's Garden" says: "They have nothing in common with the violet or dog's tooth." This book, however, points out the appropriateness of the other name. "Whoever sees the sharp purplish point of a young plant darting above the ground in earliest spring at once sees the fitting application of 'adder's-tongue.' But then how few recognize their plant friends at all seasons of the year!"

John Burroughs, in "Riverby," refers to the plant as "the earliest of the lilies, and one of the most pleasing." He dislikes both common names, and suggests "fawn-lily" and "trout-lily."

Regarding the name "dog-tooth violet," Albert Douglas of Chillicothe, Ohio, in an interesting letter to this department, writes:



DOG-TOOTH VIOLET "GONE TO SEED."

. . . .he seed-pod of this lily about ripe, gently split it at one of the sutures, and press back the lips, you will see at a glance why the flower is so appropriately named. Indeed, nothing could be more appropriate. The arrangement of the seeds, as you will see, bears a most curious and striking resemblance to the teeth of a dog when his lips are pressed back. . . . Even the name "violet" is appropriate. The blossom has much the shape of a large single violet, but more especially does the seed-pod resemble that of the violet, and "nod" as does the seed-pod of the violet. Indeed, I feel convinced that, all in all, the name cannot properly be called inappropriate. . . . I have never seen, that I recall, any mention of the derivation of the name in any botany or elsewhere; but no one having seen it once can ever doubt where the plant got its name. Neither can I tell anything of its origin, except that I have been told it is a very old name running back to a similar plant in England.

For illustrations of the plants growing by the brookside, and for explanation of the curious bulbs deep in the ground, see page 748 of Nature and Science for June, 1901.

Seed-pod of dog-tooth violet split at one of the sutures and partly opened to show that the rows of seed and pod resemble a dog's teeth and mouth.

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

THE NEST-BUILDING OF THE BARN-SWALLOWS.

FAR ROCKAWAY, L. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about some nests and young birds that I have seen this year. One day when I was bird-hunting with a friend we saw a pair of barn-swallows building a nest in a stable. It was most wonderfully constructed. How can the birds carry so much mud in their bills to make a nest? It was carefully plastered against a beam, and had a short piece of thick cord hanging from the bottom. What was that for?

We also found a robin's nest concealed in a hedge, with two young birds in it. Their feathers had just begun to grow. My friend found a worm, and I tried to put it in the bird's mouth. At first the birdling did not take it, and was very frightened. I again put the worm in its mouth, and that time it swallowed it with a relish. The other little bird screamed at this most pitifully. So we tried to find another worm, but we could not. Later in the season we are going to get the nest and bring it to our school. Yours sincerely,

DOROTHY CALMON.

The bill of the swallow is well adapted to carrying large pellets of mud. Straw, grasses, bits of string, etc., often extend out of the mud in the nest and hang down, as shown in the photograph below.

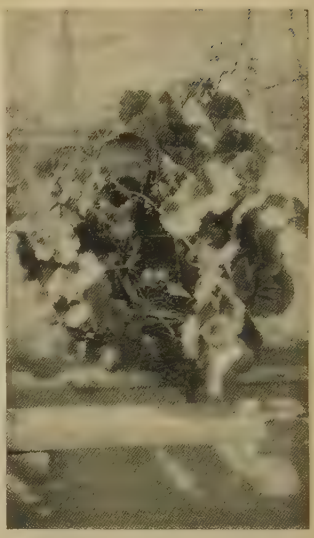
A NEST OF BARN-SWALLOWS.
With young in nest nearly old enough to fly.

A NEST IN A NOVEL PLACE.

WESTHILL,
LEDBURY,
HEREFORDSHIRE,
ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is a photograph of a robin's nest built in a geranium-pot, found by our gardener in the conservatory. I am sorry to tell you that as the young birds were hatched they fell into the water-tank below and were drowned.

Yours sincerely,
PEGGY PALAIVET
(age 10).



A ROBIN'S NEST IN A GERANIUM-POT.

This surely is a sad ending of a bird-home.

Our young folks are invited to send photographs of nests in queer places. I have heard of a wren's nest in a teapot and of a hummingbird's nest on a peach. Who can equal or excel these?

A SMALL BUT INTERESTING SNAKE.

GREENBRIER, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but I have seen the interesting letters in the Nature and Science department, and I thought I would write and ask the name of a snake I have in a bottle. It is only three and a half inches long, but has well-developed fangs. It is velvety black on the back and yellowish pink on the under side. It has a ring around its neck which was scarlet but has faded to a dull white in the alcohol. The people around here say its bite is deadly, and that it never grows to be over four inches long. It is called here such names as "ground-rattlesnake," "rattlesnake guide," "ground-viper," and "ground-snake." I caught it crossing a road which leads down a very steep and rocky hillside.

I find many curious things about here, and I am especially interested in snakes. I 'm glad you have this department. It is interesting, as the rest of ST. NICHOLAS always is.

RICHARD C. PHELPS.

Your snake is without doubt a "baby snake"; no species in this country attains its full growth at four inches. It is

probably the young of a very small species of ground-snake, known as the red-bellied snake, the young of which show a distinct ring on the neck, which fades as the snake becomes full-grown. The young of the "ring-necked snake," to which your description somewhat applies, are always distinguished by a brilliant yellow under side with a line of square black spots exactly in the middle of the under side from the neck to the tail.

LEAF-CUTTING BEES.

DESERONTO, ONTARIO.

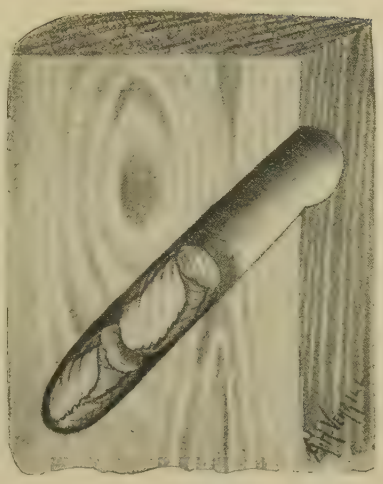
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There is a rose-bush near our veranda. I have noticed that bees cut into the

LEAF-CUTTING BEES AT WORK ON A SPRAY OF ROSE-LEAVES.

leaves and then they roll them up in little balls and fly away with them. We have tried to find out where the bees take them, but we have not been able to, so I am writing to ask you if you can tell me what the bees do with the leaves. Hoping that you will be able to tell me where they take the leaves, I remain,

GLADYS GAYLORD.

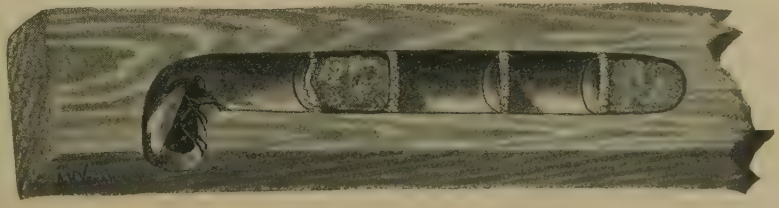
The leaf-cutting bees are near relatives of the honey- and bumble-bees, which they closely resemble. They derive their name from the habit you have observed, of cutting out bits of leaves for their cells. The circular pieces are for the ends of the cells, and the oblong pieces for the sides. These cells are usually in burrows cut into wood, for some of the leaf-cutting bees, like the carpenter-bees, have the talent of cutting holes into wood.



A SECTION OF NEST OF A LEAF-CUTTING BEE.

But not all the burrows are in wood. We find them in various places—sometimes in very queer places. Professor Howard tells us that "some burrow into the ground, others into soft wood, while others make use of chance tunnels. I have seen them in accidental auger-holes, and in lead pipe, and once knew the nozzle of an old pump to be packed full of cells." Professor Comstock states: "The leaf-cutting bees do not always bore tunnels in which to place their cells. We have found these cells in a crack between shingles on a roof, in the cavity of a large branch of sumac, beneath stones lying on the ground, and down in Florida we found them in the tubular leaves of the pitcher-plant."

The leaf-cutting bees put several thimble-shaped cells in a burrow and fill each cell with pollen and honey, on which an egg is placed. When the little bee hatches there is food near at hand. The carpenter-bee cuts a hole in wood and puts in pollen and honey, but does not use leaf-sections around each cell.



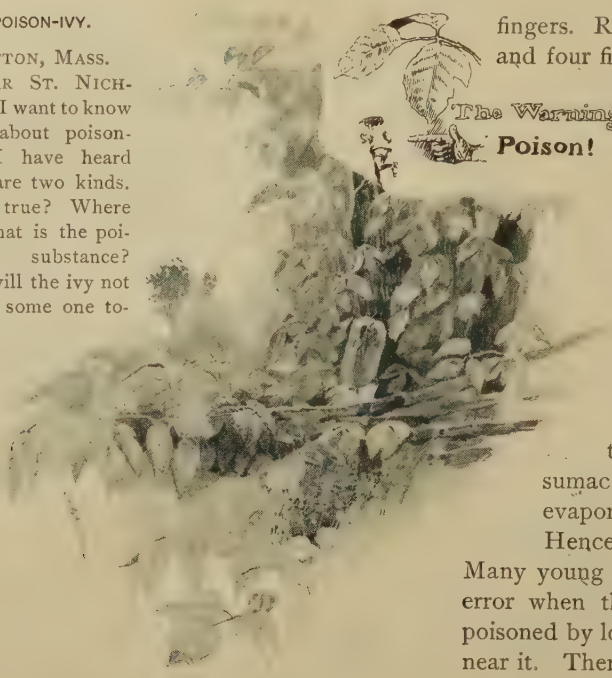
A SECTION OF NEST OF THE CARPENTER-BEE.

POISON-IVY.

GRAFTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to know more about poison-ivy. I have heard there are two kinds. Is this true? Where and what is the poisonous substance? Why will the ivy not poison some one to-day, yet perhaps poison him to-morrow? How can it poison people who do not touch it but just pass by? Is there no way of destroying it? Does it poison any besides human beings? I have heard it said that rain dripping off the leaves makes any berries underneath poisonous. I can hardly believe that. Where in the United States is it most plentiful? Why? Where most scarce? Why? What is the best thing to do when one is poisoned? I am very much interested in poison-ivy because it is so plentiful around here. These are a lot of questions, but I hope you will answer all, because I want to know. Wishing you continued prosperity and success, I remain, your constant reader,

CAROLINE C. EVERETT.



POISON-IVY.

There is but one kind of poison-ivy (known to botanists as *Rhus toxicodendron*). This has three leaves. Another climbing, trailing shrub of the same general appearance, on walls and rail fences, is the Virginia creeper. This is not poisonous and has five leaves. It will help you to remember which is the poisonous and which the harmless if you picture the three leaves as the index hand pointing "go"; that is, the three leaves, representing the three parts of the index hand—thumb, forefinger, clasped fingers. Regard the five-leaved as the thumb and four fingers of the hand opened in welcome. (See illustrations.)

There is a poisonous shrub, poison-elder (*Rhus venenata*), whose poisonous effects are similar to those of the poison-ivy. This tall shrub, also called poison-sumac, is often confused with the harmless sumacs in the same manner that poison-ivy is confused with the harmless Virginia creeper.

The poisonous principle of the poison-ivy and of the poison-sumac is non-volatile, that is, it does not evaporate into the air as does water. Hence it is transmitted only by contact. Many young folks, and older ones, too, are in error when they claim that they have been poisoned by looking at poison-ivy or by passing near it. There is no "moisture of the poison" or "gas," as sometimes claimed.

Of course the oil may be brushed from the leaves to the clothing and then transferred to hands or face. The oil could not be washed by the rain to

VIRGINIA CREEPER. (NOT POISONOUS.)

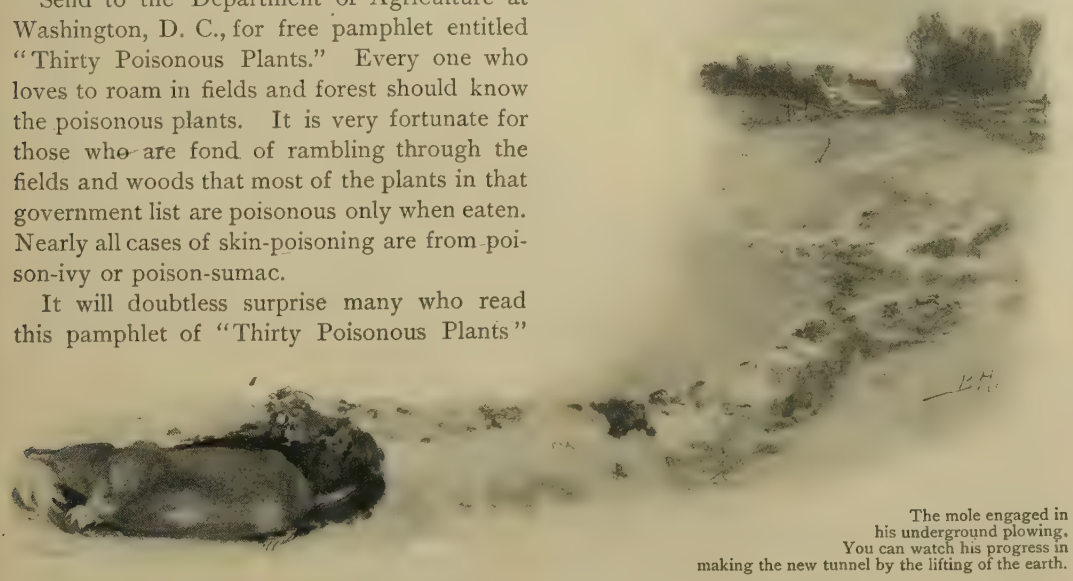
the berries below in solution, but might possibly be driven down by mechanical force in a very severe storm; that is, the beating drops might knock off particles of the poison and carry it to the berries below.

For a remedy for skin-poisoning by the ivy, make a solution of acetate of lead in 50% alcohol, and rub this on the itching skin until relieved. The acetate of lead is itself very poisonous if taken internally. *Use it only for rubbing on the skin* affected by the poison.

Send to the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., for free pamphlet entitled "Thirty Poisonous Plants." Every one who loves to roam in fields and forest should know the poisonous plants. It is very fortunate for those who are fond of rambling through the fields and woods that most of the plants in that government list are poisonous only when eaten. Nearly all cases of skin-poisoning are from poison-ivy or poison-sumac.

It will doubtless surprise many who read this pamphlet of "Thirty Poisonous Plants" to learn that the lady's-slippers or moccasin-flowers are included in the list. A poisonous oil similar to that of poison-ivy is secreted in the leaf-hairs, especially at the fruiting season. The leaves and flowers of the lily-of-the-valley are also poisonous when taken internally. The taste, however, is very bitter, so no one is likely to eat them.

The beautiful mountain-laurel is so often eaten by sheep, resulting in their death, that the farmer calls it sheep-laurel, or poison-laurel.



The mole engaged in his underground plowing. You can watch his progress in making the new tunnel by the lifting of the earth.

CATCHING MOLES ALIVE.

RIDLEY PARK, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me how to catch moles alive and unhurt? I don't know how to catch them. Your loving reader,

MAMIE S. GOODMAN.

Sometimes the moles may be found out of the ground, and then they may be caught in any manner most convenient — perhaps in an insect-net, about as you would catch a grasshopper. Sometimes boys catch moles alive right in their hands.

To catch them from underground, have a man or strong boy watch for them with a round-pointed shovel. Drive this down a few inches back of where the mole is lifting up the earth. Throw out at a distance of a few feet the shovelful of earth with the mole in it. Then catch the mole by a net or otherwise, as may be most convenient.

Boys sometimes dig a deep hole right in the burrow. Have the sides straight. The mole goes along its tunnel and tumbles into this hole. The mole cannot get out, because the earth at the bottom is too hard for him to dig, and he cannot climb up the perpendicular sides. Perhaps some of our young folks have found some trap or method more convenient than these. If so, please tell us about them.

In the winter the mole does his digging at an astonishingly low depth to avoid the frost, sometimes as much as four feet. In June you can find the burrows about three or four inches below the surface. The mole is a persistent worker except when he is asleep. He is our genuine miner—sleeping and working in darkness.

"HEADING FOR JUNE." BY FRED STEARNS, AGE 17. (FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

ROSES.

BY CAROLINE CLINTON EVERETT (AGE 16).

(*Winner of Former Prizes.*)

His path is full of roses every day
  Who seeks them there.
He finds, who looks for briers on the way,
  Thorns everywhere.
Thorns have no beauty, but living pain alway:
  Roses are fair.

For each good thought that lies within one's breast
  There blooms a rose;
For every bitter thought that there finds rest
  A brier grows.
Mind not a stony way. On rough paths best
  Showeth the rose.

Perhaps never in the history of the League has the average of good contributions been so high as this month. It has been almost impossible to judge fairly of the merits of the character sketches offered in the prose competition, and the editor feels that a little later it will be well to repeat the prose title "My Favorite Character in History," so that some of the excellent sketches on Roll of Honor No. 1 may have another chance. Meantime we will have "My Favorite Episode in History," which we feel sure will please the history-loving League members, of which there seem to be a great many.

What has been said of the prose is likewise true of the verse competition. There were very nearly fifty poems not used, owing to lack of space, which were really entitled to publication. The authors of these should feel very much encouraged, even though their work is not to appear in print this year. Next June we will try to have "The Rose" as our subject again.

Indeed, it may be said that the young authors and artists of the League are coming so near the line that divides amateur from professional work that the line in many places seems to have disappeared, and it would be quite easy to place some of the League work in the body of the magazine, without the contributors' ages, and have it accepted by the most exacting reader as the finished work of the skilled workman. Surely we are to be congratulated upon our progress!

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 42.

In making awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Hilda van Emster** (age 16), 605 N. Birney St., Bay City, Mich., and **Mary Clara Tucker** (age 13), 117 17th Ave., Maywood, Ill.

"FROM NATURE." BY EDGAR PEARCE, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

Silver badges, **Beulah H. Ridgeway** (age 13), 574 Carlton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., **Katharine A. Page** (age 12), Teaneck Road, Englewood, N. J., and **Marie L. Kurz** (age 9), 22 Robinwood Ave., Lakewood, O.

Illustrated Poem. Gold badge, **George W. Cronyn** (age 14), 840 E. 141st St., N. Y. City.

Prose. Cash prize, **Edith Emerson** (age 14), 817 E. State St., Ithaca, N. Y.

Gold badges, **Pauline K. Angell** (age 17), 414 Chemung St., Waverly, N. Y., and **Kathleen Carrington** (age 15), Riverhead, L. I.

Silver badges, **Mary E. Hatch** (age 13), 668 Washington St., Brighton, Mass., **Josephine W. Pitman** (age 12), 208 Pleasant St., Laconia, N. H., and **Robert Lindley Murray** (age 10), Stanford University, Cal.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Frances Keeline** (age 14), 618 S. 7th St., Council Bluffs, Ia., and **Edgar Pearce** (age 17), 1538 Willington St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Silver badges, **Dorothy Sherman** (age 15), 17 Summit Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and **Lester Ross** (age 12), Avon, Ill.

Photography. Gold badge, **John S. Perry** (age 15), 2110 19th St., Washington, D. C.

Silver badges, **T. Sam Parsons** (age 14), Troy, Pa., and **Tracy S. Voorhees** (age 12), Bishop Pl., New Brunswick, N. J.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, **Norman W. Swayne** (age 17), West Chester, Pa. Second prize, **Ralph W. Howell** (age 16), Coats, Kan. Third prize, **Rosamond Sergeant** (age 14), Hawthorn Road, Brookline, Mass.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Vashti Kaye** (age 15), Calmar, Ia., and **W. N. Coupland** (age 15), 8 Thorncliffe Rd., Clapham Pk., London, S. W., Eng.

Silver badges, **Walter J. Schloss** (age 16), 230 W. 138th, St., N. Y. City, and **Dorothy Fay** (age 13), 52 Marlboro St., Wollaston, Mass.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badge, **Laura Dow** (age 15), 333 Farnesworth Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Silver badge, **Marion B. Gifford** (age 13), 185 Davis Ave., Brookline, Mass.

"WAITING FOR SPRING." BY JOHN S. PERRY, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE ROSES AND I.

BY HILDA VAN EMSTER (AGE 16).

(*Gold Badge.*)

WHILE warbles soft the songster in the springtime,
And fragrance fills the woodland far and nigh,
How glad are we, late in "the wondrous sing-time,"
My rosebud friends and I.

The rose unfolds; and comrades are we ever,
While happy is the light-winged butterfly;
True friends indeed, and nothing can us sever,
The half-blown flow'rs and I.

When June-time brings the perfect, golden weather,
And poise the bees beneath the azure sky,
Day after day we muse and dream together,
The roses fair and I.

Fast speeds the summer, and, a drowsy wooer,
There lies a stillness deep o'er glade and glen;
The last late roses fade; my friends are fewer,
But dearer far than then.

Sad wails the wind as for the flow'rs he 's weeping;
Beneath a cold, cold drift of snow they lie.
I grieve not, for my friends are only sleeping—
My friends of days gone by.

Now sings no robin o'er the silent heather,
To soothe them with a gentle lullaby;
Some day, perhaps, some day we 'll sleep together—
The roses dear and I.

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN HISTORY.

BY EDITH EMERSON (AGE 14).

(*Cash Prize.*)

IT has always been said that to judge fairly of the life and character of some famous historical man or woman, one must take into consideration the age and country in which he or she lived. Environments and circumstances have such an important influence toward the molding of ideas. But Joan of Arc's life history is exceptional in this particular. By the standard of all ages she remains perfect. Her actions were influenced by no personal motive, but by purely religious and patriotic enthusiasm. She was honorable when people in the highest stations had forgotten the very existence of honor; delicate and loyal when it was the common practice to be coarse and false, to keep no promises, and to espouse no cause except for love of money or personal advancement. She was truthful when almost everybody lied, unselfish and refined when many were hard, selfish, and given to sinful luxury.

Many have called her fanatical. If absolute devotion to one's God, one's king, and one's country, regardless

"WAITING FOR SPRING." BY T. SAM PARSONS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

of self, asking no reward, can be called fanaticism, let us have more such fanatics! Her military genius was remarkable. Generals of long experience regarded her schemes of attack with great respect, and she is the only person in the world, of either sex, who has ever had supreme command of the forces of a nation at the age of seventeen.

In spite of all her devotion and heroic struggle, her dastardly king deserted her; did not even make one attempt to rescue her, but left her to her horrible fate. Her captors wore out her physical strength by long, tedious examinations and cruel imprisonment, forced her to sign a foolish confession of sorcery, and then broke all their promises and burned her—Joan of Arc, the deliverer of France, though only a child in years—at the stake! Such ingratitude and cruelty is incomprehensible; but her name will go down through countless ages, while they will be known only as the murderers of the loveliest character in history.

THE MONTH OF ROSES.

BY MARY CLARA TUCKER (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

HAIL to the beautiful month of the rose!
Too slowly it comes and too quickly it goes.
And who will deny that the rose is the queen
Of all the fair flowers that ever were seen?

When butterflies flit from bower to bower,
And the bees gather honey from many a flower,
And the songsters ring out their melodious lays,
Ah, then are the brightest and happiest days!

We welcome thee, month of the roses so sweet,
And thy coming we gladly and eagerly greet;
Thou 'rt fairest of all the fair months of the year,
And we love thee, though but a short time thou art here.

And what is more pleasant in bright summer hours
Than to gather the roses from nature's green bowers?
We 'll enjoy each bright day of our beautiful June,
And regret that it passes away far too soon.

The months onward roll and the time flies away,
And soon once again dawns the bright summer day;
But, though cold winds blow chill and the summer fast goes,
We still shall remember thee, month of the rose.

GRANDMOTHER'S ROSES.

BY KATHARINE A. PAGE (AGE 12).

(*Silver Badge.*)

IN the old-fashioned garden at grandma's
Grow the loveliest roses of all—
The crimson and yellow and white ones,
Climbing over the old stone wall.

And oh, their smell is much sweeter
Than any other at all,
Only because they 're old-fashioned
And were grown on grandmother's wall.

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN HISTORY.

BY KATHLEEN CARRINGTON (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)

WHEN I was a little girl my favorite character in history was George Washington. Since then I have had many favorite ones, but I think the one I really like now is Abraham Lincoln. I will try to tell you about the different statesmen I admired during my childhood days.

"WAITING FOR SPRING." BY TRACY S. VOORHEES, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

My first, as I have already said, was George Washington, and I was never tired of reading stories in my little history about him. The popular one about the cherry-tree, if I remember correctly, always gave me the greatest of pleasure in reading it. My second

one was Thomas Jefferson, and I admired him greatly until one Washington's Birthday when flags were flying and horns were tooting.

Then, in a burst of patriotic fervor, I declared myself forever true to Washington.

However, this did not last very long, for, as I read more and more in my history's pages, I became convinced that Andrew Jackson was really my favorite.

Happy is the child who loves stories. I always was happy whenever I heard stories from my little history, and I always liked the ones about Old Hickory, as I blissfully called him. Many a time in the school-days gone by I have stood up for my favorite in the disputes about history with a fervor certainly worthy of my cause. Dear hero! may our country have another such stanch supporter as you tried to be!

Though I love every one of my heroes, as I call them, I think I like my last one just a little better than the rest. It is Abraham Lincoln, as I have already said, and he is and always will be my favorite character in history.

"RED-TAILED HAWK." BY NORMAN W. SWAYNE, AGE 17. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

THE ROSE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

BY MARIE L. KURZ (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge.*)

PEEPING from a window,
What do you think I see?
Why, a pretty rosebud
As sweet as it can be.

And a lovely butterfly,
In color black and gold,
Flits around the rosebud
Like a robber bold.

Sipping honey from it,
Feeling proud and great,
Just as when in springtime
Robin finds his mate.

In evening after sundown
My butterfly goes to sleep
In the petals of the rosebud
Till dawn begins to creep.

"OPOSSUM." BY RALPH W. HOWELL, AGE 16. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

ROSES.

BY BEULAH H. RIDGEWAY (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

ROSES, roses everywhere
In the merry month of June!
On the perfume-laden air
Comes to us the song-bird's tune.
Roses by the castle tall,
Roses by the crumbling wall,
Roses, roses now for all,
Roses everywhere!

Roses red and roses white,
Pink and yellow, too;
Red ones for the brown-eyed girls,
White ones for the blue.

Roses blooming by the way,
Brought to us by sunny June:
Oh, enjoy them while you may;
Winter comes, alas! too soon.
Roses sweet beyond compare,
Roses for the pure and fair,
Roses here and roses there,
Roses everywhere!

Roses red and roses white,
Pink and yellow, too;
Red ones for the brown-eyed girls,
White ones for the blue.

"WILD DUCKS." BY ROSAMOND SERGEANT, AGE 14. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN HISTORY.

BY PAULINE K. ANGELL (AGE 17).

(*Gold Badge.*)

OH, what a book! The twilight deepens. I bend my head lower and lower over the fascinating pages until the words blur and seem to fade away. Reluc-

tantly I lay the volume down and, slipping low in my chair with head thrown back on my clasped hands, gaze into the flickering fire.

What a book! My cheeks still burn with the excitement of it all, the chivalry, the romance, the splendid deeds of bravery. Oh, to have lived then, when knights sought adventures in the dark, uncanny forests; when hardest tasks were accounted as naught if by their performance was won the favor of a princess or the esteem of some court lady whose beauty defies portraiture; when the highest did not scorn to labor in disguise that he might win his lady-love; when hearts were courageous, affections true, and 't was a joy to be alive! Before me, in the leaping flames, I see a brilliant pageant. Gorgeous banners are floating above the sun-burnished helmets of steel-clad knights. The multitudes are exulting in the prowess of their loved sovereign, and he, that noble king, so brave, so true, so manly, the mighty ruler of the ancient Britons, is graciously receiving their homage.

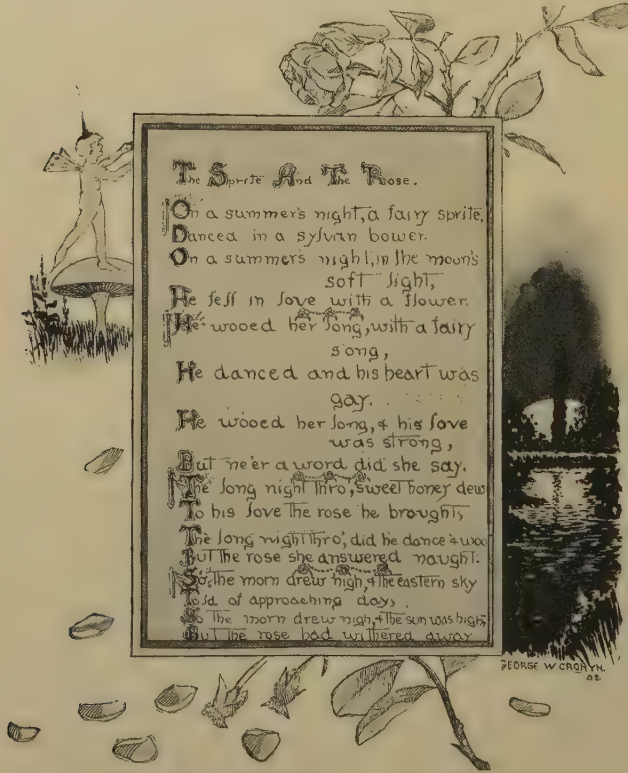
A slight puff of wind, and the restless flames blow aside, disclosing what appears to be a council-chamber. Again I see the honored king, surrounded by his knights, that wondrous band of men renowned in song and story for courage, might, and purity, and he their example, their incentive to nobler effort.

"HEADING FOR JUNE." BY LOUISE SLOET VAN OLDRUITENBORCH, AGE 16.

Great, good King Arthur! To have been of thy court were a joy almost past the very wishing.

A rustle and movement on the hearth, as of a gentle sigh. The embers fall; a flare of light, followed by a train of sparks. My glowing picture has faded.

Long since thy magic sword hath vanished beneath the waves of the enchanted lake, with the hand which gave it thee; long since the dusky barge hath borne thee hence: but thy deeds, brave Arthur, still live in the hearts of those who love the glamour and romance of the days of old.


The Sprite And The Rose.
On a summer's night, a fairy sprite,
Danced in a sylvan bower.
On a summers night, in the moon's soft light,
He fell in love with a flower.
He wooed her long, with a fairy song,
He danced and his heart was gay.
He wooed her long, & his love was strong,
But ne'er a word did she say.
The long night thro, sweet honey dew
To his love the rose he brought,
The long night thro', did he dance & woo
But the rose she answered naught.
So the morn drew nigh & the eastern sky
Told of approaching days,
So the morn drew nigh & the sun was high
But the rose had withered away.
GEORGE W. CRONYN. 14

"ILLUSTRATED POEM." BY GEORGE W. CRONYN, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE BALLAD OF THE ROSE.

BY DORIS WEBB (AGE 17).

(*Winner of Former Prizes.*)

SIR HUGH he was a gallant knight,
And loved the Lady Ethel gay.
A red, red rose he gave to her
Before to war he rode away;
Bright as the sun at the daylight's close,
Fresh and sweet, was the red, red rose.

"This rose shall brightly bloom," said he,
"While lasts my love, O lady dear,"
And so he hastened off to war;
And ever through the weary year,
Bright as the sun at the daylight's close,
Fresh and sweet, was the red, red rose.

Then came a knight in frightened haste;
"Sir Hugh," cried he, "is slain in war!"
And Lady Ethel's cheek was white,
But glowing deep as e'er before,
Bright as the sun at the daylight's close,
Fresh and sweet, was the red, red rose.

With grief and woe and deep dismay
They sadly laid Sir Hugh to rest;
But Lady Ethel, calm was she,
For glowing ever on her breast,
Bright as the sun at the daylight's close,
Fresh and sweet, was the red, red rose.

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN HISTORY.

BY MARY E. HATCH (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THERE are so many interesting people in history, I think it very hard to tell which I like best. Several years ago we studied Ulysses S. Grant. It seems to me that when a boy he was more like our boys than Washington, Lincoln, and many other great men of history. Washington was a model boy, Lincoln very studious. Grant was neither: he was very mischievous, and cared no more for study than the boys of nowadays.

Many amusing stories are told about his boyhood. One day, when Grant was walking up and down in front of his house in his full uniform, a stable-boy near by came marching up and down in front and then in back of Grant, wearing a ragged shirt trimmed with brass buttons and trousers with white tape sewed to the seam. This taught Grant a lesson: he was never seen putting on airs again.

When, in his later years, he was slowly dying, he was so patient and busy working on his Memoirs to pay his debts. I think it was then that he showed his greatest courage —far more than in any battle he ever fought.

A MESSAGE TO THE ROSES.

BY SUSAN WARREN WILBUR (AGE 10).

IN fair June's budding garden
I wander free from care,
Where bloom most lovely flowers
'Mid ribbon-grasses there.

The stately lily's splendor,
The tulip's crimson hue,
I see, but they 're not lovely,
My roses dear, as you.

Oh, roses, bloom and flourish
The lovely summer through;
No other garden flower
Is half as sweet as you.

"SKETCH FROM LIFE." BY DOROTHY SHERMAN, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN HISTORY.

BY ROBERT LINDLEY MURRAY (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

DANIEL BOONE lived in a log cabin with his brother. He got food by hunting and fishing; he was very brave, and was in the Revolutionary War. The British called him the swamp-fox, because they could not catch him. He stayed there awhile, until the powder and shot began to give out; so Daniel's brother went north, for they were living in Kentucky, to get some powder and shot, and left him there all alone.

One day he was out on a walk, and some Indians followed him up. They had been skulking around the log cabin for a long while and wanted to kill him.

Daniel saw them following up his footsteps, and he tried not to make any; but he could not help it. At last he came to a steep precipice, and there were lots of grape-vines hanging from the trees, and he caught hold of one and swung himself out over the precipice, and then let go. He shot out over the precipice, and when he reached the ground he had left no tracks behind him.

Then he turned around and went home, safe from the Indians, because they could not find his tracks. And after a while his brother came home. I think he was very brave to stay all alone where there were Indians.

THE ROSE.

BY HENRIETTA SWIFT GERWIG (AGE 7).

ROSES bloom in summer-time,
In winter they are dead,
In spring they are not seen at all
In autumn go to bed.

I like the lovely pink rose,
Although I 'm fond of white;
I do not like the red rose,
Because it is too bright.

I like the fragrant roses;
Oh, is n't this one nice?
And is n't that a beauty?
I believe I 'll kiss it twice.

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN HISTORY.

BY JOSEPHINE W. PITMAN (AGE 12).

(*Silver Badge.*)

MY favorite character in history is Abraham Lincoln. He was born in a log cabin at Nolin's Creek, Hardin County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809. The cabin had no door, nor any windows. To keep out the rain and snow, skins of animals were hung across the doorway and the openings left for windows, yet the snow blew through the crevices of the unplastered walls.

Abraham's mother was a woman of unusual force of character, and helped him in many ways. In the evening she would tell her children Bible stories, and teach them how to live sweet, noble lives.

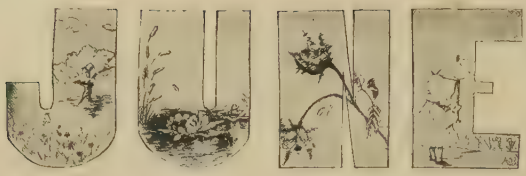
Sometimes a preacher would come to Little Mound and hold services. Abraham, five years old, on returning home, would preach a sermon of his own, holloing in imitation of the preacher, and pounding the table with his little fist.

His mother died when he was nine years old. She was buried without a religious service. This so cut Abraham to the heart that he wrote to the Rev. David Elkin, one hundred miles away, and asked him to come and preach a funeral sermon. He came, and friends gathered around the newly made grave while the service was held.

When Lincoln was a boy he wrote these lines in his arithmetic:

Abraham Lincoln
His hand and pen;
He will be good,
But God knows when.

In 1831 he went to New Orleans. While there he saw some slaves cruelly beaten and maltreated, and perhaps this helped to form some of his firm ideas concerning slavery.



"HEADING FOR JUNE." BY ALICE HENDEE, AGE 13.

When he was about twenty-two years old he was employed as clerk of an election board, and from that time he began to become a leader among the people.

In 1837 he moved to Springfield, Illinois, and began the study of law, which he practised successfully until 1846, when he was elected to Congress.

He rose in the public esteem, and in 1861 was made President of the United States.

One month and ten days after entering on his second administration he was shot at Ford's Theater by John Wilkes Booth.

Charles Carlton Coffin has said of him: "Like the snow-clad summit of the loftiest mountain, gleaming in its distinctive grandeur, shall he shine with stainless whiteness and eternal glory!"

THE ROSES ARE BLOOMING.

BY RUTH FREEMAN (AGE 11).

THE roses now are blooming
In their dresses sweet and gay;
They brighten up the garden
On a warm, sunshiny day.

The roses now are blooming
In the sunshine, in the shade,
To make a long walk shorter
For a tired little maid.

HER FAVORITE CHARACTER IN HISTORY.

BY KATHARINE J. BAILEY (AGE 12).

BIG brother Jack slammed his book together, and, dropping it, turned to the little girl lying curled up on the lounge with a volume of ST. NICHOLAS in her hands. "Say, puss," he called out, "you 're always reading history. What character do you like best?"

"Alfred the Great," she drowsily replied, and went on reading. She had been nearly asleep, this little maid, and when Jack finally piled his books on the table and went out she continued reading and dreaming.

Gradually the book and lounge seemed to fade away, and suddenly she found herself by the side of a tall man in the midst of a deep forest.

The tall man in peasant costume looked down at her kindly. "I am Alfred," he said. "People called me Alfred the Great. I was glad to hear you say that you were fond of me. So many children do not even know there was such a person as Alfred.

"This," he told her, "is the forest in which I hid when the Danes were pursuing me night and day. There," pointing through the trees, "is the site of the cottage where I abode for some time with a good peasant and his wife.

"Little maid, I was born in Berkshire, in this beautiful England. Once I stayed at Rome with my godfather, Pope Leo IV. When at home I learned to ride and shoot, but in the evening I lay at my mother's feet and listened to deeds of my forefathers.

"I became king at twenty-three, and immediately my trouble began, for the Danes came and tried to tyrannize over us. Then it was that I hid in the forest.

"At one time I went into the Danish camp as a minstrel. I stayed two or three days, playing to the king and his soldiers. Then I led my men against the Danes and vanquished them.

"For a while after this England enjoyed peace. I tried to make my people happy instead of warlike. I tried to give them good schools, and to establish religion and honor among men, and I hope I succeeded."

Suddenly the forest faded away, and the little girl found herself again on the lounge, with mischievous Jack peering in and inquiring if she had had a good nap.

"JUNE." BY ROGER K. LANE, AGE 11.

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN HISTORY.

BY DOROTHY KUHNS (AGE 12).

MY favorite character in history is William McKinley; that is probably because I knew him. I lived in the McKinley home the first four years of his Presidency, and so I knew the old house from top to bottom, and kept it fresh in my memory by frequent calls on Mrs. McKinley.

Our old play-room was the President's office, and I knew the corner where he often sat at his desk. And that proved useful one October's night a few years ago. It was Hallowe'en.

Some of the neighborhood children and I crept quietly around the house to the office window; then we suddenly began throwing corn and calling: "What 's the matter with McKinley?" etc.

In a few minutes he and Mrs. McKinley came out on the porch, and then we *did* make a noise.

There were about twenty of us, and we were chaperoned by my seventeen-year-old brother, who had the pleasure of carrying my pumpkin-face most of the time; it was too heavy for me, but I had it then. I was up in front, with my foot upon the step on which Mrs. McKinley was standing, holding it on my knee.

Mrs. McKinley looked at it a minute, then asked: "Do you think that looks like my husband, Dorothy?"

Then we all laughed, and some one called, "Speech!" and the President made one. I don't remember what he said, but I do remember it was the best speech I ever heard.

MY ROSES.

BY LOIS D. WILCOX (AGE 14).

(*Illustrated.*)

THERE are roses in our garden
Through all the summer weeks;
But mama says through all the year
Are roses in my cheeks.

THE ROSE QUEEN.

BY MARGARET M. SHERWOOD (AGE 10).

QUEEN of the roses, and queen of the spring,
Is Rosetta, a fair little maid.
All night long does she merrily sing
And dance in the forest glade.

She dances at night, in the moon and star light,
She sleeps in a rose-bush by day.
Her hair it is brown, and her eyes they are bright,
And she never grows old or gray.

And if you go near to her fragrant repose,
Where the roses grow thorny and tall,
And if you should pick but a single red rose,
Into deep slumber you 'll fall.

And you will not wake till the revels begin,
And the fairies are seen at their play;
And then you will rise from the slumber you 're in,
And dance with the fairies till day.

"WAITING FOR SPRING." BY MARIE RUSSELL, AGE 13.

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN HISTORY.

BY CAROLIN TEICHERT (AGE 14).

As there are many good and wise men that have helped to create this great nation, there is a great number to select from as which one you would hold as your favorite character in history. As to my favorite, I select George Washington.

George Washington, the father of his country, was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, February 22, 1732. He was honest in his youth as well as in his manhood. At the age of sixteen he was made surveyor of a large tract of land in Virginia, and at the age of twenty-three he was commander-in-chief of all the Virginia forces in the French and Indian War.

With the close of the war he married Mrs. Martha Custis, a wealthy widow, and settled down at Mount Vernon, living for twenty years the life of a Southern planter. He was several times a member of the Virginia legislature and a member of the Continental Congress.

After the battles of Lexington and Concord, Congress unanimously selected him as commander-in-chief of the army. He assumed command 1775, and his courage and endeavor to keep the army together brought the war to a successful end in 1783. After the war he retired to his home on the Potomac.

When the convention met in Philadelphia, in 1788, to frame the Constitution, he was its presiding officer and approved the Constitution; and when the time came to elect the first President, there was only one choice of the country, and Washington was unanimously elected the first President of the United States in 1788. He was reëlected unanimously in 1792, but declined an election in 1796.

He made his farewell address September 17, 1796, and retired to his Mount Vernon home, where, after a few years, he died, December 14, 1799. France mourned his loss as a son, and America felt as though the shaft of death had pierced the nation's heart when the grave closed over their chieftain: "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

"WAITING FOR SPRING." BY MARJORIE L. FISHER, AGE 13.

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN HISTORY.

BY ELEANOR WIDGER (AGE 12).

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, one of the most famous men of American history, was born in Boston, January 17, 1706.

His early education was poor, but when he became a young man he deprived himself of some of the actual necessities of life in order to obtain books with which to study.

At twelve years of age he was apprenticed to his brother James, a printer. After a time he commenced writing anonymous articles for his brother's publication, tucking them under the door at night. At length a dispute arose between him and his brother, and Benjamin ran away to Philadelphia.

Here he remained as a printer's apprentice for nearly a year, when he was sent to London on an errand for the governor of Pennsylvania, which turned out to be a fraud, leaving Franklin to shift for himself in the great city. He worked as a printer there for two years, when he returned to Philadelphia, which he made his home for the remainder of his life.

It was in Philadelphia that "Poor Richard's Almanac" was published, and where the Franklin stove and the lightning-rod were invented. At the age of twenty-four he married Deborah Read of Philadelphia.

Franklin advertised everything. One of his most original attempts read as follows: "Taken out of a pew in the Church some months since, a Common Prayer Book, bound in red, gilt, and lettered D. F.

"WAITING FOR SPRING." BY GEORGE SCHOBINGER, AGE 17.

(Deborah Franklin) on each cover. The person who took it is desired to open it, and read the Eighth Commandment, and afterwards return it into the same pew again; upon which no further notice will be taken."

When the Revolutionary War broke out Franklin was one of the foremost men in the American cause. He was sent as minister to France, and he was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and said: "We must all hang together, or we shall all hang separately."

He died April 17, 1790, at the age of eighty-four, beloved and honored throughout the world.

Bancroft said of him: "He never spoke a word too soon, nor a word too late, nor a word too much, nor failed to speak the right word at the right season."

"WAITING FOR SPRING." BY MONTROSE LEE, AGE 17.

Benjamin Franklin is one of my favorite characters in history, because of his quick wit, his remarkable ingenuity, his originality, and his steady persistency.

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN HISTORY.

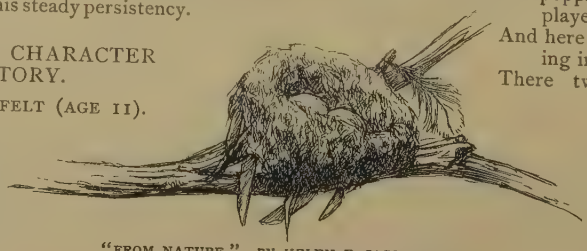
BY CLARA SHANAFELT (AGE 11).

My favorite character in history is Christopher Columbus. He, to me, was a truly great man. People laughed at him, scoffed at him, and jeered at him, yet he did not heed them. Wise men scorned him and called him crazy. But did he listen? No, indeed; he believed that the earth was round, and nothing changed him. A man that is truly great, to me, is the one who is not believed in, the one whom people consider foolish, but yet proves himself truly great, as Columbus did.

I once thought that Washington was my favorite. But Washington had many advantages; he was not jeered and laughed at; the whole of America did him homage. From the first, people believed in him. Not so with poor Columbus: his whole life, after he had said that the earth was round, was full of sorrow, and he died broken-hearted.

In after years people saw what he had done, and he was greatly esteemed in the hearts of the people. But he was dead.

You, perhaps, would now say: "But Lincoln was a great man, and he had no advantages whatever." Perhaps not; but did not the people believe in him? Did they not say he would be a great man some day? But poor Columbus had no one. You will say that Queen Isabella believed in him. Perhaps, because she thought of the gold he would bring back; when he brought none, what did she care for him? Naught; her thought was only of gold and jewels.



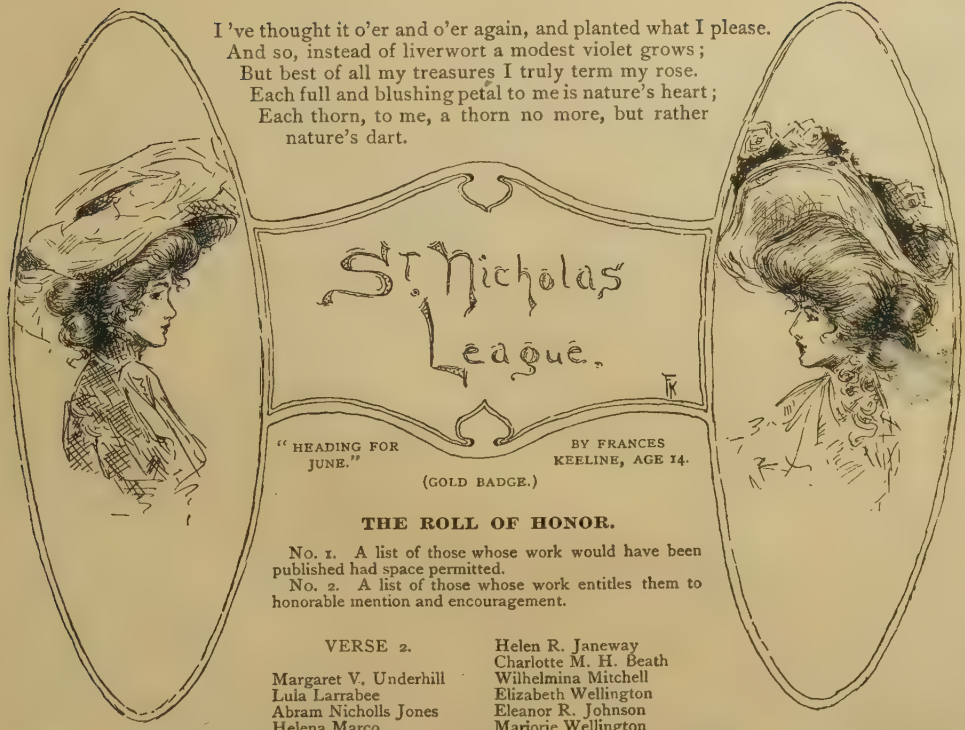
"FROM NATURE." BY HELEN E. JACOBY, AGE 14.

MY PREFERENCE—THE ROSE.

BY HARVEY DESCHERE (AGE 14).

Oh, this is merry June-time, the month of blooming flowers,
When bees are busy working through all our idle hours;
And here are beds of poppies, their colors bright displayed,
And here are groups of pansies abiding in the shade.
There twines the morning-glory, there peeps the fairy bell,
And yonder blue lobelias rejoice on hill and dell.
But in my little garden I've no such flowers as these;

I 've thought it o'er and o'er again, and planted what I please.
And so, instead of liverwort a modest violet grows;
But best of all my treasures I truly term my rose.
Each full and blushing petal to me is nature's heart;
Each thorn, to me, a thorn no more, but rather nature's dart.



"HEADING FOR JUNE." BY FRANCES KEELINE, AGE 14.
(GOLD BADGE.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.
No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 2.

Margaret V. Underhill
Lula Larrabee
Abram Nicholls Jones
Helena Marco
Helen R. Janeway
Charlotte M. H. Beath
Wilhelmina Mitchell
Elizabeth Wellington
Eleanor R. Johnson
Marjorie Wellington

VERSE 1.

Wilkie Gilholm
Eunice C. Barstow
Mabel C. Stark
Louisa F. Spear
Doris Francklyn
Alleine Langford
Fay Marie Hartley
Sara M. Snedeker
Lillian Alexander
Frances Paine
Kathleen A. Burgess
Archibald S. MacDonald
Katherine Ashby
Sidonia Deutsch
Ethel Elliott
Estella E. Barnes
Odette Growe
Mabel Fletcher
Eva Wilson
Mary S. Sims
Mary Lichthardt
Agnes Churchill Lacy
Ruth Bird
A. Elizabeth Goldberg
Marjorie V. Betts
Jeanette Rathbun
Bertie B. Regester
Mary Yeula Wescott
Eleanor Myers
Katharine Monica Burton
Mildred Ockert
Jessica Nelson North
Helen D. Bell
Florence Forristall
Charles Irish Preston
Kathryn Macy
Floy De Grove Baker
Harold R. Norris
Leonard Beekman
Elizabeth Beale
Mary White Pound
Anna H. Burdette
Janet Weil
Gertrude May Winstone
Beth Howard
Alice Mary Ogden
Gladys Ralston Britton
Florence L. Bain
Annie Robertson
Mae Morning Star
Paul H. Prausnitz
Margery Bennett
R. M. Kissel
Edith M. Clark
Alberta Cowgill
Alice Mary Margaret Ogden
Karl S. Cate
Dorothy Russell Lewis
Mildred R. Betts
Emily Rose Burt
Gladys Marie Kuhn
Annie Ramsey
Mary F. Casey
Gladys Gaylord
Margaret S. Cochran
Elizabeth Woodson
Edith J. Ballou
Blanche Leeming
Marguerite Reed
Agnes Andrus
Dorothy Allen
Elinor Dodsworth
Lora W. Mendum
Bessie Bunzel
Elsie F. Weil
Gladys Adams
Margaret Eleanor Keirn
Olive D. Thacher
Dorothy H. Ebersole
Catherine Flint
Margaret Benedict
Emelyn Ten Eyck
Elisabeth Coit
Alan D. Campbell, Jr.
Carolyn Bulley
Emily Chamberlain
May Lecompte
Lisbeth Harlan
Lois M. Williams
Ruth Parker
Dorothea Bechtel
Mary Klauder
Walter Weeks
Donald McNamee
Jack Loomis
Marion Grier
Harold Levy
Ella Elizabeth Preston
Gertrude Folts
Viola Graham
Helen M. Boardman

PROSE 1.

Elsa Clark
Zena Parker
Chester T. Swinnerton
Anna M. Neuburger
Gladys Carroll
Joey Humble
Dorothy Felt
Grace Phelps
Julia Wright McCormick
Peirce E. Johnson
Dora R. Beggs
Florence Schryver
Katherine Kurz
Eleanor Clifton
Medora Addison
Anna Jutsun
Charles P. Howard
Marguerite B. Child
Ruth Boyden
Mary Redfield Adam
Lewis King Underhill
Hazel G. Hyman
Grace Leadingham
M. N. Stites
Helen Ballard
John E. Colley
Louise Taylor Preston
Henry Goldman
Elizabeth Parker
Frances Cecilia Reed
Ethel Pickard
Vashti Kaye
Ellen H. Skinner
Herrick H. Harwood
James Alger Fee
Lorraine Andrews
Elsa Simonson
Susy Fitz Simons
Marjorie Howe Sawyer
Elaine Sterne
Abigail E. Jenner
Margaret Gordon
Emilie A. Ide
Thomas French
Catharine Straker
Charlotte C. Wyckoff
Frances B. Russell
Nettie Pearson
Zenobia Camprubi Aymar
Mary Ward
Elizabeth McDowell
Earl D. Van Deman
Mary Alice Allen
Elizabeth P. Jackson
Dorothy Nicoll
Doris Long

"FROM NATURE." BY LESTER ROSS, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

"HEADING FOR JUNE." BY VERNA E. CLARK, AGE 14. (FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

Edena Curry
Philip H. Bunker
George E. W. Hardy
Constance M. Mitchell
Mary Dorothy Musser
Dorothy M. Crossley
Dorothy McKee
Cula Letzke

PROSE 2.

Daisy Rascower
Nelson Hackett
Edith Muriel Andrews
Margaret P. Ginter
Louis F. May
Laura Gallery
Jeannette C. Klauder
Ray Randall
Gladys Platten
Earle N. Cutler
Reyer H. Van Zwalenburg
Irma Herman
Everett Putney Combes
Katharine Hall
Ethel Steinhilber
Arnie Trattner
Agnes Dorothy Campbell
Fannie Stern
Mary Alice Shaw
Rosie Bufenstein
Ruth Reed
C. Mortimer Wilmerding
Cyrena Vansyckel Martin
Mary Rodgers
Bennie Blascowsky
Catharine Neale
Edwin A. Leonhard
Viveen Bralo
Robert Goldschmidt
Dorothy Hall
Bennie Hasselman
Lyle Vincent Nelson
Robert L. Wheeler
Margaret Hotchkiss
Ethel Whittlesey
Kirkland H. Day
Robert Walsh
Frances Kase
Doris L. Nash
Gordon Mitchell
Sophia T. Cole
Maurice L. Bower, Jr.
Vera Bryant
Violet Pakenham
Truman P. Handy
Ethel Messervy
Rachel Bulley
Aline J. Dreyfus
Anne H. Gleaves
Louise Robbins
Harold Gunther Breul
Dorothy Mulford Riggs
Helen N. De Haven
Mary Ross
Jane Meldrim
Dorothy Gilbert
Anita Moffett
Salome Beatrice Allen
Eleanor F. L. Clement
Mildred Talbot
Joseph Fewsmith
Marion Osgood Chapin
Margaret McKeon
William C. Engle
Dorothy Ochtman
Dorothy Williams
Mildred Mitchell
Jeanette Baker Fuqua
Lewis Lind
Frederica Tufts
Henry Wickenden
Alan Phillips
Robert Hammond Gibson
Carl Wetzel
Edward L. Tilton
Delphina L. Hammer
J. E. Fisher, Jr.
Prescott Wright
John N. Tilton, Jr.
John A. Macy
Chester A. Fee
Wilhelmina Moloney
Mary Merrill Foster
Vera Belle Hoskinson
Anna Katherine Cook
Arthur Patrick
Paul Mayo McNamee
Alta M. Shaw
Helen Ryder
Carol Sherman
Isabel Cornwall
Beatrice Andrews

DRAWINGS 1.

Blanche Rible
Helen de Veer
May Lewis Close
Emily Grace Hanks
Robert Canby Hallowell
Edith Plousky
R. E. Andrews
Albert Elsner
Cordner H. Smith
Ruth E. Crombie
Wray B. Physioc
Gigurd Ueland
Bessie B. Styron
Carroll W. Dunn
Melville Levey
Theodore Keller
Dorothy L. Warren
Sarah C. McDavitt
Courtland N. Smith
Margaret Winthrop Peck
Gilberta H. Daniels
Ella Neely
Marion H. Russell
Albert Izor
Edna Phillips
Helen Clark Crane
Florence Ewing Wilkinson
Edith M. Thomson
Isadore Douglas
Tom Benton
Elizabeth Abbott
Margery Bradshaw
Lucy MacKenzie
Freda Muriel Harrison

DRAWINGS 2.

Florence Votey
Katherine D. Barbour
Susie Fleming
Phœbe Wilkinson
Margaret Beaman Neale
Evelyn O. Foster
Robert W. Foulke
Helen Russell
Allen P. Salmon
Cantey McDowell Venable
Mark Curtis Kinney
Margaret Micon
Glenn Crihfield
Lucile Christina Mellen
Adele Norton
Helen Cronyu
Edna B. Youngs
Aimee Vervalen
Helen A. Fleck
Richard A. Reddy
Esther Parker
Joseph W. McGurk
Helen Louise Gifford
Elizabeth Otis
Kathrine Forbes Liddell
Virginia W. Jones
Jessie McKinney
Ruth Felt
Virginia Lyman
Muriel M. K. E. Douglas
Irma Jessie Diescher
Harry E. Ballman
Eugene C. Wann
Edith G. Daggett
Rose C. Goode
Margaret A. Dobson
Mildred C. Jones
Harold Helm
Clarissa Rose
George T. Leach
F. Austin Cartmell
Ruth Frost
Elizabeth A. Gest
Geraldine Noel
Marjorie Connor
Isabel Williamson
Roger M. Smith
Ruth Margaret Keran
Walter W. Hood
Richard de Charms, Jr.
Dorothy Straine
Ethel E. Smith
William Davis Gordon
Jack Morse

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Reynold A. Spaeth
Henry H. Hickman
Morgan Hebard
R. Ellison Thompson
Stanley Cobb
Joseph S. Webb
Georgette Mallet
T. K. Whipple
Florence R. T. Smith
Thad R. Goldsberry
C. B. Andrews
John L. Hopper
Frances Cora Dudley
James N. Young
Ada H. Case
Winifred Booker

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Clifford H. Lawrence
Ruth F. Londoner
Loulon Sloet d'Oldreutenborgh
Alice L. Cousens
Sidney F. Kimball
Raymond P. White
Laurence Day
Francis J. Gerhard
Sally Van Zilo
Theodore M. Prudden
Adelaide B. Montizambert
Louise Obenmeyer
Abbott Norris
Mollie Brooks
Cyril S. Tracy
Anna Heffern
Rebekah F. Mitchell
Lawrence B. Lathrop
Burwell Newton
Allan W. Stephens
C. Marjorie Mhoon
Nellie R. Kingsley
Leslie Bradley
Clarence L. Hauthaway
Stanley Cowden
Cora Edith Wellman
Dorothy Farmun

PUZZLES 1.

Howard Hosmer
William Ellis Keysor
Virginia Worthington
Clarence T. Purdy
Dorothea M. Dexter
Ruth Bagley
Weston Harding
F. C. F. Randolph
M. D. Malcomson
Gretchen Donnelly
Marcus Clifford Miller
Helen M. Gaston

PUZZLES 2.

Frances Benedict
Helen F. Carter
Scott Sterling
Thomas S. McAllister
Chester Ober
Elizabeth Clarke
Charles C. Rossire, Jr.
George T. Colman
Dorothy Ames
Joseph Wells
Katharine L. Putnam
David K. Jackman
Carolus R. Webb
T. Lawrason Riggs
S. Butler Murray, Jr.
Florence Hoyte
Mary H. Colton
Edward W. Gridley

BY ALICE JOSEPHINE GOSS, AGE 16.

CHAPTERS.

No. 634. "Jolly Four." Bessie Wright, President; Howard Rushton, Secretary; four members. Address, Fairmont, Neb.

No. 635. "Carnation." Bertha Poole, President; Helen McNair, Secretary; four members. Address, Cloquet, Minn.

No. 636. Geoffrey Hawes, President; Clarence Stevens, Secretary; ten members. Address, 37 Marlborough Ave., Providence, R. I.

No. 637. "Invincibles." Prince Wheeler, President; Earle Voter, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, care of Mrs. F. Wheeler, Phillips, Me.

No. 638. Ingle Barr, President; Adela Wilson, Secretary; five members. Address, 1358 Grace Ave., Mt. Lookout, Cincinnati, O.

No. 639. "Indian Club." Harriet Maxon, President; Dorothy Rogers, Secretary; three members. Address, 318 Ogden Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

No. 640. Marion Beiermeister, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Corner Tiblits and Brunswick Aves., Troy, N. Y.

No. 641. "Night Hawk." George McGill, President; Porter Haworth, Secretary; eight members. Address, 527 Kenwood Terrace, Chicago, Ill.

No. 642. "R. M. S." Michele Ticknor, President; Margaret Yancey, Secretary; two members. Address, Albany, Ga.

No. 643. Majel Buckstaff, President; six members. Address, 100 Algoma St., Oshkosh, Wis.

No. 644. "Frisky Four." Elizabeth Flynn, President; four members. Address, Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

No. 645. "The Ping Pong Players." Lucy Keifer, President; Irma Herman, Secretary; two members. Address, 1621 M Street, Lincoln, Neb.

No. 646. "Nature Boys." Herbert Ditterline, President; Clarence Green, Secretary; three members. Address, McNoel, Ill.

No. 647. "Moonbeam." Janet Sauce, President; Mary Matthews, Secretary; four members. Address, Kenosha, Wis.

No. 648. "Sweet Pea." Mary Rosevear, President; Roland Ackerman, Secretary; four members. Address, 162 Engle St., Englewood, N. J.

"FROM NATURE." BY ADAM GIMBEL, AGE 9.

No. 649. "Live to Learn." Dorothy Kuhns, President; Rachel Bulley, Secretary; ten members. Address, Canton, O.

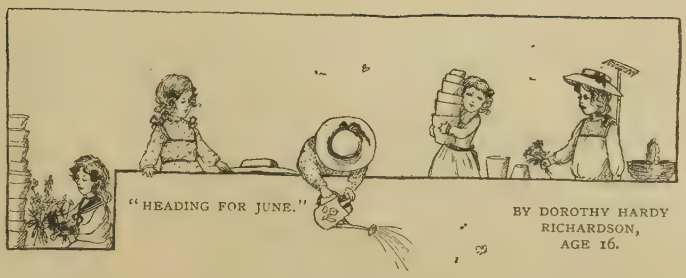
PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 45.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A Special Cash Prize. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, *a cash prize of five dollars* will be awarded, *instead of another gold badge.*

Competition No. 45 will close **June 20** (for foreign members **June 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for September.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Title, "Lullaby."



"HEADING FOR JUNE." BY DOROTHY HARDY RICHARDSON, AGE 16.

Prose. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Title, "My Favorite Episode in History." May be humorous or serious.

"HEADING FOR JUNE." BY A. BROOKS LISTER, AGE 9.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Sunny Corner."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "A Caricature of Some Famous Living American" and "A Heading for September."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild-animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

EVERY contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the *margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.

"JUNE." BY EARLE VICKERY, AGE 9.

BOOKS AND READING.

"MY FAVORITE PLACE FOR READING."

THE choosing of the prize-winners was, as usual, a difficult task. Nearly all the papers submitted were excellent, and even among the best of them were many showing that commonest of faults in young people's writing — affectation. After much re-reading and comparison the following young authors were selected as prize-winners:

First Prize, $3.00 worth of books published by the Century Co.: MARY BLOSSOM BLOSS (11), St. Joseph, Mo. Second Prize, $2.00 worth of books: YSEULTE PARNELL (16), London, England. Third Prize, $1.00 worth of books, ELIZABETH Q. BOLLES (17), Cambridge, Mass. Next in order came MARIAN GARDNER (12), Chatham, N. Y.; MILDRED FLECK (8), Denver, Colo.; and THEODORE BIGGS METZGER (15), Elmira, N. Y.

We print the first-prize essay:

MY FAVORITE PLACE FOR READING.

BY MARY BLOSSOM BLOSS (AGE 11).

THERE are many, many lovely places for reading, but I think mine is one of the loveliest. And now you will be curious to know what kind of a nook or corner I have for my reading-place. But it is neither nook nor corner, but a small house built up in the branches of a very large tree. It is down at the end of the yard, and stands about ten feet from the ground. You may think that it is very inconvenient to reach this little house of ours; but that is not so, as there are steps leading up to it. Then, when we once get up, there is no possible danger of falling, as there is a high board fence all around it. On hot summer days, when I want to steal away from all the rest of the world and read of gnomes and charming fairies, I have only to wave my magic wand, and my feet begin to travel, and take me across green grass and past yellow and red roses, and beautiful red apples, that grow from trees that look as if they sprouted right out of fairyland just because they knew I was coming, up a flight of stairs, to a hammock that is spreading out to catch me; then the tree waves all its branches, and a breeze springs up and blows me out of the world into fairyland. Oh, how lovely is Prince Charming when he steps up and asks me to come to the ball to-night. Then away I go dancing and waltzing with all the charming princes.

And there are many others, too, that will invite me any time I choose to go to my favorite place for reading.

Our competitors will be surprised to learn that nearly a third of the papers submitted were given up to describing the delights of reading in a *tree!* Out of over a hundred choices named, thirty-seven indicated a preference for the boughs of a tree or the shade of the woods. Next in favor came reading by the fire, in a big chair, in a hammock, by a lake or river. The attic and the veranda come next, followed by library or sitting-room. This would seem to indicate that the librarians are making a mistake in setting apart reading-rooms for young people. If the young readers themselves are to be pleased, the way to provide for their comfort is to secure an orchard of gnarly-armed apple-trees, and fit board seats among the branches! This for summer. For winter, library committees should provide big fireplaces, in front of which are cozy rugs and large arm-chairs. Possibly thrifty farmers might rent their orchards for reading-rooms to young summer visitors.

THE JUNE CONTEST.

For the June contest three prizes of subscriptions to ST. NICHOLAS or the same value in books will be awarded for the best answers to the following question: If you wished to lead a boy under sixteen to read good literature, what ten books of fiction would you name as likely to give him a taste for the best reading? Answers must be brief, and must be received by June 15, 1903. Address Books and Reading Department, ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE, Union Square, New York. Readers under eighteen years of age may compete.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Inclosed you will please find my list of books that will be of use to lovers of nature, birds, and objects found on the sea-shore. I have read nearly all the books, and I think they are interesting and very instructive.

I had the pleasure of spending four years out in the country, and one winter in Palm Beach, Florida. I am very fond of all nature, and delight in roaming about the fields, woods, swamps, and roadsides.

My favorite departments in the ST. NICHOLAS are Nature and Science, and Books and Reading.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Annapolis; finals, West Point. Cross-words: 1. Arrow. 2. Niche. 3. Nouns. 4. About. 5. Plump. 6. Owego. 7. Lundi. 8. Ilion. 9. Start.

SUBTRACTIONS. Landseer. 1. Bull, dog. 2. Spaniel, spa. 3. Saint Bernard, in. 4. Bloodhound, blood. 5. Mastiff, as. 6. Collie, lie. 7. Dhole, hole. 8. Terrier, err.

NOVEL DIAGONAL. Aristophanes. 1. Affuse. 2. Riddle. 3. Esteem. 4. Trophy. 5. Lethal. 6. Serene. 7. Crisis.

ZIGZAG. Decoration Day. Cross-words: 1. Drapery. 2. Mercury. 3. Factory. 4. Dorothy. 5. Returns. 6. Instead. 7. Thought. 8. Plaudit. 9. Sorrows. 10. Winning. 11. Madness. 12. Parents. 13. Yearned.

DIVIDED WORDS. 1. Pa-il, ca-ne, pane. 2. La-rk, ca-mp, lamp. 3. Bo-ok, co-at, boat. 4. La-ce, ra-ke, lake.

ZIGZAG. Memorial Day. 1. Ti-mid-ly. 2. Co-met-ic. 3. Ottom-an. 4. Pa-rot-id. 5. Pa-rag-on. 6. Po-lit-ic. 7. Mo-ora-ge. 8. Co-ale-ry. 9. Ar-den-cy. 10. Pe-nan-ce. 11. De-lay-ed.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMA. 1. Cur-led. 2. In-ward. 3. Viol-ate. 4. Imp-rove.

DIAGONAL. America. 1. Ancient. 2. Immense. 3. Clement. 4. Gherkin. 5. Bandits. 6. Trounce. 7. Rebecca.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Base. 2. Abel. 3. Sell. 4. Ella. II. 1. Bear. 2. Ease. 3. Asks. 4. Rest. III. 1. Aster. 2. Shore. 3. Total. 4. Erase. 5. Relet. IV. 1. Star. 2. Tine. 3. Anna. 4. Rear. V. 1. Trip. 2. Ride. 3. Idea. 4. Pear.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from "M. McG."—Alice Taylor Huyler—Bertha B. Janney—"Allil and Adi"—Joe Carlada—Mary Alice Stevenson—Mollie G.—"Red Rovers"—Rumsey Hall—Hannah T. Thompson—Laura Dow—Lilian Sarah Burt—Edward Sargent Steinbach—Daniel Milton Miller—Allen West—Esther, Ernest, and Constance—"Johnny Bear"—Mabel, George, and Henri—"Chuck"—George T. Colman—Marion B. Gifford.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from A. C. Shillaber, 1—L. Pfeiffer, 1—S. W. Robb, 1—Ruth M. Naughton, 5—Mignonne Parker, 6—E. Russell, 2—M. Crabbe, 2—W. P. Waters, 1—Irene Williams, 5—C. B. Leete, 1—A. Cruger, 1—M. Gordon, 2—Elizabeth Cellarius, 5—S. Hogg, 1—A. G. Gordon, 1—E. Gay, 1—M. Causse, 1—A. Pollock, 1—G. Bothum, 1—"Annabel Lea," 3—Louise B. Sloss, 4—B. Tappan, 1—R. W. Robbins, 1—Florence A. Rideout, 2—W. English, 1—Mabel Chapin, 1—E. A. Madge, 9—Amelia S. Ferguson, 10—Dorothy Stoddard, 10—Eleanor Underwood, 10—Stella B. Weinstein, 10—Margaret C. Wilby, 9—Olive Brush and Sadie Rust, 6—William G. Rice, Jr., 4—Jean and Anna Mackenzie, 2—C. Niven, 1—A. Gould, 1—P. B. Schnur, 1—W. E. Perry, 1—Bessie S. Jones, 1—S. Young, 1—H. B. Barclay, 1—J. Schools, 1.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another in the order here given, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a great musical composer, and another row, also reading downward, will spell a word which forms part of the name of one of his most famous compositions.

1. Belonging to Abram. 2. The surname of a famous English admiral. 3. One who is empowered to examine manuscripts before they are committed to the press, and to forbid their publication if they contain anything obnoxious. 4. A thin cord. 5. Ought to. 6. A titmouse. 7. To take vengeance for. 8. Heaviness. 9. To ask.

FLORENCE HOYTE (League Member).

DIAGONAL.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, in the order here given, the diagonal (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a pretty wild flower.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A gorgeous insect. 2. Agitated. 3. Contented. 4. One who deals in books and stationery. 5. Remarkable. 6. Made certain. 7. A remarkable sight. 8. Given to trifling. 9. The state or dignity of a queen.

WALTER J. SCHLOSS.

HIDDEN CELEBRITIES.

ONE name is concealed in each sentence.

1. The spider's webs terrify the flies, for so many of them manage to avoid them.

2. A species of bark, Wrightia by name, is very valuable.

3. Whitney's cotton-gin was a boon to humanity.

4. "When will Laurence come home?" "He is home," responded Martha.

5. The sahib sent his slave to Mustapha.

6. All the tunnels on the road are lighted with electricity.

7. The bully struck the little boy, who, crying, ran to his mother.

8. If the poor could obtain enough coal they would be happy.

9. How far can you toss? I and my brother can toss quite a distance.

10. We must have some new tongs without any long delay.

The initials of the ten concealed names will spell the name of a famous American.

HERBERT ALLAN BOAS (League Member).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals spell the title of a popular book, and my finals spell the surname of the author.

Cross-words (of unequal length): 1. Interchange of goods. 2. A temporary obstruction. 3. A Biblical name. 4. A round piece used in a game. 5. Anything preserved in remembrance. 6. A measure of length. 7. A prefix signifying half. 8. The very same. 9. A guard.

EDITH WINSLOW (League Member).

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

When the six objects in the above picture have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the surname of a man who was known as the "Last Cocked Hat."

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

When the following words have been rightly guessed and written one below another in the order named, the initial letters will spell the name of a great general, and another row of letters will spell the place where he passed the winter of 1777–78.

Cross-words: 1. A donor. 2. Fatigued. 3. Troubled. 4. A city associated with witchcraft. 5. A large but cowardly animal. 6. Short poems. 7. An old word meaning "a trifle." 8. A goblin. 9. Exhausted. 10. A musical instrument. 11. A relative.

SAMUEL P. HALDENSTEIN (League Member).

INSERTIONS.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

Example: Insert a letter in a small nail, and make the staff of life. Answer, Br-e-ad, brad.

1. Insert a letter in to stagger, and make one who revolts. 2. Insert a letter in a forest, and make a common verb. 3. Insert a letter in small quadrupeds, and make to chop fine. 4. Insert a letter in expires, and make ditches. 5. Insert a letter in to discover, and make one who is maliciously wicked. 6. Insert a letter in a rubber pipe, and make an animal. 7. Insert a letter in an Egyptian deity, and make a little green fly. 8. Insert a letter in a landlord, and make to lift. 9. Insert a letter in a common name for the mapach, and make a punctuation-mark. 10. Insert a letter in to fly aloft, and make pertaining to the sun.

The inserted letters will spell the name of a famous battle.

DOROTHY FAY.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. To lose color. 2. At a distance. 3. A small valley. 4. Parts of the head.

II. 1. Expires. 2. A mental image. 3. Snake-like fishes. 4. A girdle.

M. AND R. KNAPPENBERGER (League Members).

HIDDEN WORDS.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

One word is hidden in each sentence. When the eleven hidden words (all of the same length) have been rightly guessed and written one below another, their initials will spell the name of a celebrated French revolutionist.

1. At Cairo very fine mosques are to be seen.
2. Did you have a good night? No; the rooks kept me awake.
3. The monkey nibbled the bun cheerfully.
4. You can see the railroad from the window.
5. He cast artful glances in my direction.
6. When he had found his cap I permitted him to go.
7. The fly-wheel of this engine is four and a quarter feet in diameter.
8. If you do not succeed, why, then, try again.
9. When he said that it was silver I derided him.
10. Since the disaster I very seldom go near the place.
11. He rectified the error.

W. N. COUPLAND.

CONNECTED SQUARES.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

I. Upper Left-hand Square: 1. Opposed with firmness. 2. To stay. 3. Courteous. 4. A law. 5. A Greek letter.

II. Upper Right-hand Square: 1. An artificial watercourse. 2. A legal term meaning "in another place." 3. A month of the Jewish calendar. 4. To lower. 5. Cloth made of flax.

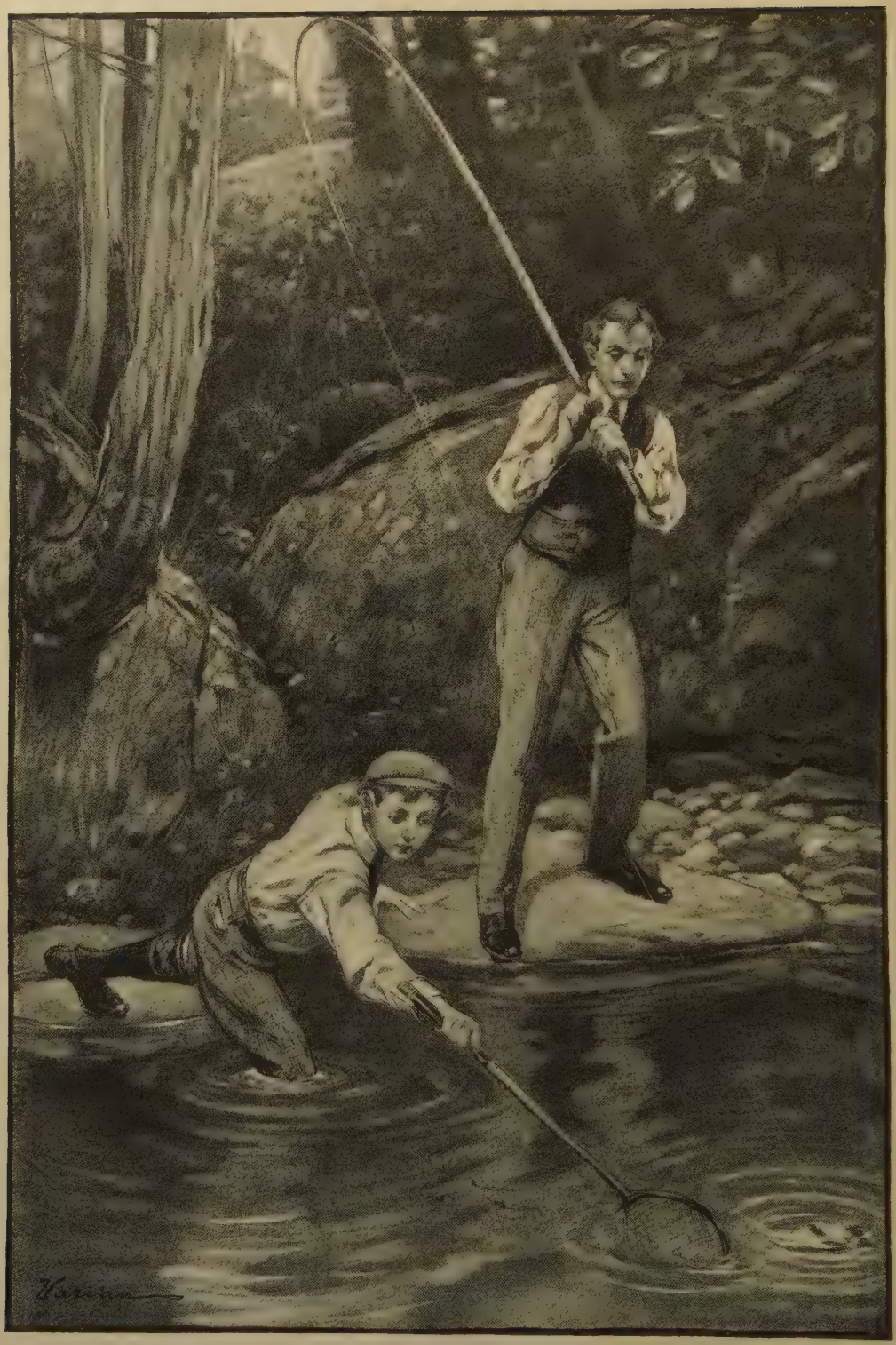
III. Central Square: 1. A spring month. 2. Indian meal made into dough and baked. 3. The fourth stomach of ruminants. 4. Sluggish. 5. A musical term meaning "slowly."

IV. Lower Left-hand Square: 1. Kingly. 2. Overjoyed. 3. A young street Arab. 4. In the manner of a tilter. 5. Slowly.

V. Lower Right-hand Square: 1. To choose. 2. The machine of a turner. 3. Air. 4. A game. 5. Concise.

VASHTI KAYE.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



"'NOW!' WHISPERED THE PROFESSOR, INTENSELY."

(*See "A Pair of Poachers," page 775.*)

ST. NICHOLAS.

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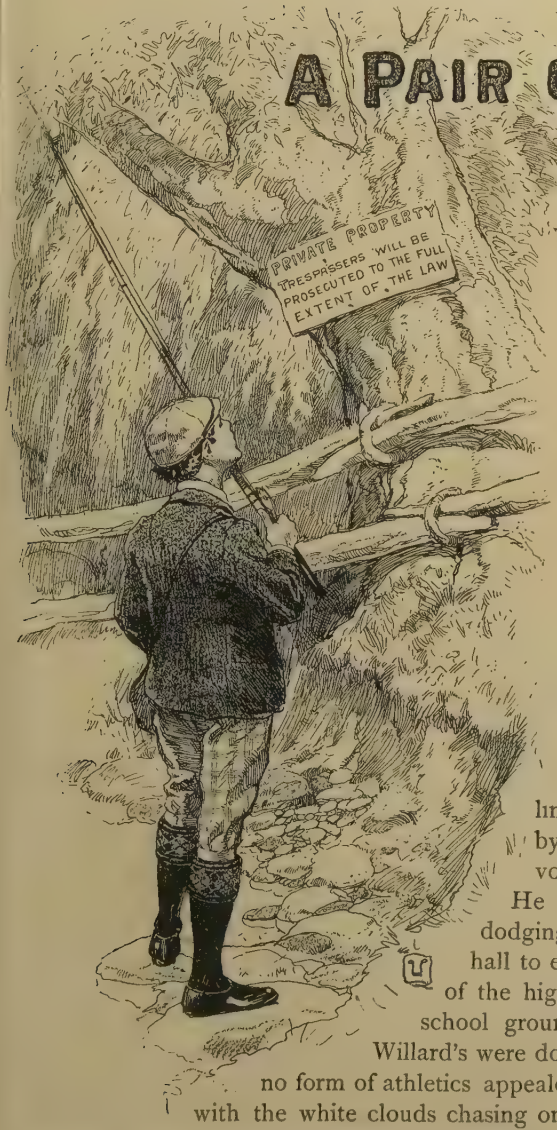

A PAIR OF POACHERS.

BY

RALPH HENRY BARBOUR.

TOM PIERSON strode briskly down the hill, fishing-rod in hand. As long as he had been in sight of the school he had skulked in the shadow of the hedges, for he knew that Joe Satterlee was looking for him, and the society of that youth was the last thing he desired at present. For Joe Satterlee possessed the highly erroneous idea that the best way to catch trout was to make as much noise as possible and to toss sticks and pebbles into the brook. And so Tom, a devout disciple of Izaak Walton, preferred to do without his chum when he went fishing.

The time was a quarter after four of a late May afternoon. Tom had tossed the last book into his desk and slammed the lid just fifteen minutes before. From the school hall he had sneaked to the dormitory, and secured his rod, line, and flies. Even as he had descended warily by means of the fire-escape, he had heard the voice of Satterlee calling his name in the corridor. He had reached the brook path undetected by dodging from dormitory to school hall and from school hall to engine-house, and so to the protecting shadows of the high hedge that marked the western limit of the school grounds. Most of the other two dozen pupils of Willard's were down on the field, busy with balls and bats. But no form of athletics appealed to Tom Pierson as did angling, and to-day, with the white clouds chasing one another across the blue sky and the alder-bordered brook in sight, he was almost happy. Almost, but not quite; for even at sixteen life

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is not always clear of trouble. Tom's trouble was "Old Crusty." If it were not for "Old Crusty," he thought gloomily, as he swung his pole through the new grass, he would be quite happy.

"Old Crusty's" real name, you must know, was Professor Bailey: he was one of the two submasters; and as for being old, he was in truth scarce over forty — a good ten years younger than Dr. Willard, the head-master, to whom, for some reason, the fellows never thought of referring as "Old Willard." Professor Bailey and Tom had never, from the first, got on at all well together. The professor believed Tom quite capable of mastering mathematics as well as others of his form, and had scant patience for the boy's sorry performances. Tom believed that "Old Crusty" dealt more severely with him than with the rest — in short, to use his own expression, that the professor "had it in for him." One thing is certain: the more the submaster lectured Tom and ridiculed his efforts before the class, the more he kept him in after school, the less Tom knew of mathematics and the wider grew the breach between pupil and teacher.

In all other studies Tom was eminently successful, and there is no doubt but that with a better understanding between him and the submaster the former would have made a creditable showing in the science that was at present the bane of his life. But, as it was, Tom hated "Old Crusty" with a great hatred, while the submaster felt for Tom a large contempt, if not an absolute aversion. And it must be acknowledged that Tom gave him sufficient cause.

A great deal of this passed through Tom's mind as he descended the path and reached the shelter of the low-spreading alders that marked the course of the brook. But, with the sound of the bubbling water in his ears, he put trouble behind him. Laying aside his coat, he fitted his split-bamboo rod, and studied the sky and the pool before him. Then he chose a rather worn brown fly, and cast it gently into the center of the limpid basin. Above him the branches almost met, and he knew from experience that if he hooked a trout he would have to play him downstream before he could land him. Ten minutes passed, but, save for the inquiring nibble of a sunfish or similar small fry, he found no encouragement. The sun went behind a large cloud, and Tom changed his fly for a bright red-and-gray one. But even that failed to entice the trout. He grew impatient, for the school rules required him to be back in bounds by half-past five. Presently he drew in his line, donned his coat, and made his way noiselessly downstream. When he had gone some ten yards, creeping from bank to rock and from rock to bank again, not without more than once filling his scuffed shoes with water, he reached a fence, the rails of which reached straight across the stream, which here narrowed to a rocky cascade. On the trunk of a big willow at one side there was a board. On the board was the legend:

PRIVATE PROPERTY.
TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED
TO THE FULL EXTENT OF THE LAW.

Tom winked at the sign, and climbed the fence. He did it so nimbly and expeditiously as to suggest a certain amount of experience. In truth, Tom had crossed that fence before, not once but several times, since the trout had commenced to bite that spring. If it will make his conduct appear any less heinous, it may be said in his behalf that he always gave a fair trial to that part of the brook within the school grounds, and only when success failed him there did he defy the law and become a trespasser on the estate of "Fernwood." It would be interesting to know whether old Father Walton always respected "No trespassing" signs. Whether he did or did not, he appears to have left as a heritage to his followers a special code of morals where forbidden property is concerned; for often a man who will hold the theft of an apple from a roadside orchard in utmost horror will not hesitate to extract a fish from a neighbor's brook and bear it off in complacent, untroubled triumph. If I have dealt at undue length upon this subject, it is because, for the sake of my hero, I wish the reader to view such amateur poaching as his with as lenient an eye as possible.

Fernwood held one widely celebrated pool, from which, even when all of the other pools refused to give up a single fish, the practised

angler could invariably draw at least a trio of good-sized trout. Toward this ideal spot Tom Pierson, making his way very quietly that he might not disturb and so cause unnecessary trouble to a couple of very alert gardeners, directed his steps. Once, in spite of care, his line became entangled, and once he went to his knees in the icy water. Yet both these mishaps but whetted his appetite for the sport ahead. When he had gained a spot a dozen yards upstream from the big pool, he paused, laid aside pole-rod and paraphernalia, and crept cautiously forward to reconnoiter. If, he argued very plausibly, discovery was to fall to his lot, at least it were better to be found guiltless of fishing-tackle. He crouched still lower, as, over by a clump of dead willows within the school bounds, he espied through the trees the jauntily appareled Satterlee briskly whipping the surface of the brook with unsportsmanlike energy and apparent disregard of results. Tom, however, knew himself to be unobserved, so felt no fear from that source. But just as the dark waters of the pool came into sight between the lapping branches, a sound, close at hand and unmistakable as to origin, caused his heart to sink with disappointment. There would be no fishing for him to-day, for some one was already at the pool. The soft click of a running reel came plainly to his ears.

He paused motionless, silent, and scowled darkly in the direction of the unseen angler. Then he went forward again, peering under the leaves. At least he would know who it was that had spoiled his sport. Three steps — four; then he suddenly stood upright and gasped loudly. His eyes opened until they seemed about to pop out of his head, and he rubbed them vigorously, as though he doubted their evidence. After a moment he again stooped, this time sinking almost to his knees, and never heeding the icy water that well-nigh benumbed his immersed feet. On the farther side of the broad pool, in plain sight, stood "Old Crusty"!

He was hatless and coatless, and palpitant with the excitement of the sport. His lean and somewhat sallow face was flushed above the prominent cheek-bones, and his gray eyes sparkled brightly in the gloom of the clustering branches. He stood lithely erect, the usual studious stoop of the shoulders gone for the time, and, with one hand firmly grasping the butt of his rod and the other guarding the reel, was giving every thought to the playing of a big trout that, fly in mouth, was darting and tugging until the slender basswood bent nearly double. As Tom looked, surprised, breathless with the excitement of his discovery, the fish shot under the shelter of an overhanging boulder, weary and sulky, and the angler began slowly to reel in his line. Inch by inch came the trout, now without remonstrance, now jumping and slashing like ten fishes, yet ever nearing the captor and the landing-net. It was a glorious battle, and Tom, forgetting all else, crept nearer and nearer through the leaves until, hidden only by a screen of alder branches, he stood at the upstream edge of the basin. At length, resisting heroically, fighting every inch of the way, the trout was drawn close in to the flat rock where stood his exultant captor. The latter reached a hand softly out and seized the landing-net. Then, kneeling on the brink of the pool, with one leg, he made a sudden dip; there was an instant of swishing, then up came net and trout, and —

At the end of the pool there was a terrifying splash, a muttered cry, and Tom, forgetful of his precarious footing, sat down suddenly and forcibly on a stone, his legs up to the knees in water. The landing-net dropped from the angler's hand, and the trout, suddenly restored to his element, dashed madly off, while the reel screeched loudly as the line ran out. The professor, white of face, stared amazedly at Tom. Tom stared defiantly, triumphantly back at the professor. For a long, long minute the two gazed at each other across the sun-flecked water. Then, with a shrug of his shoulders, "Old Crusty" stooped and recovered his rod. When he again faced the boy there was a disagreeable expression about his mouth.

"Well, Pierson," he said as he wound up his line, "you 're better at playing the spy than at studying your lessons, it seems."

The blood rushed into Tom's face, but he held his tongue. He could well afford to pass the insult, he argued with savage triumph; "Old Crusty" was in his power. He had only to inform Dr. Willard, and, beyond a doubt,

the submaster's connection with the school would terminate instantly. The head-master held poaching to be the deadliest of sins, and poaching on Fernwood especially heinous. That his enemy was poaching, that he did not hold permission to whip the big pool, was evident from the confusion into which Tom's sudden entry on to the scene had thrown him. Yes, "Old Crusty" could vent his anger to his heart's content; for, when all was said, Tom

"THE JAUNTILY APPARELED SATTERLEE BRISKLY WHIPPING THE SURFACE OF THE BROOK."

still held the whip-hand. But then the enormity of the crime with which he had been charged struck Tom with full force, like a blow in the face. At Willard's, as at all schools, spying, like tale-bearing, was held by the pupils to be something far beneath contempt. And "Old Crusty" had called him a spy! The blood again dyed the boy's face, and he clambered to his soaking feet and faced the submaster angrily.

"It 's a lie!" he said hotly. "I was not spying. I did n't follow you here."

The submaster raised his eyebrows incredulously.

"Is that the truth?" he asked.

"I don't lie," answered Tom, with righteous indignation, glaring hatred across the pool.

"Ah," said the other. "In that case I beg your pardon. I retract my remark, Pierson."

The line was again taut, and now, apparently indifferent to the boy's presence, he began to play the trout once more, warily, slowly. Tom looked on from his rock, the intensity of his anger past. He was forced to acknowledge that "Old Crusty" had at least apologized honestly and fairly; he wished he had n't: somehow, he felt at a disadvantage. And there was the enemy proceeding with his wicked sport for all the world as though Tom did not hold his fate in his hand, as it were! Tom swelled with indignation.

"I suppose you know you 're poaching?" he asked presently, breaking the long silence. The submaster did not turn his head; he merely drew his brows together as though in protest at the interruption. Tom scowled. What a hardened criminal "Old Crusty" was, to be sure!

The trout had but little fight left in him now, and his journey back across the pool was almost without excitement. Only when he felt the imminence of the shore did he call upon his flagging strength and make one last gallant struggle for liberty. To such purpose did he battle then, however, that the man at the rod was forced to play out a yard or so of line. Tom's interest was again engaged, and, much against his inclination, he had to acknowledge that "Old Crusty" was a master angler. And with that thought came another and a strange one, and it was just this:

"Why," he asked himself, "if he can be as wonderfully patient with a trout as all that, why can't he be a little patient with me?"

Suddenly, with the trout almost under the bank, the angler paused and looked about him, at a loss. Tom instantly divined his quandary; the landing-net was floating on the surface of the pool fully three yards distant. Tom grinned with malicious satisfaction for a moment; but then —

"Will you take the rod a minute?" asked "Old Crusty," just as though there was no enmity between them. "I 'll have to get that net somehow."

Tom looked from the net to his soaking shoes and trousers. There was but one thing to do.

"I 'll get it," he answered. "I 'm wet already."

He threw aside coat and hat, and waded in. The professor watched him with expressionless face. Tom secured the runaway net, and came out, dripping to his arm-pits, at the submaster's side. But when he offered the net the other only asked anxiously:

"Do you think you can land him? The leader 's almost cut through, and I 'm afraid to bring him in any farther."

Tom hesitated, net in hand.

"That will be all right," continued the other; "I promise you I 'll never tell that you had a hand in it."

Tom flushed.

"I was n't thinking of that," he said. "Hold him steady, and I 'll get him."

He knelt on the rock and looked for the trout. It was nearly two yards away and well under the water. He put one foot over the edge and groped about until he found a support for it below the surface. But even then his arm was too short to get the net to the fish.

"Can't you coax him in another foot?" he asked anxiously.

"I 'll try," answered "Old Crusty." "If the line will hold —"

He wound gingerly. The gleaming sides of the trout came toward the surface. Tom reached out with the net, slipped it quietly into the pool, and moved it toward the prey.

"Now!" whispered the professor, intensely.

Up came the landing-net, and with it, floundering mightily and casting the glittering drops into the air, came the captive.

"Well done!" cried the professor, laying aside his rod. Praise from an enemy is the sweetest praise of all, and Tom's heart gave a bound. The professor seized the trout, took it from the net, and, laying it upon the bank, removed the hook from its gasping mouth. Then, with a finger crooked through its gill, he held it admiringly aloft.

"Is n't he a beauty?" he asked.

"You bet!" replied Tom, in awe-struck tones. "The biggest I ever saw in this stream. Must be two pounds and a half, sir?"

"Well, two pounds easily," answered "Old Crusty," shutting one eye and hefting his troutship knowingly.

"What will you do with him?" asked Tom.

The other smiled. For answer he knelt again on the rock, and, removing his hold, allowed the fish to slide from his open palms back into the pool. Tom's eyes grew round with surprise. The trout, after one brief moment of amazement quite as vast as the boy's, scuttled from sight. Tom turned questioning eyes upon the professor. The latter shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"I don't want him; he would be of no use to me, Pierson. All I want is the joy of catching him."

He turned, donned his hat and coat, and began to wind up his line, examining the frayed leader critically. Tom began to feel uncomfortable; it seemed to him that the truce should be at an end now, and that he ought to take his departure. But he did n't; he merely stood by and watched. Presently the professor turned to him again, a rather rueful smile on his lips.

"Pierson," he said, "what are you going to do with me now that you 've caught me here where poachers and trespassers are forbidden?"

Tom dropped his gaze, but made no answer. The submaster thrust the sections of his rod into a brown leather case and slipped his fly-book into his coat pocket. Then he said suddenly:

"Look here, Pierson, I 'm going to ask a favor of you: don't say anything about this to the doctor, please."

Tom's momentary qualm of pity disappeared. "Old Crusty" was begging for mercy! The boy experienced the glow of proud satisfaction felt by the gladiator of old when, his foot on the neck of the vanquished opponent, he heard the crowded Colosseum burst into applause. But with the elation of the conqueror was mingled the disappointment of one who sees the shattering of an idol. "Old Crusty" had been to him the personification of injustice and tyranny; but never once had Tom doubted his honesty or courage. An enemy he had been, but an honored one. And now the honesty was stripped away. "Old Crusty" had not the courage to stand up like a man and take his punishment, but had descended so low as to beg his enemy to aid him in the cowardly concealment of his

crime! And this man had dared to call him a spy! Tom gulped in an effort to restrain his angry indignation.

And all the while he had been looking across the pool, and so was not aware that the submaster had been studying his face very intently, or that the submaster's lips held a queer little smile oddly at variance with the character of a detected criminal at the mercy of his enemy.

The detected criminal continued his specious pleading.

"You see, Pierson," he said, "there 's just one thing that can happen to a person in my position convicted of poaching, and that 's discharge. Of course you don't recognize much difference between discharge and resignation; but I do: the difference is apparent when it comes to obtaining a new position. A discharged instructor is a hopeless proposition; one who has resigned may, in the course of time, find another place. And so what I ask you to do is to keep quiet and give me time to resign."

"Oh!" said Tom. His faith in mankind was reëstablished. He had misjudged the enemy. After all, "Old Crusty" was worthy of his hatred. He was very glad. But before he could find an answer the other went on:

"If I were a younger man, Pierson, my chances would be better. But at my time of life losing my position means a good deal. You must see that. And — could you give me until to-morrow evening?"

Tom nodded without looking up. He wanted to say something, he did n't at all know what. But the elation was all gone, and he felt — oh, miserably mean!

"Thank you," said the submaster, pleasantly. "And now I think we 'd best go home. You should get those wet clothes off as soon as possible." He looked at his watch. "I had no idea it was so late," he muttered. "We 'll have to hurry." He moved off along the edge of the stream, and Tom recovered coat and hat and followed. He did n't feel happy. His thoughts were fixed on matters other than his footing, and more than once he went into the brook. Presently he broke the silence.

"Are you going to — resign, sir?"

"Does n't that seem best, Pierson?"

"I — I don't know," muttered Tom. There was another silence, lasting for a few yards. Then, "I — I wish you would n't, sir," he said with a gulp.

"Eh?" The submaster paused, turned, and faced him in surprise. "What 's that, Pierson?"

Tom cleared his throat.

"I said — I wished you would n't; resign, you know."

"What do you mean?" asked the other. "Do you want to have me discharged, or —"

"No, sir, I don't," answered the boy, getting his voice back. "I — I 'm not going to tell at all, sir — ever!"

"How 's that?" asked the submaster, in puzzled tones. "You don't like me the least bit in the world, my boy; in fact, I 'm not sure you don't hate me heartily. Does n't it strike you that you 've got your chance now? Get rid of me, Pierson, and there 'll be no mathematics — for a while."

"I don't want to get rid of you," muttered Tom, shamefacedly. "I — I did n't like you: you 'd never let me; you 've always been as hard on me as you could be. I can get those lessons — I know I can! — if you 'll only not be down on me. I did hate you, sir," — he looked up with a gleam of the old defiance, — "but I don't any longer."

"Why?" asked "Old Crusty," after a moment, very quietly and kindly. Tom shook his head.

"I don't know — exactly. I guess because you 're a good trout-fisher, and you begged my pardon, and — and you treated me like — like —" He faltered and came to a pause, at a loss for words. But the other nodded his head as though he understood.

"I see," he muttered. Then, "Look here, Pierson," he said, "I see that I 've been mistaken about you; I 've been greatly at fault. I tell you so frankly; and — I 'm sorry. If I were going to remain I think you and I would get on a lot better together."

"Yes, sir," answered Tom, eagerly. "And — and could n't you stay, sir?"

The other was silent a moment, looking smilingly at the boy's bent head. At length, "If I should accept of your — ah — mercy,

Pierson, it would have to be understood that there was no bargain between us. I think we 'd get on better, you and I, but I would n't buy your silence. If you ever needed a wigging or any other punishment I 'd give it to you. Would you agree to that?"

"I don't want any old bargain, sir," Tom cried. "And I 'll take the punishment. I 'm — I 'm not a baby!"

"Good! Shake hands. Now let us hurry home."

"Yes, sir, but — just a minute, please." Tom darted into the wood and came back with his rod and flies. He did not try to conceal them, but he looked sheepishly up into the submaster's face. This was a study of conflicting emotions. In the end amusement got the better of the others, and he viewed Tom with a broad smile.

"And so there is a pair of us, eh?" he asked.

"TOM STARED IN AMAZEMENT AND DISMAY." (SEE PAGE 778.)

"Yes, sir," answered Tom. The submaster laughed softly and put one hand companionably upon the boy's shoulder.

"Pierson," he said, "suppose you and I agree to reform?"

"All right, sir."

"No more poaching, eh? After this we 'll stick to our own preserves."

"Yes, sir. I 'm willing if you are."

"Because, after all, we can't improve on that trite old proverb which says that honesty is the best policy, can we?"

"No, sir," Tom responded.

They left the thicket together and began the ascent of the meadow hill. Twilight was gathering, and a sharp-edged crescent of silver glowed in the evening sky above the tower of the school hall. It was the submaster who broke the silence first.

"And yet there are fine trout in the big pool," he said musingly.

Tom sighed unconsciously. "Are n't there, though?" he asked.

"I took one out one day last spring that weighed nearly three pounds," continued the submaster.

Tom sighed again. "Did you?" he asked dolefully.

"Yes; and — look here, Pierson, tell me, how would you like to fish there as often as you wanted through the trout season?"

"I 'd like it!" answered Tom, briefly and succinctly, wishing, nevertheless, that the submaster would n't pursue such a harrowing subject.

"Would you? Well, now, I have n't the least doubt in the world but that I can obtain permission for you. Mr. Greenway is a friend of mine, and while he would n't care to allow

the whole school to go in there, I 'm certain that — "

"A friend of yours?" gasped Tom. "Then —then —"

The submaster smiled apologetically as he replied:

"No, Pierson, I was n't poaching."

Tom stared in amazement and dismay.

"But — but you said —"

"No, I did n't say it, but I allowed you to think it; and I plead guilty to a measure of deceit. But I think you 'll forgive it, my boy, because it has led to — well, to a better understanding between us. Don't you think it has?"

"Yes, sir," answered Tom, wondering but happy.

"Good; and — Hello, there 's the bell!" cried the submaster. "Let 's run for it!"

And they did.

THE MER-CUPID.

By Elizabeth Deneson Lance.

The little mer-cupid that lives in the sea,
He 's just as busy as he can be;
He carries the shells of palest pink,
All written over with mermen's ink,
To the mermaids combing their golden hair,
Down in the coral caverns there;
And what they find in a roseate shell
I 'll never, no, never, no, never tell!
But if you will hold a shell to your ear,
Some message of love you may faintly hear.

AN ALPHABET PICNIC.

By Jane E. Lyman.

Said the teacher, "'T would be a nice thing
If the school had a picnic this spring.
And, I say, if we should, let us lunch in the wood,
And a basket let each of us bring."

So first came Miss Anna Adair,
With Apples — enough and to spare.
Betty Brown, it is said, brought the Butter and Bread,
And Bananas, as well, for her share.

Cora Clay carried Cookies and Cake,
The best that her mother could make;
While the chronicle states that Doughnuts and Dates
Were donated by Dorothy Drake.

Elizabeth Earl, I am told,
Brought Eggs that were hard-boiled and cold.
Fanny Farley had Figs, and Miss Genevieve Griggs
All the Grapes that her basket would hold.

There was Honey from Harriet Hart,
While Miss Imogen Ives for her part
Furnished lovely Ice-cream. Jenny Joy, it would seem,
Preferred giving Jam in a tart.

There was Kale from Miss Katherine Kane,
Which she stated was hard to obtain;
While Lettuce so green and Lemons were seen
In the basket of Lilian Lane.

Matilda Minerva Mentyce
Thought Mush and Molasses was nice;
While Nora O'Neill, after puzzling a deal,
Brought Nuts, by her mother's advice.

Olivia Odell, it is true,
Brought Olives, and Oranges, too;
But Penelope Pry carried Pickles and Pie,
And Parsnips prepared in a stew.

The clever Miss Queenie McQuade
Some delightful Quince-jelly had made.
Red Radishes came in Ruth Robinson's name,
And Rice-pudding she proudly displayed.

The Soup and the Salad, we learn,
Were brought by Miss Sylvia Stern;
While Tilly Tyree she provided the Tea,
And Una, her sister, the Urn.

Some Vinegar (purest white wine),
Was the gift of Victoria Vine;
While the Waffles, they say, of Miss Winifred Way
Were voted uncommonly fine.

Miss Xenia X. made a stop
On her way at a baker's neat shop,
And invested in Buns — the real hot-cross ones,
Each marked with an X on the top.

Yetta Young, very weary and hot,
Brought a great jug of Yeast to the spot:
'T would be handy, she said, if they needed more bread;
But the flour she completely forgot.

Said Miss Zilpha, the teacher: "I see
You have plenty, dear children, for me;
No lunch did *I* bring, for never a thing
Could I think of beginning with Z."

The picnic was charming, they say,
And the children were happy and gay;
But, strange to relate, though so simply they ate,
They were all of them ill the next day!

By William Hale.

Once, long ago, in Norway,
That home of vikings brave,
Bastioned by cloud-capped mountains,
Lashed by the sea's wild wave,

It chanced that while deer-stalking
The good king lost his way,
And with his courtiers weary
The forest roamed all day.

At length, when strength and courage
Alike were well-nigh spent,
They spied a lowly cottage,
To which their steps they bent.

There, singing in his doorway,
A peasant sat at rest,
His white locks touched with glory
Caught from the crimson west;

Over his knees lay folded
A torn net old and red,
And through its tangled meshes
His busy fingers sped.

"What ho! what ho! good fellow,"
A surly courtier said.
"Come share with us thy bounty!
Refuse and thou art dead!

"Wake up, wake up, thou farmer!
Get up and clear the way!
Make room now for thy betters;
The king dines here to-day!"

Up sprang the sturdy yeoman;
With hot blood red his cheek;
Trembling, erect with anger,
Like pine on wind-swept peak.

Athwart the open doorway
He stood with flashing eye,
And to the haughty stranger
Flung back his proud reply:

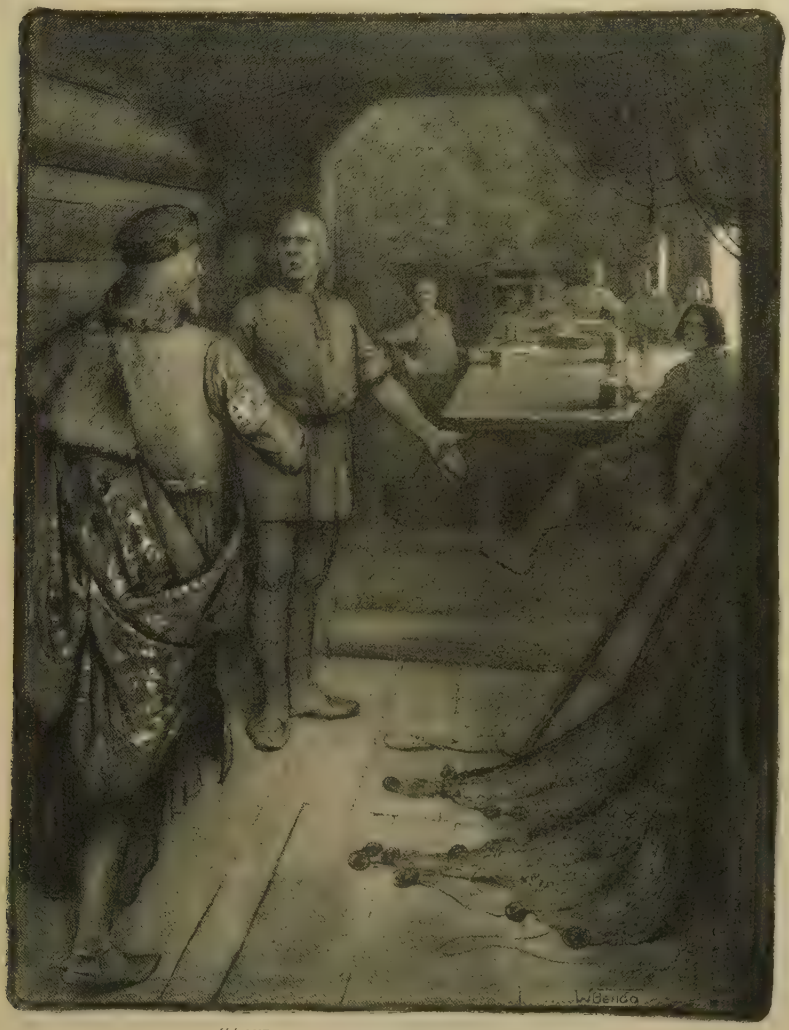
"Who dares to storm this castle
Is no wise man to see;
Ill fares it with all foemen,
Of high or low degree.

"*One* king makes here sad showing,
For here abide *six* kings!
And we give way to no man,
Nor fear we earthly things!"

Stepping within the doorway,
He pointed with just pride
To where, around the table,
At supper, side by side,

In all the strength of manhood,
Sat his five stalwart sons,
Mighty of bone and sinew,
Aglow, as one who runs.

The purse of gold, albeit,
Left not the royal hand;
The king had found his equal —
None prouder in the land.



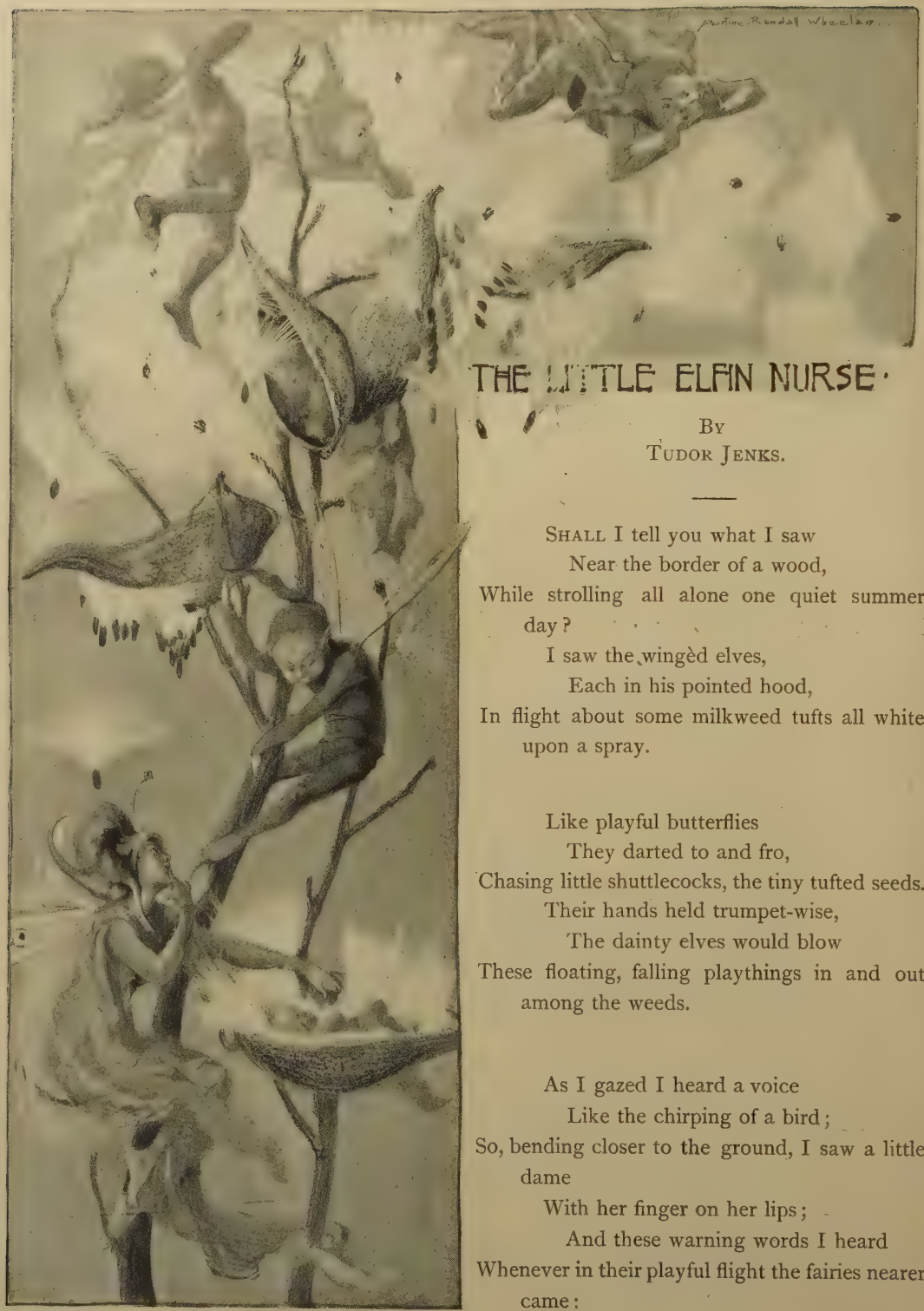
"'*ONE* KING MAKES HERE SAD SHOWING,
FOR HERE ABIDE *SIX* KINGS!'"

Chiding his surly minion,
Much moved, the king thus spake,
Begging the lordly peasant
His purse of gold to take:

"This house, indeed, is royal!
Kingly in heart are ye!
A braver band of vikings
Bides not in kingdoms three!"

He neither fawned nor slighted;
Not he, this host so bold!
He knelt — but to be knighted.
So ends the story old.

Would that this tale of Norway
And Norway's rugged breed
Might teach that hearts are noble
And heroes kings indeed!



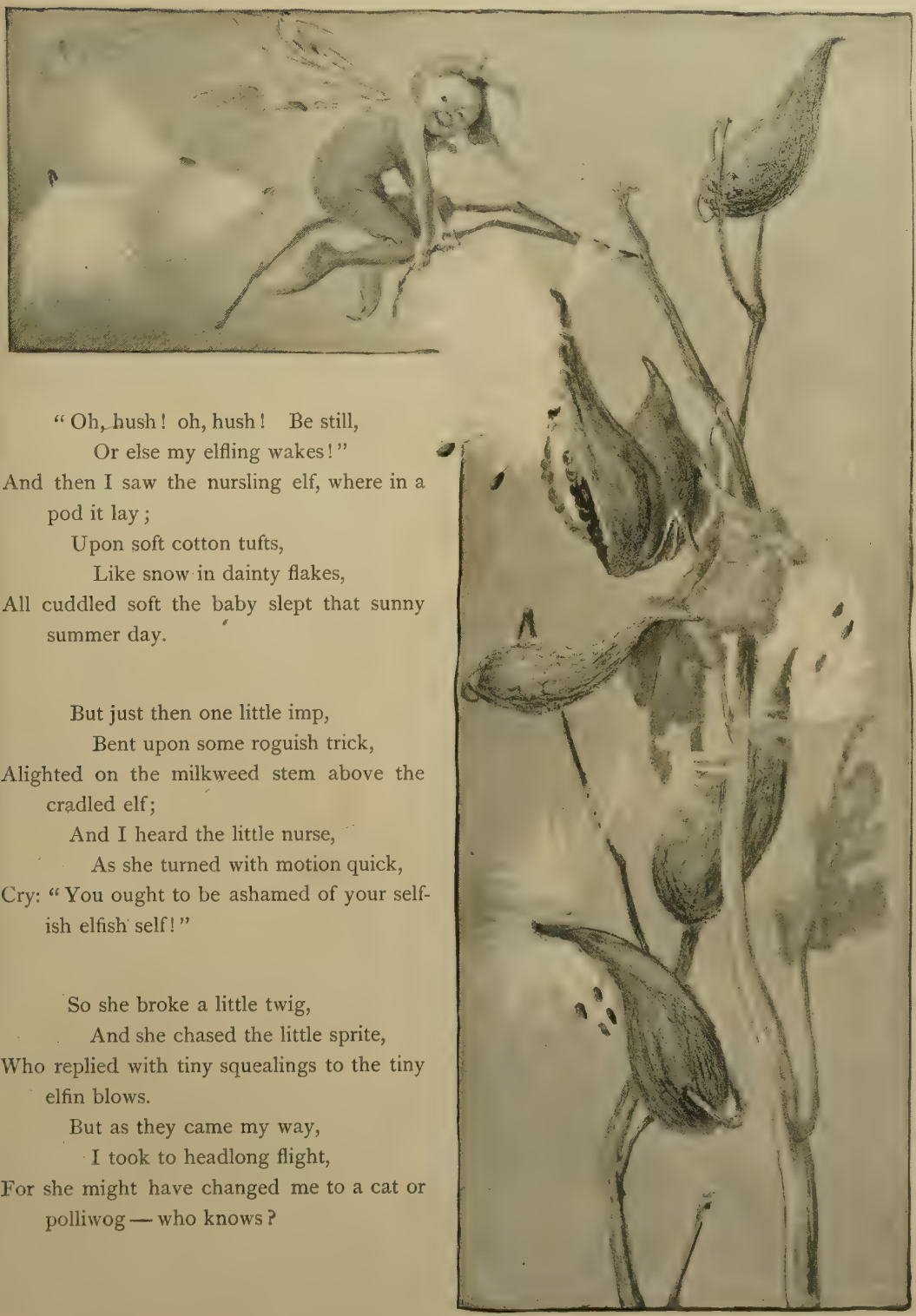
THE LITTLE ELFIN NURSE.

By
Tudor Jenks.

Shall I tell you what I saw
Near the border of a wood,
While strolling all alone one quiet summer day?
I saw the wingèd elves,
Each in his pointed hood,
In flight about some milkweed tufts all white upon a spray.

Like playful butterflies
They darted to and fro,
Chasing little shuttlecocks, the tiny tufted seeds.
Their hands held trumpet-wise,
The dainty elves would blow
These floating, falling playthings in and out among the weeds.

As I gazed I heard a voice
Like the chirping of a bird;
So, bending closer to the ground, I saw a little dame
With her finger on her lips;
And these warning words I heard
Whenever in their playful flight the fairies nearer came:



"Oh, hush! oh, hush! Be still,
Or else my elfling wakes!"
And then I saw the nursling elf, where in a pod it lay;
Upon soft cotton tufts,
Like snow in dainty flakes,
All cuddled soft the baby slept that sunny summer day.

But just then one little imp,
Bent upon some roguish trick,
Alighted on the milkweed stem above the cradled elf;
And I heard the little nurse,
As she turned with motion quick,
Cry: "You ought to be ashamed of your selfish elfish self!"

So she broke a little twig,
And she chased the little sprite,
Who replied with tiny squealings to the tiny elfin blows.
But as they came my way,
I took to headlong flight,
For she might have changed me to a cat or polliwog — who knows?

IN THE CAVALRY

BY

FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

PANCHA'S first vivid memory of her father dated from the day she climbed up into his lap, after watching him unbuckle his sword-belt and lay a clattering scabbard aside on the wicker sofa in their quarters, saying: "Now, little girl, come to father." She had been full of questions that day, and she long remembered some of the answers. Why did Captain Simpson say that it was "ridiculous for her to be named Pancha," for instance, was one of her inquiries, and she always recalled the twinkle with which he said: "Well, childie, if you are a Smith you have *got* to do something about it! Some people make themselves into Smythes, and some into Smithers, but I stick to plain John S. myself; and I and your mother called you Pancha by adoption, because you were born in New Mexico, and our 'striker' and your nurse and the housemaid were all Mexicans, who were always confounding your name with your mother's until they hit upon that variation of it. Don't you mind what Simpson says. There are finer-sounding names than Smith, but none more honest; and you have a first name that makes you an individual and not a tribe, which is sensible and convenient enough, as you will find."

"I don't like Captain Simpson one bit," said Pancha, putting an arm around her father's neck.

"Why not? What has he been doing to you?"

"Nothing — only I don't. He laughs when I falls down and hurts myself. And he treats his dog awfully. And he smiles all the time at me — all the time. And he says, 'That child 's a perfect noosumps' when I picks up his cap, just to *look* at it."

"Well, I think you 'd do well not to meddle with anything belonging to the officers when they drop in here; mama has often forbidden it, you know."

"But I don't — only sometimes. And Mr. Aisquith *he* does n't mind. Why, I wore his key-chain a week! And he caught me a taran — "

"Tarantula — "

"And put it in a glass bottle, and took me for a walk; and we took out the stopper, and threw it, *ker-plunk!* right into the river. He 's just as nice as he can be, and rides me pick-a-back, and tells me stories, and gallops me on his horse. And the doctor he 's good to me, too, and to Mary Vanderpool; he lets us rummage all through his trunk and round the office, and gives us — "

"Tamarinds and prunes. Yes, I have heard about that," said the captain.

"And lets us try how mustard-plasters bites, and play with anything he 's got. But Captain Simpson is just horrid."

From the first, "ossifers," as she called them, had been a fruitful source of trouble to Pancha.

"I 'm an army girl," she would say. "I 'm in the cavalry. The cavalry 's the best thing you can be in."

In various ways and degrees the officers were quite a trial to Pancha, who was one of three little girls at a large military post. There was Mr. Grigsby, the handsome, laughing young lieutenant who had just joined, and Major Popham, both of whom delighted to tease her.

It seemed to Pancha that almost nobody was to be trusted. Once when Mr. Grigsby gave

"'I 'M AN ARMY GIRL,' SHE WOULD SAY. 'I 'M IN THE CAVALRY.'"

her a huge box of candy, and took her to Sunday morning inspection, she took his hand, and walking confidentially with him across the parade-ground, with much swishing of her starched skirts and a great sense of the dignity of the occasion, she was so struck by the appearance of an infantry company that she cried out in admiration: "My! What a nice lot of twins!"

It seemed to Pancha as if her father was about her best and safest friend. He gave her a mustang pony, which one of the soldiers "gentled" for her, and in the course of their daily rides over the prairie she found she could tell her father almost everything. He never repeated what she said, nor told anybody her secrets. Why, she told him once where there was a nest of wild-turkey eggs that she and Mary Vanderpool had found at the foot of some mesquit-bushes, and — will you believe it? — he never told a soul nor touched an egg! Mary, who had bound herself by the most awful vows never to reveal the fact, went straight away and told all about it to Mrs. Murphy's nine boys. But "dear father" was "perfectly mum," though Pancha turned hot and cold and red and pale at dinner when he said to the doctor, "Jones, I 've news for you — splendid." It was only that the regiment was ordered in, but she did n't know that. It was Pancha's mother who turned pale when she saw a long blue envelope on her husband's desk marked "official business" and postmarked "Washington, D. C."

"I perfectly *hate* orders," Pancha would remark. "It seems to me they always mean moving. Everything is pulled to pieces, and I have to leave all my precious things behind — my toys and everything; my tea-set always gets broken; and there are n't ever enough baggage-wagons for anybody 'cept Uncle Sam and his old things! And father never has saved up enough money yet. And mama can't sell her things; she has to give them away. And I just wish Uncle Sam would try it hisself, and see if *he* likes to lend his piano to be scratched all up, and go to Maine on nothing at all. That 's what *good* orders is. And bad orders is just more awful! The cavalry always just *has* to go to fight the Indians. Newton of the dragoons is going to have our quarters now. I *hope* he 'll be good to my dollies, and play with them lots, and put Buffalo Bill and White Cloud and Jack the Giant-Killer and Queen Elizabeth to bed every night himself. Oh, I am so glad we belong to the cavalry!"

This last was the constant refrain of this young person. The uniform, the band, the officers, the soldiers, the drums, the very laundress of "our regiment," as she fondly called it, were in every way so infinitely and unquestionably superior to every other in the army that it was not a thing to be discussed even. "Celia Arthur could n't help being born in the infantry, could she, mama?" she would say. "But it must be very sorrowful."

"The colonel of our regiment" was a far more important person in Pancha's eyes than the President of the United States, of whom she never thought with much deference after being told that he "was not in the cavalry, and never would be." "Why is n't our colonel the President? I guess it 's because he does n't want to be — that 's all." The colonel in due season died, and she put all her dolls in the very deepest crape, and told everybody how very "sorrowful" it was.

Ordinarily she would n't wear a hat that had not some yellow in it — "just to show that I belong to the cavalry, mama"; and on the journey that next followed, something happened that was to be a source of cruel mortification. The command was camped near Fort Nimporteou, and all around it was a large band of Indians coming in to receive their yearly presents from the government. Pancha was in her father's tent, and was watching her mother put her baby brother to bed, when she suddenly caught sight of an Indian who had wriggled himself under the tent and was lying flat on his stomach, his head supported by his hand, gazing at the mother and the two children. He smiled and laid his hands on his lips and cried "Amigo!" as he caught Pancha's startled look. But she was frightened quite out of her wits. She shrieked, and her mother, who had lived with the fear of Indians in her heart for many a year, shrieked likewise. The sentinel outside lost his head, discharged his gun, and rushed in. The drummer beat to general quarters. The whole camp was aroused, and several hundred

Indians in two minutes were in a perfect uproar. The sentinel seized the offending Indian by the throat and dragged him out of the tent. Three Indians seized him from behind; a dozen soldiers sprang after them. "Duke," Pancha's lifelong friend and playmate, a fine mastiff, sprang savagely upon the officer who next tried to enter the tent. Captain Smith, to save his friend's life, was obliged to draw his pistol and kill Duke. But for Captain Smith's coolness and courage, the whole thing might have ended very differently — ended in a massacre. But in half an hour he had soothed and silenced by tact and force, and had dispersed to renewed slumbers both soldiers and Indians; and it was only when he got back into his tent that he sat down wearily and said: "Wife, that was a close call. For mercy's sake never shriek again when we are in the midst of an Indian encampment. We are but a handful, and they would wipe us out in five minutes. When I saw old Rolling Thunder and fifty like him running for your tent, my heart froze in me, for a moment. It 's a lucky thing for us all that I speak the sign-language as well as I do."

Mrs. Smith sat down on the camp-bed, as white as her husband. "We are safe *now*," she whispered.

"Oh, yes; perfectly so. I 'll see that no Indians get in to scare you again, dear," he replied. "Come here, Pancha — how you tremble! Don't be frightened, dear. It 's all right now, and father is here."

But Pancha refused to be comforted, and trembled and wept all night; and for a month she was so downhearted that her parents were much troubled about her.

"It 's that night, and Duke, and mama, and everything," she would say, with many sobs. "I 'm not fit to belong to the cavalry. It was the first time I ever was in action, and I screamed like a perfect gump — a civilian. Duke got killed, and we all were nearly massacred — and I 'm so *ashamed*, papa! I 'm not *fit* to be your little daughter. I ought to be the *sutler's* daughter, and — and live in Boston, where there are n't any Indians."

Her father assured her that the service was full of men who wanted to run away but did n't, and who felt like screaming but would n't; and in time Pancha was consoled, and sat on his lap as of old, her head against his breast, chastened and comforted.

"I was always telling Mary Vanderpool what I 'd do if ever the Indians came, 'cause *I* belonged to the cavalry!" she would say.

It was about three months after this that Company A took part in an Indian fight, and covered itself with glory. At the news, which was brought back to the garrison, Pancha was much affected.

"They are braver than me, papa, — I 've got to own it, — and I was *born* in the cavalry. If it was n't for the Indians and — Uncle Sam — the army would be an awfully nice place, would n't it, papa? Mr. Jones — not Jones of the Sixth, but Jones of the Seventh — says that the army ought to be debolished. He says it 's no place for a man of brains. But he 's in the artillery. It 's just like the artillery. Mr. Grigsby says he 's 'just West Pointed,' and he 'll get over it. You are a man of brains, and you *love* the service, like me, don't you?"

"Yes, I do. And I think every fellow in it who does n't ought to be put out of it, Panchita mine. He 's a disgrace to his colors."

"That 's what I think, papa. Give me the cavalry or give me death. That is n't what Patrick Henry said; but that 's what *I* say."

"And so do I," said Captain Smith, as he lifted the little daughter in his arms. This, too, was one of Pancha's sweet memories.

Not long after this Captain Smith went off scouting. Rolling Thunder and his braves set out on the war-path, and in the next fierce conflict Pancha's father fell, severely, though not fatally, wounded.

Pancha and her mother took the wounded soldier back home to "the States."

"Mama," said Pancha to her mother, as they drew up around their parlor fire when the first snow came, "mama, it is most sorrowful for us to have to leave the service, even if we do have papa with us — that is, till brother John is big enough to go to the Point. But I shall always be in the army, — in my heart, you know, mama, — in the army and in the cavalry."

"Yes, darling, I know. And so shall your father, and so shall I."

AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

By Julian Ralph.

It was just at the western edge of the Canadian prairie, where the Rocky Mountains sixty miles away rose with unsubstantial ruggedness above the horizon, shining in a mild summer sky, as I have heard that icebergs sometimes do, like crystal tipped with mother-of-pearl. The prairie was slightly rolling, as if it were to begin that series of leaps by which, farther on, it rushed upward to meet the mountains. On a rounded hill I saw half a dozen Indian tepees—an encampment. I had often seen tepees from the car-windows, but here was my first chance to visit them, to study and to touch them.

"PRESENTLY I HEARD THE HUBBUB OF BARKING CURS AND INDIAN GIRLS AND BOYS AT PLAY."

Nothing could be more picturesque than the appearance they put on from a distance. Very symmetrical in shape, rounded at the bottom, and terminating with a bunch of poles that suggested a plume at the narrow upper end of each, they were so like all their pictures I had seen, and yet so much prettier, that the sight made my pulses leap with some of the forgotten instincts of boyhood as I almost ran toward them. Some ponies were tethered near by, and solitary figures of Indian men were stalking over the brown grass to or from the tents, and presently I heard the hubbub of barking curs and Indian girls and boys at play. As I came quite near to the little huddle of tents, they took on a reddish hue which made them still prettier. Squaws began to appear, advancing from them with their hands shading their eyes as they scanned me. Then I saw for the first time that by almost each tepee was one of those rude and rustic frames between the poles of which dogs are harnessed, and on which light burdens are dragged from place to place. By one tepee a skin was being dried, tightly stretched upon a framework and standing in the sun.

But for a mission chapel on a neighboring hill and the distant roofs of Calgary nestling beside a shining stream, I might as well have left civilization, so unspoiled by it was this Indian village. True, the bucks all wore round felt hats such as we see on Chinamen in New York, but otherwise they were in full and shabby Indian regalia.

Of course the children and women all begged for money; but as I scattered small coin among them, there could be no doubt of my friendliness, and I was quickly made welcome. A half-breed loafing about in the camp made himself serviceable as an interpreter; and when it was explained that I hailed from just as far away as the interpreter could point, and had never seen an Indian camp before, all the liberty of a child was given me.

Invited by the interpreter to enter one of the tents, I did so; and there I saw, for the first time, an Indian baby. As I remember it, the tent, which had a circular base, was about eight feet in diameter. In the center were the dead embers of a fire.

By my side, as I squatted down, was a little Indian girl, scraping a buffalo horn with broken glass. Her oval face, olive skin, and large black eyes were sufficient to have made her pretty, if only she had better known the use of soap. Her father sat opposite me, smoking a pipe; his squaw was beading a moccasin by his side. All around the circuit of the tent, as if to close the space between it and the ground, was a circle of blankets and rags; but there was little difference between the rags and the blankets. The tent, so picturesque from a distance, proved to be mere muslin, black at the top from smoke, reddish brown nearer the ground, and literally riddled with holes burned through it by flying sparks from the fire. The buck brought out two or three hunting arrows, which he tried to sell me, and exposed a very

"I SAW AT A DISTANCE SEVERAL SQUAWS CARRYING THEIR BABIES SLUNG IN A BLANKET AT THEIR BACKS." (SEE PAGE 790.)

ornamental "quirt" (as they call a whip in the prairies), and then the interpreter said something about a "papoose."

Although I saw at a distance several squaws carrying their babies slung in a blanket at their backs, I saw no baby in the tent, and I asked if there was one. He said something to the squaw, and she, quite pleased with the idea that I should like to see her offspring, threw herself forward on her hands and knees, crept over to me, and, reaching behind me, brought out the baby. I had been within an inch of sitting on it! But even when she handed it to me I had no idea that it was a baby. It was rather like a stuffed stocking without any foot. It was a heavy, solid package laced across and across with leather thongs, and about the shape of a big rye loaf. Possessing a general acquaintance with babies, and a liking for them, I still did not know how to hold this one, or which end of the bundle to keep uppermost, or what kind of a thing it was.

"IN ANOTHER SECOND THERE PEERED OUT ABOVE THIS ENVELOPE A REALLY INTERESTING COPPER-COLORED BABY FACE."

All this must have been expressed upon my face, for the mother, with quite a kindly smile and a not very barbaric laugh, took hold of the end of the stocking-like package while I held it, and, after unloosing the top, turned it down as a man rolls up the bottoms of his trousers, or as one peels a banana. As she began this operation, there emerged from the top of the stocking a little copper-colored cranium with a sparse showing of inky black hair. In another second there peered out above this envelope a really interesting copper-colored baby face. The tiny Indian was alive, for it smiled; but it uttered no sound. It was shown to me with great pride, and then to the interpreter, who demonstrated his familiarity with babies by poking it in the cheek with his clumsy finger. The little baby smiled, but uttered no sound. After holding it for a little while I returned it to the mother. She drew the covering up over the baby's head more loosely than before, and deliberately tossed it back again behind me — not with a rough motion, but as a lady throws her work into her basket.

The little redskin's arms and body and feet were all wrapped firmly in the stocking-like envelope, which was left loose above its shoulders and around its head.

That is all I know about Indian babies. To the reader's mind it must be quite clear that there is a great deal more for me and him to find out. How a baby done up like a letter in an envelope can manage to breathe is only one of the queries that will suggest themselves to the mind of the average expert in "infantology"; but as I saw no more Indian babies, I cannot answer any of these queries.

GRANDPA'S TOY.

By Ruth Titus.

When grandpa was a little boy—
And that 's a far-off day,
For now grandpa is very old,
And never thinks of play—

Grandpa lived in the good old times
When "everything was right";
They had no carpets on the floors,
And they read by candle-light.

And his toy-horse looks very crude,
Its tail is like a broom;
The wagon is high and funny,
And has but little room.

But grandpa thinks it the nicest toy
That ever yet was made;
He would not for an automobile
This queer old wagon trade.

I suppose when *you* are grandpas
You 'll think *your* toys were great
'Way back in the days when you were young;
But *you 'll* be out of date.

THE OLD LADY FROM DOVER.

By Carolyn Wells.

There was an old lady of Dover
Who baked a fine apple turnover.
But the cat came that way,
And she watched with dismay
The overturn of her turnover.

WHY IS IT?

By Anna B. Craig.

Why is it the boys
Will make so much noise,
And their playthings break up and destroy?
And father will say,
"That 's only their way;
I did so when *I* was a boy."

THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.*

By Howard Pyle.

Chapter IX.

How Sir Pellias did battle with Sir Engamore of Malverat, otherwise the Knight of the Green Sleeves, and of what befell the Lady Ettard.

Now Sir Pellias and his party and the damsel Parcenet and her party traveled onward through that Forest of Arroy until that afternoon they came unto the boundaries thereof where the woodlands ceased, and many fields and meadows, with farms and crofts and plantations of trees, all abloom with tender leaves and fragrant blossoms, lay spread out beneath the warm and pleasant sky.

And Sir Pellias said: "This is indeed a pleasant place into which we have come." Whereat the damsel Parcenet was right well pleased, for she said: "Sir Pellias, I am very glad that that which thou seest belikes thee, for all this land belongeth unto the Lady Ettard, and it is my home. Moreover, from the top of yonder high hill where the road ascends against the sky thou mayst behold the ten fair towers of the castle of Grantmesnle lying in the valley beneath." And Sir Pellias said: "Let us make haste! For I am wonderfully desirous for to behold that place."

So they all set spurs to their horses and rode up that hill at a hard gallop. And when they had reached the top of the hill, Sir Pellias beheld that it was an exceedingly fair castle, built altogether without of a red stone, and containing many buildings within, the walls whereof were built of red brick. And within the walls and behind the castle there lay a little town. Then after a little Sir Pellias said: "Certes, maiden, yonder is a very fair estate. And yon glade of young trees nigh unto the castle appeareth to be a very cheerful spot. Wherefore at that place I and my companions-at-arms will take up our inn. There, likewise, will we cause to be set up three pavilions for to shelter us by day and by night. Meantime I beseech of thee that thou wilt go unto the lady, thy mistress, and say unto her

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that a knight hath come unto this place who, albeit he knoweth her not, holdeth that the Lady Guinevere of Camelot is the fairest lady in all of the world. And I beseech thee to tell thy lady that I am here to maintain that saying against all comers at the peril of my body. Wherefore, if the lady have any champion for to undertake battle in her behalf, him will I meet in yonder field to-morrow at midday a little before I eat my midday meal."

"Sir Pellias," said the damsel, "I will even do as thou desirest of me. And though I may not wish that thou mayst be the victor in that encounter, yet am I soothly sorry for to depart from thee."

Thereupon the twain took leave of each other with very good will and much kindliness of disposition, and the maiden and the three pages went the one way, and Sir Pellias and his two companions and the several attendants they had brought with them went unto the glade of young trees, as Sir Pellias had ordained.

And there they had set up for them three pavilions in the shade of the trees: the one pavilion of fair white cloth for Sir Pellias, the second of green cloth for Sir Mador de la Porte, and the third of scarlet cloth for Sir Brandiles. And over each pavilion they had set a banner emblazoned with the device of that knight unto whom the pavilion appertained.

So when the next day had come, and when midday was nigh at hand, Sir Pellias went forth into that field before the castle as he had promised to do. And he was clad all from head to foot in the red armor which he had taken from the body of Sir Adresack, and in that armor he presented a very terrible appearance. And he rode up and down before the castle walls, crying in a loud voice in challenge to any one who might contest his claim that Lady Guinevere was the most beautiful lady in all the world. And after a time had passed, the drawbridge of the castle was let fall, and there issued forth a knight, very huge of frame and exceedingly haughty of demeanor. And the knight was clad altogether from head to foot in green armor. Upon either arm he wore a green sleeve, whence he was entitled the Knight of the Green Sleeves.

And that Green Knight rode forward toward Sir Pellias, and when Sir Pellias had told him his name he said: "Ha, Sir Pellias, it is a great honor for me to have to do with so famous a knight; for who is there in courts of chivalry who hath not heard of thee? Now if I have the good fortune for to overthrow thee, then will all thy honor become my honor. Now, in return for thy courtesy, I give unto thee my name and title, which is Sir Engamore of Malverat, further known as the Knight of the Green Sleeves. And I may furthermore tell thee that I am the champion unto the Lady Ettard of Grantmesnle, and that I have defended her credit unto peerless beauty for eleven months, and that against all comers. And if I do successfully defend it for one month longer, then do I become lord of her hand and of all this fair estate. Wherefore I am prepared to do the uttermost in my power."

Thereupon, in an instant, each knight drave upon the other with such terrible speed that the ground shook and trembled beneath the beating of their horses' feet. And the spear of Sir Engamore of Malverat burst into as many as thirty pieces; but the spear of Sir Pellias held, so that the Green Knight was hurtled so violently from out of his saddle that he smote the earth above a spear's-length behind his horse.

And when those who had stood upon the walls beheld how entirely the Green Knight was overthrown in the encounter, they lifted up their voices in great outcry; for there was no other such knight as Sir Engamore in all those parts. And more especially did the Lady Ettard make great outcry: for Sir Engamore was very much beloved by her; wherefore, seeing him so violently flung down upon the ground, she deemed that perhaps he had been slain.

Then three esquires ran to Sir Engamore and lifted him up and unlaced his helm for to give him air. And they beheld that he was not slain, but only in a deep swoon. And by and by he opened his eyes and came back unto his senses once more, and demanded with great vehemence that he might continue that contest with Sir Pellias afoot and with swords. But Sir Pellias would not have it so. "Nay, Sir Engamore," quoth he; "I will not fight thee so

serious a quarrel as that, for I have no such despite against thee."

And whilst they thus stood together, there issued from out the castle the Lady Ettard and an exceedingly gay and comely court of knights and ladies, and these came across the meadow toward where Sir Pellias and the others stood. And when Sir Pellias beheld her approaching, he drew his misericorde and cut the thongs of his helmet, and took the helmet off of his head, and thus went forward bareheaded for to meet her. And when he had come nigh to her he beheld that she was many times more beautiful than that image of her painted upon the ivory panel he had aforetime beheld, wherefore his heart went forth unto her with a very great deal of strength of liking. So, clad all in armor as he was, he knelt down upon the grass, and set his hands palm to palm before her. And he said: "Lady, I do very greatly crave thy forgiveness that I should thus have done battle against thy credit. For, excepting that I did that endeavor for my queen, I would rather in another case have been thy champion than that of any lady in all of the world."

Now at that time Sir Pellias wore about his neck that collar of emeralds and opal stones and gold which the Lady of the Lake had given to him. Wherefore, when the Lady Ettard looked upon him, that necklace drew her heart unto him with very great enchantment. Wherefore she smiled upon Sir Pellias very cheerfully, and gave him her hand, and caused him to arise from that place where he knelt. And she said to him: "Sir Knight, thou art a very famous warrior; for I suppose there is not anybody who knoweth aught of chivalry but has heard of the fame of Sir Pellias, the Gentle Knight. Wherefore, though my champion Sir Engamore of Malverat hath heretofore overthrown all comers, yet he need not feel very much ashamed for to have been overthrown by so terribly strong a knight."

Then Sir Pellias was very glad of the kind words which the Lady Ettard spake unto him. And he made her known unto Sir Brandiles and Sir Mador de la Porte. Unto these knights, also, the Lady Ettard spake very graciously, being moved thereto by the extraordinary regard she felt toward Sir Pellias. Then the Lady Ettard besought Sir Pellias and Sir Brandiles and Sir Mador de la Porte that they would come into the castle and refresh themselves.

And the Lady Ettard set a very fine feast, and Sir Pellias and Sir Brandiles and Sir Mador de la Porte, who had by this time divested themselves of their armor and clothed themselves in fine raiment, with ornaments of gold and silver, came, pursuant to her invitation. And upon her right hand she placed Sir Pellias, and upon her left hand she placed Sir Engamore of Malverat; and Sir Engamore was still more cast down, for, until now, he had always sat upon the right hand of the Lady Ettard.

Now, because Sir Pellias wore that wonderful collar which the Lady of the Lake had given unto him, the Lady Ettard could not keep her regard from him. And when it came time for those foreign knights to quit the castle, she besought Sir Pellias that he would stay awhile longer.

So by and by Sir Brandiles and Sir Mador de la Porte went back unto their pavilions, and Sir Pellias remained in the castle of Grantmesnle for a while longer.

Now that night the Lady Ettard let to be made a supper for herself and Sir Pellias, and at that supper she and Sir Pellias alone sat at the table, and the damsel Parcenet waited in attendance upon the lady. And whilst they ate, certain young pages and esquires played very sweetly upon harps, and certain maidens who were attendant upon the court of the lady sang so sweetly that it expanded the hearts of the listener for to hear them. And Sir Pellias was enchanted with the sweetness of the music and with the beauty of the Lady Ettard.

And as Sir Pellias sat beside her, the Lady Ettard had continually held in observation that wonderful collar of gold and emeralds and opal stones which was hung about his neck; and she coveted that collar exceedingly. Wherefore she now said unto Sir Pellias: "Sir Knight, thou mayst indeed do me great favor if thou hast a mind for to do so." And Sir Pellias said: "What favor may I do thee, lady?" And the Lady Ettard said: "Thou mayst give unto me that collar which hangeth about thy neck."

Then the countenance of Sir Pellias fell, and

he said: "Lady, I may not do that; for that collar came unto me in such an extraordinary fashion that I may not part it from me."

Then the Lady Ettard said: "Why mayst thou not part it from thee, Sir Pellias?"

Thereupon Sir Pellias told her all of that extraordinary adventure with the Lady of the Lake, and of how that faerie lady had given the collar unto him. And the Lady Ettard was greatly astonished, and she said: "Sir Pellias, I do beseech thee, then, for to let me wear it for a little while."

Then Sir Pellias could refuse her no longer, and he said: "Lady, thou shalt have it to wear for a while." Thereupon he took the collar from off his neck, and he hung it about the neck of the Lady Ettard.

Then immediately all the virtue of that jewel departed from Sir Pellias, and the Lady Ettard looked upon him with altogether different eyes from those with which she had before regarded him. And she said unto herself: "Hah! What ailed me that I should have been so enchanted with that knight to the discredit of my champion who hath served me so faithfully?" And again she said unto herself: "Lo, is not mine enemy here in my power? Wherefore should I not take full measure of revenge upon him for all that which he hath done unto us of Grantmesnle?"

So by and by she made an excuse and arose and left Sir Pellias. And she took Parcenet aside, and she said unto the damsel, "Go and fetch me hither presently a powerful sleeping-draught." And Parcenet said, "Lady, what would you do?" And the Lady Ettard said, "No matter." And Parcenet said, "Would you give unto that noble knight a sleeping-draught?" And the lady said, "I would." And Parcenet said, "Lady, that would surely be an ill thing to do unto one who sitteth in peace at your table and eateth of your salt." Whereunto the Lady Ettard said, "Take thou no care as to that, girl, but go thou straightway and do as I bid thee."

Then Parcenet saw that it was not wise for her to disobey the lady. Wherefore she went straightway and did as she was bidden. So she brought the sleeping-draught to the lady in a chalice of pure wine. And the Lady Ettard took the chalice and said to Sir Pellias: "Take thou this chalice of wine, Sir Knight, and drink it unto me according to the measure of that good will thou hast unto me."

Now Parcenet stood behind her lady's chair, and when Sir Pellias took the chalice she frowned and shook her head at him. But Sir Pellias saw it not, for he was intoxicated with the beauty of the Lady Ettard and with the enchantment of the collar of emeralds and opal stones and gold.

So Sir Pellias took the chalice and drank the wine. And in a little while his head waxed exceeding heavy, as it were of lead. And he bowed his head upon the table, and the Lady Ettard sat watching him very strangely. Then by and by she said: "Sir Knight, dost thou sleep?" And Sir Pellias replied not, for the fumes of the sleeping-draught had ascended into his brains and he slept.

Then the Lady Ettard arose laughing, and she smote her hands together and summoned her male attendants, and she said to them: "Take this knight away, and convey him into an inner apartment. And when ye have brought him thither, strip him of his gay clothes and of his ornaments, and leave him only his linen undervestment. And when ye have done that, lay him upon a pallet and convey him out of the castle and into that meadow beneath the walls where he overthrew Sir Engamore."

And when the damsel Parcenet heard this she was greatly afflicted, so that she withdrew herself apart and wept for Sir Pellias. But the others took Sir Pellias and did unto him as the Lady Ettard had commanded.

Now when the next morning had come, Sir Pellias awoke with the sun shining into his face, and he wist not at all where he was. Above him, upon the top of the wall, was a great concourse of people, who laughed at him and mocked at him. And the Lady Ettard gazed down at him from a window, and he saw that she laughed and made herself merry.

Then the postern-gate was opened of a sudden, and the damsel Parcenet came out thence. And her face was wet with tears, and she bore in her hand a flame-colored mantle. Then she ran to Sir Pellias and said, "Thou good and gentle knight, take this and wrap thyself in it."

And he said, "Maiden, I thank thee." So he took the mantle and wrapped himself in it, and went his way toward his pavilion wrapped in that mantle.

And when Sir Pellias had reached his pavilion, he entered it and threw himself on his face upon his couch, and lay there without saying anything. And when those two good knights, Sir Brandiles and Mador de la Porte, heard of that plight in which Sir Pellias returned, they hastened to him where he lay and made much sorrow over him. Moreover, they were exceedingly wroth at the shame that had been put upon him; wherefore they said: "We will get us aid from Camelot, and we will burst open yonder castle, and we will fetch the Lady Ettard hither for to crave thy pardon for this affront, even if we have to drag her hither by the hair of her head." And Sir Pellias lifted not his head, but he groaned and he said: "Let be, messires; under no circumstances shall ye do that thing, she being a woman. As it is, I would defend her honor, even though I died in that defense. For I know not whether I am bewitched or what it is that ails me, for I cannot tear my heart away from her."

Parcenet covers Sir Pellias with a cloak.

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

And Sir Brandiles and Sir Mador de la Porte were greatly astonished at his words, wherefore they said the one to the other, "Certes that lady hath laid some powerful spell upon him." So after a while he bade them go away and leave him; so they did, though not with any good will thereto.

And so Sir Pellias lay there for all that day until the afternoon had come. Then he aroused himself and bade an esquire to bring him his armor. Upon this Sir Brandiles and Sir Mador de la Porte hastened unto him and said, "What have ye a mind to do, Sir Pellias?" And Sir Pellias said, "I am going to try to win me unto the Lady Ettard's presence." And they said unto him,

"What madness is this?" And Sir Pellias said: "I know not. But meseems that an I do not behold the Lady Ettard and talk unto her I shall surely die of longing to see her." And they said, "This is madness." Whereunto he replied, "I know not whether it is madness or whether I am caught in some enchantment."

Then the esquire fetched unto Sir Pellias his armor as he had commanded, and they clad him in it, so that he was altogether red from top to toe. And straightway he mounted his horse and rode out toward the castle of Grantmesnle.

Now when the Lady Ettard beheld Sir Pellias again parading the meadow below the castle, she called unto her six of her best knights, and she said unto them: "Behold, messires, yonder is that knight who brought so much shame upon us yesterday. Now I bid ye for to go forth against him and to punish him as he deserveth."

So those six knights did as she bade them, and they straightway armed themselves and rode forth against Sir Pellias. But when Sir Pellias beheld them approach, his heart overflowed with fury, and he shouted in a great voice and drave forward against them. And for a while they withstood him; but he was not to be withstood, wherefore they presently brake from before him and fled, and he pursued them with great fury about that field, and smote four of them down from their horses. Then, when there were but two of those knights remaining, Sir Pellias of a sudden ceased to fight, and he cried out unto those two knights, "Messires, I surrender myself unto ye"; whereat they were greatly astonished, for they were entirely filled with the fear of his strength. So they came and laid hands upon Sir Pellias and took him toward the castle. And Sir Pellias said unto himself: "Now they will bring me unto the Lady Ettard, and I shall have speech with her." For it was for this that he had suffered himself to be taken by those two knights.

But it was not to be as Sir Pellias willed it. For when they had brought Sir Pellias close under the castle, the Lady Ettard called unto them from a window in the wall; and she said: "Take that knight, and tie his hands behind his back and his feet beneath his horse, and send him back unto his companions."

And Sir Pellias lifted up his eyes unto that window, and he cried in great despair: "Lady, it was unto thee I surrendered, and not unto these unworthy knights."

But the lady cried out all the more vehemently, "Drive him hence, for I do hate the sight of him."

So those two knights did as the Lady Ettard said: they took Sir Pellias, and bound him hand and foot, and allowed his horse for to bear him back unto his companions in that wise.

Then when Sir Brandiles and Sir Mador de la Porte beheld how Sir Pellias came unto them, with his hands bound behind his back and his feet tied beneath his horse, they were altogether filled with grief and despair. So they loosed those cords from about his hands and feet, and they cried out upon Sir Pellias: "Sir Knight, Sir Knight, art thou not ashamed to permit such infamy as this?"

And Sir Pellias shook and trembled as though with an ague, and he cried out in great despair, "I care not what happens unto me!" And they said, "Not unto thyself, Sir Knight; but what shame thou dost bring upon King Arthur and his Round Table!" And Sir Pellias cried aloud with a great and terrible voice, "I care not for them, either!"

All of this befell as I have told it unto you because of the powerful enchantment of that collar of emeralds and opal stones and gold which Sir Pellias had given unto the Lady Ettard and which she continually wore; for it was beyond the power of any man to withstand the enchantment of that collar.

But how Sir Pellias recovered from this spell of the enchanted collar, and what befell him, shall be told you later. In the meantime, listen and I shall tell ye of certain things that befell at the court of King Arthur after Sir Pellias had left it, and of what followed those happenings.

CHAPTER X.

HOW QUEEN GUINEVERE QUARRELED WITH SIR GAWAINE, AND HOW SIR GAWAINE LEFT THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR FOR A WHILE.

Now in the same measure that Queen Guinevere felt high regard for Sir Pellias, in that same degree she felt misliking for Sir Gawaine. For,

though Sir Gawaine was said of all men to have a silver tongue, and whilst he could upon occasion talk in such a manner as to beguile others unto his will, yet he was of a quick temper and very proud and haughty. Wherefore he could not always brook that the Lady Guinevere should command him unto her will as she did other knights at that court.

Now it happened upon an occasion that Sir Gawaine and Sir Griflet and Sir Constantine of Cornwall sat talking with five ladies of the queen's court in a pleached garden that lay beneath the tower of the Lady Guinevere, and they made very pleasant discourse together.

At that time the day was extraordinarily balmy, and, it being well toward the sloping of the afternoon, those lords and ladies were clad in very gay attire. And of all who were there Sir Gawaine was the most gaily clad; for he was dressed in sky-blue silk, embroidered with threads of silver. And Sir Gawaine was playing upon the lute and singing a ballad in an exceedingly pleasing voice.

And now I must tell that there was a fawn-colored greyhound of which Queen Guinevere was wonderfully fond—so much so that she had adorned its neck with a collar of gold inset with carbuncles. Now whilst that Sir Gawaine was playing upon the lute and singing a ballad the hound came running into that garden, and his feet were wet and soiled with earth. So hearing Sir Gawaine singing and playing upon the lute, that hound ran unto him and leaped up upon him. At this Sir Gawaine was very wroth; wherefore he clenched his hand and smote the hound upon the head with the knuckles thereof, so that the hound lifted up his voice with great outcry.

But at that very hour Queen Guinevere happened to be passing nigh to an upper window, and, looking out, beheld that blow, whereat she was greatly offended; and she called out from her window: "Why dost thou smite my dog, messire?"

And those lords and ladies who were below in the garden were very much surprised and were greatly abashed to find that their queen was so nigh unto them that she might behold all that they did. But Sir Gawaine spake up very boldly, saying: "Thy dog did affront me, lady, and, certes, whosoever affronteth me, him I strike."

Then Queen Guinevere grew very angry with Sir Gawaine; wherefore she said: "Thy speech is overbold, messire." And Sir Gawaine said: "Not overbold, lady; but only bold enough for to maintain my rights."

At this speech the Lady Guinevere's face flamed like fire and her eyes shone very bright, and she said: "I am sure that thou dost forget unto whom thou speakest, Sir Knight." Whereat Sir Gawaine smiled very bitterly, and said: "And thou, lady, dost not remember that I am the son of a king so powerful that he never needed help from any other king for to maintain his rights."

At these words all those who were there fell as silent as though they were turned into stone, for that speech was exceedingly bold and haughty. And the Lady Guinevere also was silent for a long time, endeavoring to recover herself from that speech. And when she spake it was as though she was half smothered by her anger. And she said: "Sir Knight, thou art proud and arrogant beyond measure; for I did never hear of any one who dared to give reply unto his queen as thou hast spoken unto me. But this is my court, and I may command in it as I choose. Wherefore I do now bid thee for to begone, and to show thy face no more, either here, or in hall, or in any of the places where I hold my court. For thou art an offense unto me; wherefore in none of these places shalt thou have leave to show thy face until thou dost ask my pardon for the affront which thou hast put upon me."

Then Sir Gawaine arose and bowed very low to Queen Guinevere, and he said: "Lady, I go from thy court. Nor will I return thitherward until thou art willing for to tell me that thou art sorry for the discourteous way in which thou hast entreated me now and at other times before my peers."

So saying, Sir Gawaine took his leave from that place; nor did he turn his head nor look behind him. And Queen Guinevere went into her chamber, and wept in secret for anger and for shame. For indeed she was greatly grieved at what had befallen; yet was she so proud that

she would in no wise have recalled the words that she had spoken, even had she been able to do so.

Now when the news of that quarrel had gone about the castle it came unto the ears of Sir Ewaine. So Sir Ewaine went straightway unto Sir Gawaine and asked him what was ado; and Sir Gawaine, who was like one distraught and in great despair, told him everything.

Then Sir Ewaine said: "Thou wert certainly wrong for to speak unto the queen as thou didst. Ne'theless, an thou art banished from this court, I will go with thee; for thou art my cousin german and my companion, and my heart cleaveth unto thee."

So Sir Ewaine went unto King Arthur and he said: "Lord, my cousin Sir Gawaine hath been banished from this court by the queen. And though I may not say that he hath not deserved that punishment, yet I would fain crave thy leave for to go along with him."

At this King Arthur was very grieved; but he maintained a steadfast countenance, and said: "Messire, I will not stay thee from going where it pleases thee. As for thy cousin, I dare say he gave the queen such great offense that she could not do otherwise than as she did."

So both Sir Ewaine and Sir Gawaine went unto their inn and commanded their esquires to arm them; then they, with their esquires, went forth from Camelot, betaking their way toward the forest lands.

Thus those two knights and their esquires traveled for all that day until the gray of the eventide, what time the birds were singing their last songs ere closing their eyes for the night. So those knights were afeard lest they should not find kindly lodging before the night should descend upon them, and they talked together concerning that thing. But as they came to the top of a certain hill, they beheld below them a valley, very fair and well tilled, with many cottages and farm-crofts. And in the midst of that valley was a goodly abbey, very fair to look upon, where they were hospitably entertained by the good abbot and his well-fed monks.

The next morning, when they had been riding for two or three hours or more, they beheld before them the borders of the Forest of Usk all green and shady with thin foliage and very cheerful in the warmth of the springtide day. And lo! immediately at the edge of the woodland there stood a fair strong castle of gray stone with windows of glass shining very bright against the sky, and before the castle was a tree on which was hung a shield of sable bearing the device of three white goshawks. But that which was very extraordinary was that in front of that shield there stood seven young damsels exceedingly fair of face, and that these seven damsels continually offered a great deal of insult to that shield. For some of those damsels smote it ever and anon with peeled rods of osier, and others flung lumps of clay upon it, so that the shield was greatly defaced therewith. Now nigh to the shield was a very noble-appearing knight clad all in black armor and seated upon a black war-horse, and it was very plain to be seen that the shield belonged unto the knight, for otherwise he had no shield; yet that knight offered no protest either by word or by act to stay those ladies from offering affront thereunto.

Then Sir Ewaine said unto Sir Gawaine, "That is a very strange thing that I behold; belike one of us is to encounter yonder knight." And Sir Gawaine said, "Maybe so." Then Sir Ewaine said, "If it be so, then I will undertake the adventure." And Sir Gawaine said, "Not so, for I will undertake it myself, I being the elder of us twain."

So he set spurs to his horse and he drave down upon those damsels who offered affront in that way to the sable shield. And he set his spear in rest and he shouted in a loud voice, "Get ye away! Get ye away!" And when those damsels beheld the armed knight riding at them, they fled away before him.

Then the Sable Knight, who sat not a great distance away, rode forward in a very stately manner unto Sir Gawaine, and he said, "Sir Knight, why dost thou interfere with those ladies?" Whereunto Sir Gawaine replied, "Because they offered insult unto what appeared to me to be a noble and knightly shield."

But the Sable Knight spake very haughtily and said, "Sir Knight, that shield belongeth unto me, and I do assure thee that I am very well able for to take care of it without the

interference of any other defender." And Sir Gawaine said, "It would appear not, Sir Knight."

Then the Sable Knight said, "Messire, an thou thinkest that thou art better able to take care of that shield than I, I think that thou wouldst do very well to make thy words good with thy body." And Sir Gawaine said, "I will endeavor to show thee that I am better able to guard that shield than thou who ownest it."

Then the Sable Knight, without further ado, rode unto the sycamore-tree, and took down thence the shield from where it hung. And he dressed his shield upon his arm and made him ready for defense. And Sir Gawaine likewise made him ready for defense.

The Lady of the Lake sits by the Fountain in Arroy.

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

Now when the people of that castle perceived that a combat of arms was toward, they crowded in great numbers to the walls, so that there were as many as two score ladies and esquires and folk of different degrees looking down upon that field of battle from the walls.

So when those two knights were altogether prepared, Sir Ewaine gave the signal for assault, and each knight shouted aloud and drave spurs into his charger and rushed forward to the assault with a noise like thunder for loudness.

Now Sir Gawaine thought to easily overcome his adversary in this assault and to cast him down from out of his saddle, for there was hardly any knight in all the world equal unto him for prowess. And, indeed, he had never yet been unhorsed in combat, excepting by King Arthur. So when those two smote the one against the other into the midst of their defenses Sir Gawaine looked to behold his adversary to fall from his saddle. But it was not so, for in that attack Sir Gawaine's spear burst into many pieces, but the spear of the Sable Knight held, so that Sir Gawaine was cast

with great violence out of the saddle, smiting the dust with a terrible noise of falling. And so astonished was Sir Gawaine at that fall that it appeared unto him not as though he fell from his saddle, but as though the earth rose up and smote him. Wherefore he lay for a while all stunned with that blow and with the astonishment thereof.

But hearing the shouts of the people upon the castle wall, he immediately aroused himself from where he lay in the dust; and he was so filled with rage and shame that he was like one altogether intoxicated. Wherefore he drew his sword and rushed with great fury upon his enemy, with intent to hew him down by main strength. Then that other knight, seeing him come thus at him, immediately dismounted from his own horse and drew his sword and put himself in posture either for assault or for defense. So they lashed together, tracing this way and that, and smiting with such fury that the blows they gave were most terrible for to behold. But when Sir Ewaine beheld how fierce was that assault, he set spurs unto his horse and pushed him between the knights contestant, crying out aloud: "Sir Knights! Sir Knights! what is this? Here is no cause for such desperate battle." But Sir Gawaine cried out very furiously: "Let be! Let be, and stand aside! For this quarrel concerns thee not." And the Sable Knight said, "Ahorse or afoot, I am ready to meet that knight at any time."

But Sir Ewaine said: "Not so; ye shall fight no more in this quarrel. For shame, Gawaine! For shame to seek such desperate quarrel with a knight that did but meet thee in a friendly fashion and in a fair contest."

Then Sir Gawaine was aware that Sir Ewaine was both just and gentle; wherefore he put up his sword in silence, although he was like to weep for vexation at the shame of his overthrow. And the Sable Knight put up his sword also, and so peace was made betwixt those two.

Then the Sable Knight said: "I am glad that this quarrel is ended, for I perceive, messires, that ye are assuredly knights of great nobility and gentleness of breeding; wherefore I would that we might be friends and companions from henceforth instead of enemies. Therefore I do beseech ye for to come with me a little ways from here, where I have taken up my inn, so that we may rest and refresh ourselves in my pavilion."

And Sir Ewaine said: "I give thee gramercy for thy courtesy, Sir Knight, and we will go with thee with all the pleasure that it is possible to feel." And Sir Gawaine said, "I am content." So these three knights straightway left the field of battle.

And when they had come to the edge of the forest Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine perceived a very fine pavilion of green silk set up beneath the tree. And about that pavilion were many attendants of divers sorts, all clad in colors of green and white. And when Sir Gawaine perceived how great and lordly was the estate of the knight who had overthrown him he was very greatly comforted. Then the esquires of those three knights came and removed the helmet, each esquire from his knight, so that the knight might be made comfortable thereby. And Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine perceived that the Sable Knight was very comely of countenance, being ruddy of face and with hair like to copper for redness. Then Sir Ewaine said unto the knight: "Sir Unknown Knight, this knight, my companion, is Sir Gawaine, King Uriens's son of Gore; and I am Ewaine, the son of King Lot of Orkney. Now I do crave of thee that thou wilt make thyself known unto us."

"Ha," said the other, "I am glad that ye are such very famous and royal knights, for I also am of royal blood, being known as Sir Marhaus, the son of the King of Ireland."

Then Sir Gawaine was very glad to discover how exalted was the station of that knight who had overthrown him, and he said unto Sir Marhaus: "Sir Marhaus, I make my vow that thou art one of the most terrible knights in the world. For thou hast done unto me this day what only one knight in all the world has ever done, and that is King Arthur, who is my uncle and my lord. Now thou must certainly come unto the court of King Arthur, for he will be wonderfully glad for to see thee, and mayhap he will make thee a knight of his Round Table; and there is no honor in all of the world that can be so great as that."

Thus he spoke unthinkingly; and then he

remembered. Wherefore he smote his fist against his forehead, crying out: "Aha! aha! Who am I for to bid thee to come unto the court of King Arthur who only yesterday was disgraced and banished therefrom!"

Thereupon did Sir Gawaine relate how he had been banished from the court of King Arthur. Then Sir Marhaus said: "Messires, I like ye wonderfully well, and would fain become your companion in the adventures you are to undertake, for now I need remain here no longer. For ye must know that I was obliged to defend those ladies who assailed my shield until I had overthrown seven knights in their behalf. And I must tell thee that thou, Sir Gawaine, wert the seventh knight I have overthrown. Wherefore, since I have now overthrown thee, I am released from my obligation and may go with ye."

Then Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine were very much astonished that any knight should lie beneath so strange an obligation as that, and they besought Sir Marhaus to tell them why he should have been obliged to fulfil such a pledge. And Sir Marhaus said: "I will tell ye. The case was this: Some whiles ago I was traveling in these parts with a hawk upon my wrist, what time I was clad very lightly in holiday attire: to wit, I wore a tunic of green silk, and hosen one of green and one of white. And I had nothing upon me by way of defense but a light buckler and a short sword. Now, coming unto a certain stream of water very deep and rapid, I perceived before me a bridge of stone crossing that stream, but so narrow that only one horseman might cross that bridge at a time. So I entered upon that bridge, and was part way across it when I perceived a knight in armor coming the other way. And behind the knight there sat upon a pillion a very fair lady with golden hair. And when that knight perceived me upon the bridge, he cried aloud, 'Get back! get back, and suffer me to pass!' But this I would not do, but said: 'Not so, Sir Knight; for, having advanced so far upon this bridge, I have certes the right of way, and it is for you to wait your turn and to permit me first to cross.' But the knight would not do so, but immediately put himself in posture of offense, and straightway came against me upon the bridge, with intent either to slay me or to drive me back to the other extremity of the bridge.

"But this he was not able to do, for I defended myself very well with my light weapons. And I so pushed my horse against his horse that I drave him backward from off of the bridge and into the water; whereinto the horse and the knight and the lady all of them fell with a terrible splashing.

"At this the lady shrieked in great measure, and both she and the knight were like to drown in the water—the knight being altogether clad in armor, so that he could not uplift himself above the flood. Wherefore, beholding their extremity, I leaped from off my horse and into the water, and with great ado and with much danger unto myself, I was able to bring them both unto the land.

"But that lady was very greatly offended with me, for her fair raiment was altogether wet and despoiled by the water; wherefore she upbraided me with great vehemence. Then I knelt down before her and besought her pardon with all humility, but she still continued to upbraid me. Then I offered unto her for to perform any penance that she might set upon me.

"At this the lady stinted her violent words and was very well satisfied. And she said, 'I will set thee a penance.' And when her knight had recovered she said, 'Come with us'; and so I mounted my horse and followed them.

"So after we had gone a considerable distance we came to this place, and here she commanded me as follows:

"'Sir Knight,' she said, 'this castle belongeth unto me and unto this knight, who is my lord. Now, thou shalt take thy shield and hang it up in yonder sycamore-tree, and every day I will send certain damsels of mine own out from the castle. And they shall offend against that shield, and thou shalt not only suffer whatever affront they may offer, but thou shalt defend them against all comers until thou hast overcome seven knights.'

"So I have done until this morning, when thou camest hither. Thou art the seventh knight against whom I have contended, and as I have overcome thee, my penance is now ended and once more I am a free man."

Then Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine gave Sir Marhaus great joy that his penance was completed, and they were very well satisfied each one with the other two. So Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine abided that night in the pavilion of Sir Marhaus, and the next morning they arose, and having laved themselves in a forest stream, they made them ready and rode forth into the woodlands with their esquires.

So they made their way by certain divers paths they knew not whitherward, and they traveled all that morning and until the afternoon was come. And as they traveled thus Sir Marhaus said of a sudden, "Messires, know ye where we are come to?" And they said, "Nay, we know not." Then Sir Marhaus said: "This part of the forest is called Arroy, and it is further called the 'Forest of Adventure.' For it is very well known that when a knight, or a party of knights, enter this forest, they there assuredly meet with some adventures, from which some come forth with credit, whilst others fail therein." And Sir Ewaine said, "I am glad that we have come hither, so that we shall meet with adventure."

So those three knights and their esquires continued onward in that woodland, where was silence so deep that even the tread of their horses upon the mossy earth was scarcely to be heard. And there was no note of bird and no sound of voice, and hardly did any light penetrate into the gloom of that woodland. And those noble knights said unto one another, "This is soothly a very strange place, and one, mayhap, of enchantment."

Now when they had come into the very midst of these dark woodlands, they perceived of a sudden, in the pathway before them, a fawn as white as milk. And round the neck of the fawn was a collar of pure gold. And the fawn stood and looked at them, and when they had come nigh to it it turned and ran up a very narrow path. Then Sir Gawaine said, "Let us follow that fawn and see where it goeth." And the others said, "We are content."

So they followed in a narrow path until, of a sudden, they came to where was a little open lawn, very bright with sunlight. And in the midst of the lawn was a fountain of pure water. And there was no fawn to be seen, but lo! beside the fountain there sat a very wonderful lady clad all in garments of green. Moreover, that lady combed her hair with a golden comb, and her hair was like to the wing of a raven for blackness. And upon her arms she wore very wonderful bracelets of emeralds and of opal stones inset into cunningly wrought gold. And the face of the lady was like ivory for whiteness, and her eyes were bright like jewels set in ivory. And when she perceived the knights she arose and laid aside her golden comb and bound up the locks of her hair with ribbons of scarlet silk. Then she came forward to those knights and gave them greeting.

Thereupon those three knights gat them down straightway from off their horses, and Sir Gawaine said, "Lady, I do perceive that thou art not of mortal sort, but that thou art of faerie." And the lady said, "Sir Gawaine, thou art right."

At this Sir Gawaine marveled that she should know his name so well. And he said to her, "Lady, who art thou?" Whereunto she made answer: "My name is Nymue, and I am the chiefest of those ladies of the lake of whom thou mayst have heard. And it was I who gave unto King Arthur the sword Excalibur. For I am very friendly unto King Arthur and to all the noble knights of his court. So it is that I know ye all. And I know that thou, Sir Marhaus, will become one of the very foremost knights of the Round Table."

Then she said, "I pray ye tell me what it is that ye seek in these parts?" And they said, "We seek adventure." Whereupon she said to them, "I will bring you unto adventure, but it is Sir Gawaine who must undertake it." And Sir Gawaine said, "That is very glad news."

And she brought them up a very high hill, and from the top of the hill they looked down upon a fruitful and level plain as upon a table spread out before them. And in the midst of that plain they beheld that there was a very noble castle, built all of red stone and of red bricks, and a small town, also built of red bricks. And as they sat there on top of the hill they perceived of a sudden a knight, clad in red armor, who came forth from a glade of trees. And

they saw that the knight paraded the meadow that lay in front of the castle, and that he gave challenge to those within the castle. They then perceived that the drawbridge of the castle was let fall of a sudden, and that there issued from thence six knights, clad in complete armor. And they saw that these six knights assailed that one knight in red armor, and that the one knight assailed the six. And they beheld that for a while those six withstood the one, but that he assailed them so terribly that he smote down two of them very quickly. Then they beheld that the rest brake and fled from before the Red Knight, and that the Red Knight pursued them about the meadow with great fury. And they saw that he smote down one from out his saddle, and still another, until but two of those knights were left.

And Sir Gawaine said, "That is certainly a very wonderful sight for to see"; and the Lady of the Lake said, "Wait a little."

Then they saw that when the Red Knight had smitten down all of his enemies but those two, and that when he had put those two in great peril of their lives, he of a sudden sheathed his sword and surrendered himself unto them. And they saw that those two knights brought the Red Knight to the castle, and that when they had brought him there a lady upon the walls bespake that Red Knight with great violence of language. Then they beheld that those two knights bound the Red Knight's hands behind his back, and bound his feet beneath his horse's belly, and drave him away from that place.

All this they beheld from the top of that hill; and the Lady of the Lake said unto Sir Gawaine, "There thou shalt find thy adventure, Sir Gawaine." And Sir Gawaine said, "I will go." And the Lady of the Lake said, "Do so."

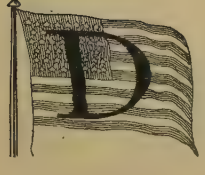
And, behold, she vanished from their sight, and they were greatly amazed.

And now follows the adventure that fell betwixt Sir Gawaine and Sir Pellias.

(To be continued.)

THE ORIGIN OF OUR FLAG.

By Parmalee McFadden.



DID it ever occur to you that the bunch of colored ribbons you wear in your buttonhole—or pinned on your dress if you are a girl—at commencement, or at a baseball or foot-ball game, is really a flag? It tells to what class or school or college you belong, or which of these, for the time, has your interest and sympathy. And for somewhat similar reasons do nations wear their colors. At first maybe it was to tell one another apart; but after a while the colors—the flag—came to represent the nation itself; and the way the people acted toward the nation's flag was supposed to show the way they felt toward the nation.

When the American army was encamped at Cambridge, just outside of Boston, General Washington felt the need of a distinctive flag. There were thirteen colonies represented in that army, and each had its own flag, while some had more than one. Among this miscellaneous lot of flags was the one, of which you have often seen pictures, showing a rattlesnake, and bearing the motto: "Don't tread on me."

But what the country needed was *one* flag, with a design that meant something. So Congress sent a committee, headed by Benjamin Franklin, which consulted with General Washington, and recommended a flag to stand for all the colonies. After much discussion the one adopted was that shown in Fig. 5 (page 807).

To understand how this flag grew from older flags, let us for a moment go back to the early flags of England.

In the early part of the fourteenth century the flag of England bore simply the red cross of St. George on a white ground (see Fig. 1); while the flag of Scotland was a white St. Andrew's cross on a blue ground (see Fig. 2). In 1603 England and Scotland were united, and three years later the two flags were combined to form what was called the "king's colors" (see Fig. 3), England and Scotland, however, retaining their own individual flags. Indeed, it was the red cross of St. George that the "Mayflower" flew at her masthead when she brought her precious load of Pilgrims to Plymouth that cold winter of 1620, for she was an English ship.

In 1707 Great Britain adopted for herself and her colonies the flag shown in Fig. 4, the main part being red, but having in its upper corner the "king's colors," or "union" flag, which represented the union of England and Scotland; and since that time this part of the flag has been called the "union," or "jack," and sometimes the "union jack." The term "jack" is supposed to have come from Jacques, the French spelling of James, which form the then King of England, James I, used in signing his name.

This (Fig. 4) was the flag of Great Britain down to the year 1801, when Ireland was added to form the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. This further extension to the nation was represented in the union by the addition of the cross of St. Patrick, which was a diagonal cross, like that of St. Andrew, only it was red on a white field. The combination of these three crosses of England, Scotland, and Ireland has formed the union in the flag of Great Britain from the year 1801 down to the present day. But this last form of the union jack is not shown here, for it has nothing to do with our flag, and never was used by any of the American colonies.

From the flag shown in Fig. 4 we come to that shown in Fig. 5 — the one that begins to show a resemblance to our own familiar flag. This was the flag recommended by Dr. Franklin's Congressional Committee. It was called the flag of the "United Colonies of America," and had for its union the union jack, made up of only the St. George and St. Andrew's crosses of the British flag; but its main field consisted of thirteen stripes, alternately red and white. There is nothing definite known as to what suggested the idea of the stripes, unless, as has been claimed, the stripes that appeared on the coat of arms of the Washington family; although a flag with stripes was used by the troop of light horse that escorted Washington from Philadelphia to New York when he took command of the army; and stripes were also used on one of the flags of the East India Company.

This flag was first used by the American army encamped at Cambridge. The next stage in the evolution of our flag was in 1777, when by resolution of Congress it was ordered "that the flag of the thirteen United States" (not colonies now) "be thirteen stripes alternately red and white" (just as in the flag then in use), but "the union to be thirteen stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation" (see Fig. 6). In this new form we find another suggestion of the Washington coat of arms, which contained, in addition to two wide red bars, three stars; at least, they were in the form of stars, though in heraldry they would probably be called "mullets" or "rowels" — the sharp-pointed wheels used in riding-spurs.

At the time the stars and stripes were adopted Congress was sitting in Independence Hall, in Philadelphia. There was living in the city a widow named Elizabeth Ross, who, for several years, had made government and other flags. It was by this woman, in her home in Philadelphia, that the first flag authorized by Congress was made. It may be interesting to know that Mrs. Ross's home — the "Betsy Ross House," it is called — is still standing at 239 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

About five years ago a number of citizens were given a charter under the name of the "American Flag House and Betsy Ross Memorial Association." The objects of the association have been partially fulfilled by its purchasing the old Ross house and converting it into a museum.

It was in the back room of this house, then, that General Washington, Robert Morris, and a Colonel Ross discussed with Betsy Ross the details of the flag. It was here they decided

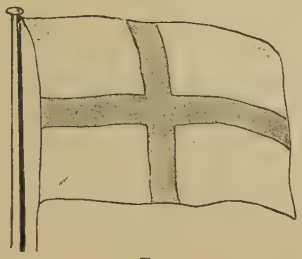


FIG. 1.
THE EARLY FLAG OF ENGLAND,
ST. GEORGE'S CROSS.

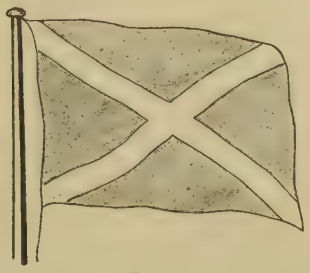


FIG. 2.
THE EARLY FLAG OF SCOTLAND,
ST. ANDREW'S CROSS.

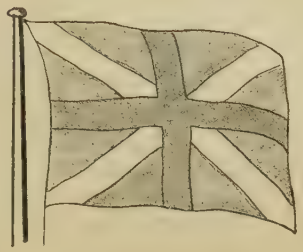


FIG. 3.
THE KING'S COLORS,
ADOPTED 1606.

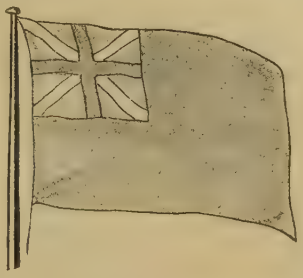


FIG. 4.
THE FLAG OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND HER COLONIES,
ADOPTED 1707.

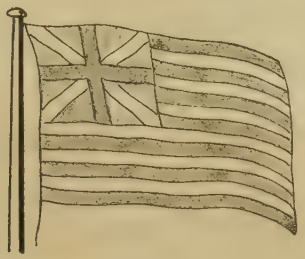


FIG. 5.
THE FLAG OF THE UNITED COLONIES
OF AMERICA,
FIRST USED JANUARY, 1776.

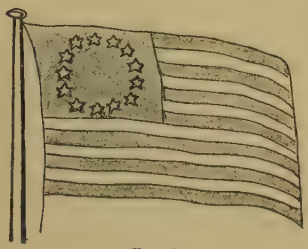


FIG. 6.
FIRST FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA
(13 STARS AND 13 STRIPES),
ADOPTED 1777.

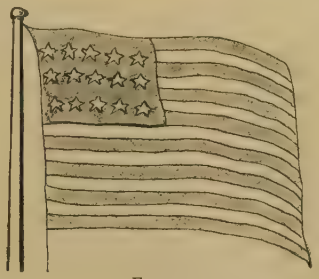


FIG. 7.
THE FLAG ADOPTED IN 1795
(15 STARS AND 15 STRIPES).

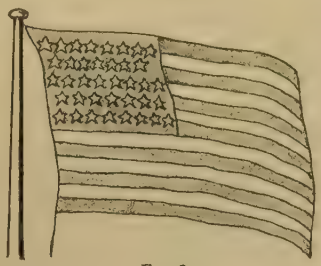


FIG. 8.
THE PRESENT FLAG
OF THE UNITED STATES
(45 STARS AND 13 STRIPES).

THE EVOLUTION OF OUR FLAG.

that the thirteen stars should be placed in the form of a circle to show that it was for all time and had no end. When considering how many points the stars should have, it is reported that Betsy Ross suggested they be given five points, because the cloth could be folded in such a way that a complete star could be made by one cut of the scissors. This might be a good puzzle for the girls and boys to work out. Some of our older readers may recall the solution given in ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1892. It is interesting to note that our flags all have five-pointed stars, while those on our coins are six-pointed.

This (Fig. 6) was the flag that was used at the battle of the Brandywine and at Germantown. It was with our army when Burgoyne surrendered; with Washington at Valley Forge;

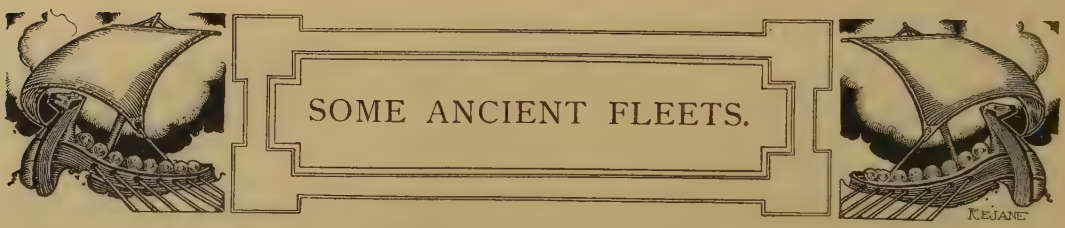
at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown; and at the evacuation of New York by the British in 1787.

After Vermont and Kentucky were admitted as States, Congress ordered that after May 1, 1795, the flag have *fifteen* stripes and *fifteen* stars (see Fig. 7). This was the flag that our army and navy carried in the War of 1812.

But, scarcely less interesting to patriotic Americans is the fact that this particular form of the flag was the one used at the attack on Fort McHenry, when Francis Scott Key waited with others for the return of morning to learn whether the fort had fallen; and when "by the dawn's early light" he saw through the mist "that our flag was still there," and was stirred into writing "The Star-Spangled Banner," which has since become our national anthem.

As will be seen from the illustration, this fifteen-stripe flag has not so graceful proportions as those of the preceding forms, and it soon became evident that if a new stripe were to be added for each State admitted into the Union, in the course of time the flag would become unwieldy. So in 1818, when there were twenty States, Congress passed a law to the effect that after the following July 4 the number of stripes in the flag should be reduced to the original thirteen, but that the union should have twenty stars; and that as each new State was admitted another star should be added, to take effect the Fourth of July next following its admission.

From that time down to this day the stripes have stood for the original thirteen States, and the stars for *all* the States. From the twenty stars in 1818 the "union" has been filling up until there are now forty-five stars (see Fig. 8), and, without doubt, room will very soon have to be made for three more when the territories of Oklahoma, Arizona, and New Mexico shall be admitted as States.



By Fanny Gwen Ford.

Modern navies and modern methods have given a very different aspect to the sea-fights of to-day from those of the olden times, but for that very reason the old fleets, and battles fought on the sea long years before Christ came on earth, are full of interest.

Of the navy of one of the oldest of old countries, China, very little is known. That China was once much interested in sea affairs is, however, certain. It is said that, long before any other peoples, the Chinese knew something of the wonders of the lodestone, and even if the mariner's compass was not invented by them, their knowledge of the magnet was certainly sufficient to aid them in navigating their ships, and helped to extend their trading, and probably their battles, into strange waters. So the Chinese were bold voyagers ages ago. On their cruisers' bows was painted an eye to denote watchfulness; and red, a sacred color to them, was displayed in strips of cloth which decorated the various parts of the ship.

Chinese enterprise on the sea unfortunately received a death-blow from one of their own weak and self-loving monarchs, who forbade his subjects to cruise in waters outside of the China Sea, for fear they should learn in their travels any ideas which might lead them to

THE WOUNDED ALEXANDER PASSING THROUGH HIS FLEET.

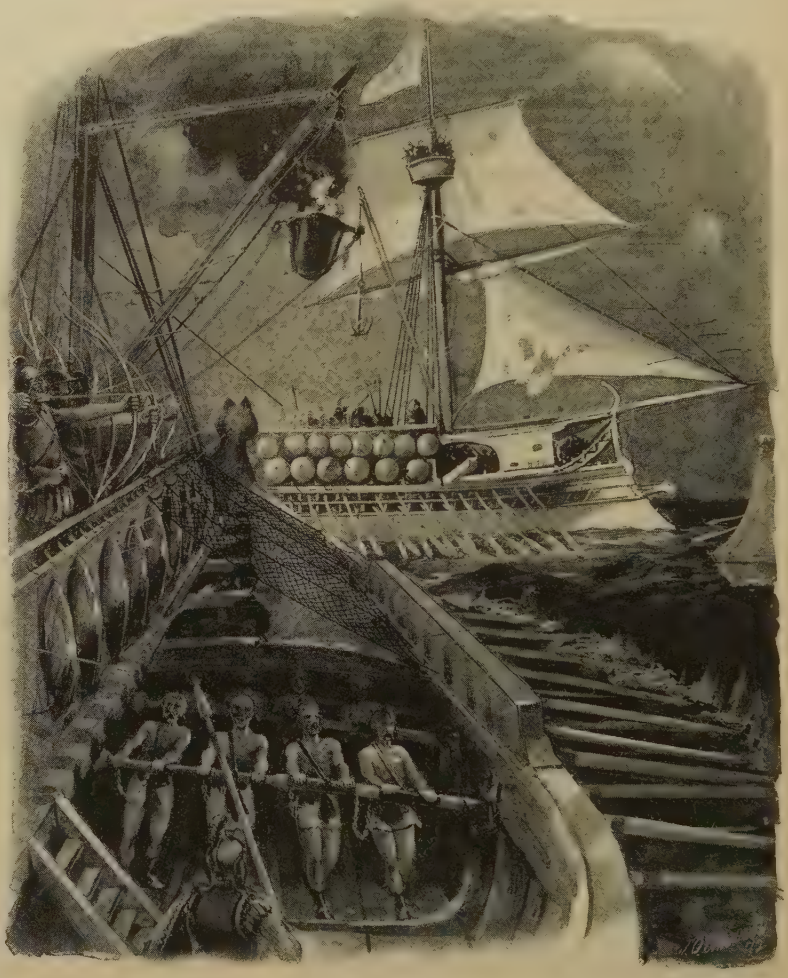
rebel against his tyrannical government. He also ordered, vain and unwise man that he was, that all vessels should be made in the shape of his imperial foot! Alas, poor ships! this strange shape destroyed all seaworthy qualities, and any ambition in the direction of a Chinese navy was for the time extinguished.

The first historical naval battle of the world is said to have taken place near Pelusium, an ancient city of Egypt; for the Egyptians, though they never were fond of war, had in their prosperous days an excellent army and navy, which they were obliged to keep to protect themselves. The navy, however, as the people of Egypt hated the water, was entirely controlled and manned by sailors from the sea-bred Phenicians, of whom I will tell you later, and in this way, no doubt, exciting battles were fought on the Mediterranean Sea two thousand years or so before the Christian era.

A mode of warfare called "ramming" was a popular method for destroying an enemy, and for this purpose a ram's head, probably made of iron, was fastened to the prow of the ship. Archers and slingers were stationed on poop and forecastle of the vessel.

For hand-to-hand conflict, when the enemy was "boarded," the men were always provided with pikes, spears, javelins, and battle-axes; all fighters wore heavy helmets of bronze and coats of mail, and they carried wooden shields covered with thick, tough bull's hide.

A very large fleet, for conquest on the Red Sea, was built by one of the kings of Egypt named Thothmes I. He was already a famous conqueror, but a very ambitious daughter called Hatàsu hoped, by this addition to the navy, to carry their dominion still farther. Some time afterward, also, large conquests were made by the Egyptian navy in the reign of Thothmes III, who lived about fifteen hundred years before the birth of Christ. This Thothmes III, so great was his ambition and success, has been called an Egyptian Napoleon, but, notwithstanding such fame, he is better remembered to-day as the creator of those wonderful obelisks called Cleopatra's Needles, one of which was placed, not many years ago, on the Embankment in



GALLEYS IN ACTION.

London, and an other in Central Park, New York, while Rome boasts a third.

Whatever of naval glory, however, belonged to Egypt in those bygone times, it does not approach in renown that of its little neighbor on the Asiatic side of the Mediterranean Sea — Phenicia by name. Glorious, indeed, are the records of Phenician sailors on the sea! Born in a little strip of country two hundred miles in length, its greatest width twelve miles and its average only three, shut in by the mountains of Lebanon from the outlying country, these hardy, enterprising people were forced to take to the water as a means of communicating with the outside world; and good use they made of it. Those mighty cities of theirs, Tyre and Sidon, sent large numbers of people, by sea, protected by strong fleets, to found successful colonies in all directions. Britain we know was visited by them, as tin from its mines was brought back by their ships, as was also amber from the shores of the Baltic Sea. Whole fleets of ships with sailors to man them were, as I have said, supplied to Egypt and other countries by these sea-loving people, all skilfully arranged, and with excellent discipline. It must be confessed that much of the Phenician warfare might, in plain language, be styled piracy, but it can be said in their favor that wherever the fleets of the Phenicians went, there followed something of civilization.

Among some of the earliest fleets mentioned in history was one built by the clever Phenician ship-builders for Sennacherib, King of Assyria, seven hundred years before Christ, or over twenty-six hundred years ago. It seems that this king had a much-dreaded rival in a prince of Chaldea named Suzub. This prince lived in the marshes in a very un-get-at-able place on some small island of the Persian Gulf, from which Sennacherib decided to oust him; and though Sennacherib and his people lived far inland, he conceived the bold design of making an attack on Suzub with a fleet brought by him from his own country. For this purpose he ordered the Phenicians to construct "tall ships after their country," meaning modeled like their own vessels, and to man them with sailors from Tyre and Sidon. This fleet, when ready, sailed some distance down the Tigris, which you will now find on the map of Turkey in Asia. Then the ships,—just think of it!—were transferred overland, probably by means of wooden rollers, all the way to the great thoroughfare of the country, the big canal of Babylon. There the soldiers of Sennacherib were put on board, and the fleet sailed down the canal to the Euphrates River. After much voyaging, the ships, with all the troops, wound their way through the marshes which were at the mouth of the Euphrates, and came into the Persian Gulf. This was, indeed, a wonderful undertaking to those land-bred people, and much doubt was in many minds as they voyaged down. Offerings of little golden images of ships and fishes were thrown into the water for Ea, the god of the sea, whose aid they hoped would decide the contest in their favor. Fortunately, after many trials and hardships, their efforts were in the end successful, and Suzub was obliged to fly from his stronghold and leave everything in the hands of the conqueror.

So wonderfully well did those old Phenicians build ships and prepare men to manage them that the construction of both the Persian and the Greek men-of-war was learned from them, and their sailors entirely manned the Persian ships in the great sea-fights between those two countries which took place four hundred years before Christ. A very good account, by the way, is given of the galleys of those times by Professor Parker of the American navy, which, though written for older people, cannot fail to interest any girl or boy who will think it worth while to look it up.

Going on some two hundred years more, we come to the great sea-fights between two very powerful opponents, the Roman republic and the colony of Carthage (settled on the northern coast of Africa, some eight hundred years before, by those old mighty mariners, the Phenicians). So overbearing had these Carthaginians become, through their long supremacy on the water, that they had forbidden the Romans even to wash their hands in the Mediterranean Sea! One of the secrets of this tyranny, also, was the fact that the Romans, though great conquerors with their vast army on land, possessed no navy, and were, therefore, so far as the sea was concerned, at the mercy of the Carthaginian

A ROMAN MAN-O'-WAR.

fleets. The Roman people, however, awoke at last to a sense of their own inferiority in this regard, and from one of their enemy's ships, stranded on their coast, they got the design for their first ship. Dockyards were enlarged; forests

were felled, and in an astonishingly short time the first Roman fleet, consisting of one hundred and twenty-four men-of-war, put to sea. In addition to this navy, however, as the Romans knew the Carthaginians in the customary naval tactics would far outdo them, they decided that some plan would have to be devised which would give the powerful Roman soldiers an opportunity to fight almost as if on land. This was done by the invention of the famous grappling-hook and boarding-machine called the corvus, by which a ship could be hooked to the side of its enemy in a manner that served to make one battle-field of both ships. In this way only, naval victories became possible at that time to the Romans, fighting against a foe in all else their superiors but as soldiers.

After various conquests over the Carthaginians, however, the Romans lost for some time their interest seaward, and their navy became small and of little value. Still the struggle was not over between these two great rivals, and the Romans again found it necessary to reinforce their navy to three hundred and thirty men-of-war, and the Carthaginians manned a fleet of

some three hundred and fifty vessels. Then one of the greatest naval battles (265 B. C.) was fought, and sixty-four Carthaginian ships were taken, with their crews, but not a single Roman vessel was carried off, though twenty-four of their galleys were sunk, and thirty of the enemy's.

So the battles went on till the last Carthaginian fleet was destroyed, and the Romans were left in full control of the Mediterranean Sea.

A FUTURE GENERAL.

MARJORY'S FIRST CELEBRATION.

By A. L. Sykes.

"Are you going to buy torpedoes for me, Uncle Alec?" asked Robby.

"Yes," said Uncle Alec.

"Oh, goody! And pinwheels, and rockets, and fiery serpents, and Roman candles?" asked Robby, spinning around his uncle as though he were a pinwheel himself.

"Yes," laughed Uncle Alec.

"And little pistols and caps?"

"Yes."

"And teenty-tonty firecrackers, and middle-sized ones, and great big cannon ones?" asked Robby.

Uncle Alec opened his lips to say yes again, but a sorrowful little voice said: "Oh, Uncle Alec, Robby is a perfectly f'rocious boy. I wish you *would n't* buy such dreadful things."

"Pooh!" said Robby, and he put his hands in the pockets of his knickerbockers and stood very straight; for he was seven, and brave, and Marjory was only five, and did n't like Fourth of July at all.

"I won't let 'em hurt you. I can keep care of you, Marjory," he said. "And you can hold my punk." Here he brought out a dilapidated piece from the recesses of his trousers pocket, a remnant from the last Fourth, which he handed to Marjory as a sort of earnest of bigger and better things to be expected in Uncle Alec's package.

"Yes; but I don't like to *hear* them," said Marjory, and though she was the dearest little girl in the whole world, she looked almost ready to cry. But when the time for buying the things came Marjory was quite ready to go, and when her uncle came home with his arms full of bundles Marjory said to her mama:

"Mama, Robby's bundles are full of awful things, and mine are full of nice things, and we are going to put them on the shelf and not look at them until Fourth of July."

On the day before the Fourth the postman brought a letter to Robby.

"Hurrah!" he shouted, after he had heard it read. "Grandma wants me to stay with her all the Fourth of July, and I can make as much noise as I want. Mama, may I go?"

Mama was glad to say yes, for Robby was never tired of shooting, and Marjory never seemed to get used to the noise, and cried so much that the day was always a hard one for their mother.

When the happy morning came, Robby was up before light, packing his treasures for the journey; and when Uncle Alec took him to the train, all the passengers smiled when they saw such a small American with such a large box going somewhere to celebrate his independence.

"It 's very sad without Robby," moaned Marjory at lunch-time.

"Yes," said her mother, "but not nearly so sad as it is with him. I have n't heard you cry once to-day; and when nap-time is over, you know that you are to begin to celebrate."

How Marjory's eyes danced when she woke from her nap and was dressed in her very prettiest dress! She went to the next house and invited all the little girls to come and see her "Fourth of July," and they came. She ran and took the packages from the shelf, and Uncle Alec came to help her.

Off came the papers — and what *do* you think she found?

Robby had taken her bundles and left his, and there on the floor lay strings and strings of tiny red fire-crackers, and middle-sized ones, and great, great cannon ones.

Marjory hid her face in her mama's lap and cried and cried.

"I 'm crying some for me," she sobbed, "but most for Robby. I just believe he 'll die!"

"Well, put on your hat, pussykins, and we 'll catch the three-o'clock train and make him happy again," said Uncle Alec, who, in his long black duster, had just come in from a trial drive

"'OH, YOU DEAR, DEAR UNCLE ALEC!' CRIED MARJORY, HOLDING OUT HER HANDS AND RUNNING UP TO HIM."

of a new horse he was thinking of purchasing; and then Marjory was happy indeed.

"Oh, you dear, dear Uncle Alec!" cried Marjory, holding out her hands and running up to him. "Mama will send word for me to the girls explaining everything."

They were soon walking down the village street toward grandma's house. They found grandma and grandpa, and John the man, and Kate the maid, all searching for a lost Robby.

"He ran to open his bundles in the kitchen, and we have n't seen him since, though we 've called and called," said grandma.

"He is under the bed, I think," said Marjory. "He goes there so people won't see him cry." And upstairs they all ran. Marjory looked, and there, far under grandma's bed, lay a sad little curled-up bundle that was Robby. Nobody laughed when he crawled out, red and tear-stained, with his arms full of Marjory's packages, and he wiped his eyes very hard when no one was looking, and was soon as merry as the others.

"Ladies first," said Uncle Alec, as they went out on the lawn; and Robby laughed with the rest at the day fireworks as the queer cats and pigs and funny mandarins went floating up and away. They pulled the crackers, and every one had a gay cap to wear, and the very nicest of candy came from the boxes that looked just like fire-crackers.

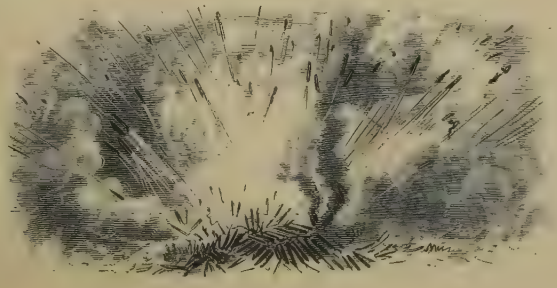
Then came Robby's turn. How the torpedoes and the pistols snapped, and the fire-crackers roared, and the great, great ones boomed like cannons! Marjory sat on Uncle Alec's knee, and never cried at all, but laughed and shouted, "Was n't *that* a fine one, Robby?" And nobody but Uncle Alec knew how she trembled, and how very brave she was.

When the dark came, Robby shot off his fireworks. Finally there was just one thing left,—the biggest, reddest cracker of them all,—and Marjory said in a faint little voice, "Let me light it."

"You would n't dare," said Robby.

"I don't dare, but I 'm going to," said Marjory, and she grasped Robby's hand, oh, so tightly! and ran, and lighted it, and was back in an instant on Uncle Alec's knee.

"Bravo!" they all cried, and "BOOM!" said the big cracker, and Fourth of July was over.



BUENOS AIRES, THE GREATEST CITY SOUTH OF THE EQUATOR.

By G. M. L. Brown.

THE SHADED PORTION OF THIS MAP SHOWS THE POSITION SOUTH AMERICA WOULD TAKE IF DOUBLED OVER AT THE EQUATOR UPON THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE.

L.L. POATES, ENGR., N.Y.

It was once my amusing experience, while teaching in an English school in Buenos Aires, to have a class in geography dispute certain of my statements regarding the industries and wealth of the United States. The figures were too startling, and they simply would not accept them. One pupil, a clever French lad named Pierre, was particularly combative; and, had I not been able to prove his reference-books to be hopelessly out of date, I should have come out "second best" in the discussion. This sketch of Buenos Aires, on the other hand, is just as open to criticism from the girls and boys of North America should the ordinary school geography be taken altogether as the latest authority. But — well, excellent as these geographies may be, they have never done justice to South America, and probably they never will until better communication is established between the two continents. Then our country will find that it has yet much to learn about its Southern neighbors, and, I fear, much to unlearn.

Buenos Aires, the capital of the Argentine Republic, is the largest city in South America. It is also the largest city in the Southern Hemisphere, and the largest city in the Western Hemisphere south of Philadelphia. It is, more-

over, the largest Spanish-speaking city in the world. Its population probably exceeds nine hundred thousand, and is increasing rapidly.

This great city lies near the thirty-fifth parallel of latitude south, so that it is about seventy-six degrees, or over five thousand miles, south of New York. Not directly south, however, but far to the eastward, as will be seen in the map on the preceding page.

Here we have that part of South America which lies south of the equator, doubled over, as it were, upon the Northern Hemisphere, so that each point is in the exact position in northern latitude and longitude that it really occupies in the southern. Notice that, except for a part of Patagonia, South America lies east of our continent, even the coast cities of Chile being some distance to the east of Cape Hatteras. Thus we can understand why in Buenos Aires the time is more than an hour ahead of New York time, and why in Rio Janeiro it is more than two hours ahead.

But note also the comparative latitude of Buenos Aires and the other cities near it. How far from the tropics they are!—opposite North Carolina, in fact, with a more temperate climate than New Orleans or Jacksonville or even Savannah. To be more exact, we find that the three Southern capitals, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, and Santiago, which are practically on a line with one another, are almost on a line with three of our smaller cities, viz., Wilmington, North Carolina, Little Rock, Arkansas, and Los Angeles, California. Cape Town, South Africa, and Sydney, Australia, strange to say, would also lie on this line, could they be shown in the map.

Buenos Aires, therefore, enjoys a warm but by no means a tropical climate. The heat of summer is tempered by the cool waters of the South Atlantic, and its winter has neither snow nor excessive rains. An occasional frost, sometimes a week or two of wet weather—that is all.

THE PLAZA VICTORIA.

I well remember, during my first winter in that latitude, how surprised and delighted my pupils were at the sight of hail. When I arrived at school, the hail had melted to a soft

mass quite suitable for snowballs, as the boys were not slow to find out. Not content with playing in the courtyard, however, they had carried the fun indoors, and floor and walls presented a sorry sight. This, I thought, was a bad beginning for the winter, so I hastily summoned the whole school and warned them not to repeat the performance. The boys listened, but not as gravely as I should have wished; so, finally, quite embarrassed, I stopped and asked the nearest boy what he was laughing at.

"Please, sir," he said, "we are n't likely to do it again; I never snowballed before, and I guess I 'll never have another chance!" And up to the present, I believe, the poor boy has not.

This took place in June, if I remember correctly, and the remainder of that winter — which, of course, would be summer north of the equator — was one of the most delightful seasons I ever witnessed. The air was moist but balmy; the sun was warm but not hot; birds and flowers — and, alas, mosquitos — were everywhere to be seen. Only an occasional bare tree told that it was winter.

So much for the climate; now let us glance briefly at the early history of Buenos Aires before we stop to make a closer examination of the modern city.

Buenos Aires, meaning "good airs" or "healthful winds," was named by an old Spanish explorer and freebooter, Pedro de Mendoza, who founded the city in the year 1535. The wind blowing in from the pampas was certainly good, but not so the flat, swampy piece of ground that he selected for a town. Yet the little settlement grew, despite its surroundings, despite the lack of a harbor, despite a century of Indian wars and over two and a half centuries of Spanish misrule. It grew and prospered until, in 1776,— an easy date for you to remember,— it became the capital of the great Spanish viceroyalty of La Plata, which comprised what is now Argentina, Bolivia, Paraguay, and Uruguay. Just one hundred years ago Buenos Aires's population had reached fifty thousand, which seems quite remarkable when one considers the vexatious taxes and restrictions that Spain imposed on her colonies.

MONTEVIDEO, THE RIVAL CAPITAL ACROSS THE LA PLATA.

In 1806 occurred the British invasion under Major-General (afterward Viscount) William Carr Beresford, an event that nearly changed the destiny of half a continent. For "the Purple Land that England lost," as a writer styles the

A VIEW IN THE DOCKS.

La Plata countries, would probably have been British to-day, like Cape Colony, or at least English-speaking, had Beresford held the city he so easily captured.

England and Spain were at war at this time, Spain being the ally of Napoleon. Beresford, who had been stationed at Cape of Good Hope, thought he would aid his country by seizing a Spanish colony, and impulsively set sail for the Rio de la Plata with about sixteen hundred men. Arrived off Buenos Aires, he took the city quite by surprise, and captured it easily. But the people were not inclined to submit to a mere handful of *Ingleses* (Englishmen), and after a few weeks' preparation they advanced upon the invaders and soon overwhelmed them. The fighting occurred in the *Plaza Mayor*, the principal square of the city, where Beresford was intrenched, and this square has ever since been known as the *Plaza Victoria*, while adjacent streets, such as *Defensa* (Defense), *Reconquista* (Reconquest), and a few others, were renamed in honor of the victory.

But Great Britain, unwilling to lose such a prize, sent a much larger force, under General Whitelocke, to recapture the city. This expedition, however, ended much more disastrously. Whitelocke, through his incompetency, lost half his men and had to withdraw to his ships; and, to complete his disgrace, he surrendered Montevideo, the city across the river,— now the capital of Uruguay, — which had been gallantly captured by a separate force. Thus the La Plata provinces were lost to England forever.

But Spain was soon to lose them also. South America had long been ripening for revolt, and almost simultaneously the various colonies rose against the mother-country. The Argentine nation dates from May 25, 1810, when the people of Buenos Aires, assembled in the same old square, the Plaza Victoria, declared their

SHIPPING IN THE RIACHUELO, OR "BOCA."

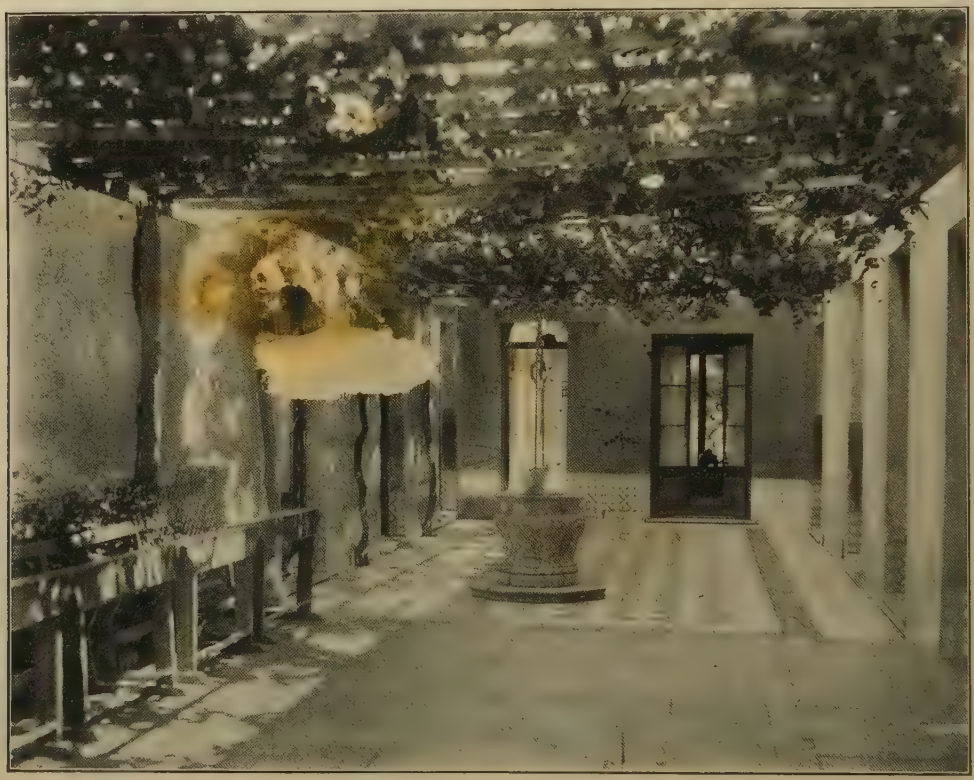
right to self-government, and appointed a "junta," or provisional government, to succeed the viceroy. The first stone of the "Pyramid of Liberty" (to be seen in the view of the Plaza) was laid April 1 of the following year; and on the same day, we may note in passing, the new republic abolished slavery. Then succeeded years of conflict with Spain in what is now Uruguay, Paraguay, and Bolivia, and on the sea; for Buenos Aires, aided by the sparse settlements of the interior, sent assistance whenever she could to the struggling sister colonies.

The names of Moreno, Belgrano, and particularly San Martin, will ever be honored by the South American republics for the part they took in this struggle.

The later history of Buenos Aires would make rather tedious reading, I fear, so I shall mention only two or three events. A remarkable period was the dictatorship of Rosas, who was elected President of the Argentine provinces in 1827, but became, after a few years, a most arbitrary tyrant. For seventeen years, in fact, he ruled with a hand of iron, and many of Buenos Aires's citizens were cruelly put to death by his secret agents. The city experienced a genuine reign of terror, hundreds of its best families having to flee for safety to Montevideo. Rosas was defeated in battle in 1852 and ended his days in England.

But good times were not yet in store. Revolutions and political intrigues followed each other in such rapid succession that commerce came almost to a standstill. For several years the city and province of Buenos Aires was in conflict with the other thirteen provinces, but in 1862 peace was proclaimed and the present Argentine Republic was formed. Shortly afterward a disastrous war with Paraguay was begun, and then came the greatest misfortune that Buenos Aires has ever experienced — the yellow-fever epidemic.

The Great Plague of 1871, as the Argentines call it, began in January of that year and lasted



A SPANISH PATIO AT CHRISTMAS-TIME.

about one hundred days. The population of the city at that time has been variously estimated, but authorities agree that more than twenty-five thousand people must have perished. It was an awful visitation, but it resulted in a great reform in the sanitary condition of the city, so that no such epidemic is likely to occur again.

The administration of President Sarmiento is noteworthy on account of the excellent educational system that he established. Sarmiento studied the schools and colleges of the United States, finally adopting the Michigan system as best adapted to his country. A number of American teachers were then employed to establish normal schools in Buenos Aires and the cities of the interior, and in these the native teachers were prepared for their work. Sarmiento is therefore called the father of Argentine education, and his name is justly revered by the nation.

The last revolution in the Argentine Republic occurred in 1890, and lasted but a few days. Buenos Aires, as usual, bore the brunt of the ordeal; but peace was soon restored, and, happily, seems destined long to continue.

Perhaps the great influx of foreigners accounts for this, for Buenos Aires has become one of the most cosmopolitan of cities. More numerous even than the natives are the Italians, who number 350,000 or more — a good-sized city in themselves. The Argentines come next in number; then the Spaniards, the French, and the Germans. The English-speaking community is large enough to support three small dailies and half a dozen weekly newspapers. The trade of the city is thus controlled principally by outsiders; but the natives control the government and the army, and they see to it that the foreigners are well taxed!

What attracts such a host of foreigners, you will ask, and what supports this large population? An answer is easily given:

First: Buenos Aires stands at the mouth of a

CORRIDOR AND COURTYARD OF THE SAN ROQUE HOSPITAL.

great river — the La Plata. This is formed by the junction of the Paraná and the Uruguay, which, between them, drain a territory larger than the basin of the Mississippi — a territory to which, as yet, there is no access but through the La Plata. Buenos Aires is thus the principal port of the country. Manufactured goods for the provinces of the interior, and even for Paraguay and parts of Uruguay and Brazil, are here unloaded to be forwarded by railroad or by river-steamers to their destination. From Buenos Aires, likewise, is exported the products of these regions, particularly the output of the pampas, those wonderful plains of which you have read, which support countless flocks and herds, and produce millions of bushels of wheat and corn.

CALLE PERU, LOOKING INTO CALLE FLORIDA (PERU AND FLORIDA STREETS).

AVENIDA VEINTICINCO MAYO (AVENUE TWENTY-FIFTH OF MAY).

Second: It is the political, military, commercial, and social metropolis of Argentina in every sense of the word. Indeed, there is only one other city of any size in the Republic — Rosario, which, though growing rapidly, seems but like a big town compared with its great neighbor. La Plata, the capital of the province of Buenos Aires, enjoyed quite a "boom" about ten years ago, and was expected by some to rival Buenos Aires; but it stands to-day, a city of deserted palaces, with grass growing in its streets.

The first thing that strikes you on landing at Buenos Aires is its docks, which extend for five miles along the river-front. They were built by an English firm, and were completed in 1897. They are most solidly constructed, supplied with numerous modern steam-cranes, and are brilliantly lighted with electricity at night. They cost the city and nation seven million pounds sterling, or thirty-five million dollars. So great is the amount of shipping, however, that not the docks alone, but the small river Riachuelo, is crowded with vessels. Indeed, one wonders how a ship, once entered, can ever manage to get out.

In the docks you will see the cattle-steamers loading live stock, and refrigerator-steamers loading frozen mutton, their cargoes consigned to England, or perhaps Belgium or France. Other steamers may be seen unloading general cargoes from England, Germany, France, or the United States; and ocean liners — perhaps just arrived from Genoa, Barcelona, or other continental ports — steam in with crowded decks. River-steamers of all sizes, and men-of-war, including generally several of foreign nations, and, not least in importance, the old training-ship for naval cadets, lie end to end along the massive quays.

In the Riachuelo — or the "Boca," as it is known to sailors the world over — are to be found huge "tramps" unloading coal from Wales; Canadian barks unloading lumber or taking on cargoes of wool and hides for Boston or New York; Norwegian vessels loading wool or hides or wheat for Europe, or perhaps flour for Brazil; and Italian vessels taking the same cargoes, or discharging marble, wine, or olive oil. American and Brazilian sailing-vessels will also be noticed, and perhaps here and there a mast flying the banner of old Spain. Besides these, of course, there are innumerable lighters, fruit-barges, tugs, and smaller craft.

The most fascinating sight in the docks, to an American boy, would be the arrival of a Paraguayan river-boat, with its upper deck loaded with oranges exposed to the sun to ripen, its hold filled with maté, or Paraguayan tea, and hard-wood from the tropical forests; and, more interesting still, its living freight of parrots, monkeys, and a motley throng of human beings.

From Barracas al Sud, which lies beyond the Riachuelo, to its beautiful northern suburbs, the city of Buenos Aires extends eleven miles, its area being twice that of Paris and nearly three times that of Berlin. Yet the houses are built close together, and one would wonder what causes the city to cover so much ground if he were not familiar with the Spanish style of building. The houses are low, and contain large patios, or courtyards; for the people insist on having plenty of fresh air and sunshine. Of course buildings of several stories are now quite common, especially in the business streets; but the one-story house, with high ceilings and several airy patios, is yet the favorite structure.

One could hardly imagine a more delightful spot than a Spanish patio. The picture on page 820 shows one of the three patios in the American Girls' School in Montevideo, but it will serve as a type of those in Buenos Aires, and, in fact, of the Spanish patio anywhere. The floor is principally of marble, which is very cheap in many South American cities, and the walls are tiled and painted in bright colors. Overhead is a mass of vines, loaded, in season, with delicious grapes. In the patio in front there is an orange-tree, and two of the walls are almost covered with roses, wistaria, and Paraguayan jasmine.

AVENIDA SARMIENTO (AVENUE SARMIENTO), PALERMO PARK.

Each room in a Spanish house opens into the patio; and the door, as you will observe, also serves as a window. The kitchen is always at the back, and is separated from the rest of the building for fear that any artificial heat might get into the living-rooms. For South Americans won't heat their houses even on the coldest winter days, from a superstition that the heat of a fire is very unhealthful.

The only drawback to a Spanish house is the difficulty in getting from room to room in wet weather. Imagine having to put on a waterproof and rubbers to go from the library to the dining-room; and think of the poor cook's feelings as she hurries with a carefully prepared dish through torrents of rain! Some patios, of course, are covered with glass; but the open patio, with its fragrant air, and a leafy canopy or oftener just the blue sky above, is decidedly the more charming.

In another illustration we see a courtyard on a very large scale, the interior of the San Roque Hospital, Buenos Aires, the corridor of which, on a pleasant day, is as inviting a place as an invalid could wish for.

Another charming characteristic of Spanish cities is the plazas, to which reference has already been made. In laying out a town the rule of the old Spanish dons was to start always with a public square. Then, as the town grew, others would be laid out, thus providing breathing-spaces for the future when the town should become a city. Buenos Aires has nearly a score of these breathing-places, all of which contain trees, flowers, and seats for the passer-by. Many, like the squares of our own larger cities, contain statues and fountains.

THE JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM OF THE BUENOS AIRES ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL.

Buenos Aires is likewise liberally provided with parks — Palermo Park reminding one of Central Park, New York, except that its trees are subtropical. There are beautiful winding paths, an artificial lake, a magnificent driveway, — Sarmiento Avenue, already referred to,— zoological gardens, pavilions, and, in fact, everything that one would expect to find in the pleasure-ground of a large city.

Perhaps the most surprising thing to the "gringo," or new arrival, in Buenos Aires, is the magnificence of its retail business streets. Many are narrow compared with our streets, and the architecture is sometimes a strange mixture of French, Spanish, and Italian; but white marble, plate-glass, and bright paint are used so lavishly that the effect is very pleasing. Calle Florida, the principal retail street, is not unlike Broadway, New York, in the attractiveness of its shops, and here, on pleasant afternoons, the élite of the city pass up and down in their splendid carriages.

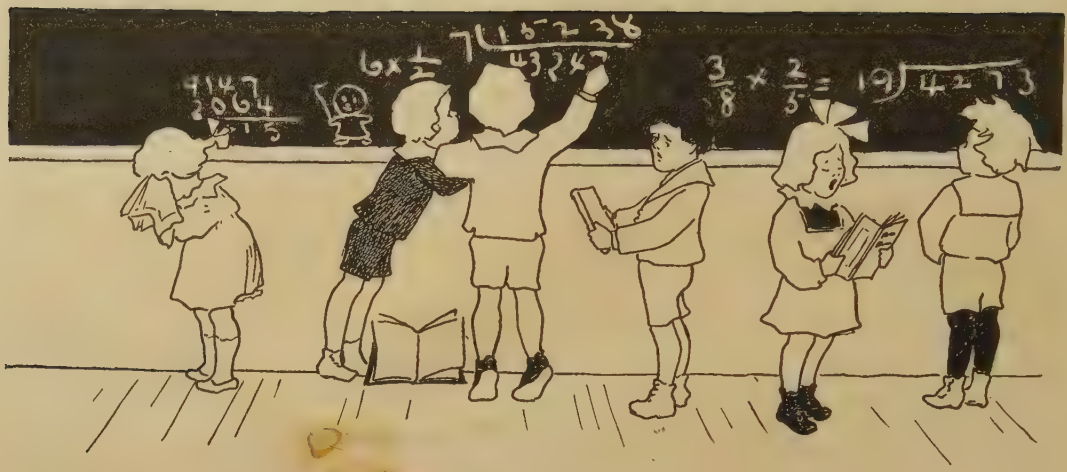
Avenida Veinticinco de Mayo, or Twenty-fifth of May Avenue,— you will remember that this is the date of Argentine independence,— is considered to be the finest street in South America, and, when all the vacant lots have been built upon, will be one of the finest in the world. It was projected through the heart of the city, hundreds of buildings having been torn down to make way for it. It begins in the Plaza Victoria, and has yet to be continued several miles to the site of the proposed new government buildings. It is paved with asphalt, lighted with electricity, and has already cost the city over ten million dollars in gold.

Buenos Aires has some notable churches, one of the most interesting of which is the old cathedral, a low but capacious building (to be seen in the view of the Plaza Victoria). As to its many public buildings, its colleges, railroad stations, hospitals, theaters, and clubs, I fear I would tire you were I to give particulars. In brief, however, these are principally modern, and many of them represent a great outlay of money. The building material almost universally used is brick faced with plaster, which is painted and sometimes gaily ornamented. The walls are made very thick, so that serious fires do not often occur.

Although thoroughly modern in most respects, and more progressive than many a European city, Buenos Aires still shows traces of its old-fashioned Spanish customs, and occasionally exhibits, I regret to say, its former spirit of lawlessness. The horse-car driver tooting a rough cow-horn was only recently replaced by the motorman; the Spanish burden-carrier, or chancador, is yet quite common (you will notice several standing on the street corner in the view of Calle Florida); the gaucho, or cow-boy, with a "poncho" over his shoulders, may be seen riding his bronco, perhaps alongside of an automobile; the milkman, his milk-cans strung in leather pouches from the sides of his saddle, may yet occasionally be met; and on many a back street the cow, with her forlorn little calf trotting behind, is driven up to the door and milked in the presence of the customer. The law is yet notoriously lax regarding the use of firearms; and in sanitation, although the health authorities have done much, the city is not so clean that yellow fever is altogether a thing of the past.

An exceedingly quaint custom— common to all the neighboring republics as well— is the drinking of maté from a gourd or maté-cup. Maté, or Paraguayan tea, has long been the favorite beverage in Buenos Aires, but is drunk between meals, and so does not interfere with the consumption of wine and coffee. It is grown in Paraguay and Brazil, and somewhat resembles tea in appearance. The native Argentine places the maté in the bottom of the gourd, pours in boiling water, and instantly begins to drink the beverage through a long silver tube, which is spherical at its lower end and perforated to permit only the liquid to enter the tube, which, as you may imagine, gets extremely hot. After a few sips the cup is passed to another, and so on around the group, no matter how many there may be. When the cup is empty, more water is poured in, and the maté continues its rounds.

There is still much to be told about this great city of the South; but perhaps many of the ST. NICHOLAS readers will some day see it for themselves. As better steamship lines connecting our country with the Argentine will likely be established soon, and, eventually, a railroad constructed to that country and Chile, this is not at all improbable. If you ever should think of going, learn to pronounce Spanish names correctly. Then you will call the city, not Bū′nŏs Airs, but Boo-ā′nōs Ey′race.



A NEW ARITHMETIC.

By George William Daley.

"I 'm bound to be a genius," said little Johnny Green;
"I 'm going to write a book to be the best one ever seen.
I 'll call it Green's Arithmetic, and in it will be rules
To knock out the old-fogyness so rampant in our schools.

"Addition I 'll have all fixed up so that when four and eight
Are added in together you will find the answer straight.
At blackboard you won't need to stand and think with all your might,
For whatever number you put down it 's sure to come out right.

"The same way with the tables; I 'll have a new set made.
When teacher calls 'Quick, seven times nine,' you need n't be afraid.
Just raise your hand and speak right out and say it 's eighty-two;
You 'll have my book to back you up, so what can teacher do?

"Through fractions, cancelation, and the awful cent. per cent.,
I 'll have the answers as they chance to be convenient.
You need n't ruin your poor eyes a-studying at night,
For be your answer what it may it 's bound to be all right.

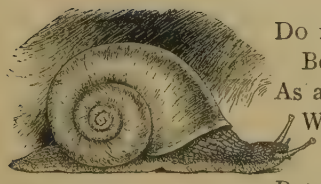
"Eight nines will make just forty-one, and two plus four make five.
Subtracting four from nine leaves three, as sure as you 're alive.
You 'll work out fractions by the yard, and do them just as quick
As lightning, when you 're helped along by Green's Arithmetic.

"But—the other night my mother was cutting us a pie,—
There were Ben and Dick and Dorothy and Cousin Fred and I;
Said mother, as she poised the knife: 'Tell me the answer, son;
By your new scheme, how many times will five go into one?'

"My system says you need not think, and so I answered, 'Four.'
And when she quartered that old pie perhaps they did n't roar.
I did n't get the smallest bite; and that 's the reason why
In 'truly things' I won't have Green's Arithmetic apply."

The SNAIL and the RACE-HORSE

RHYME AND PICTURES BY E.C. GORDON



Do not revile the patient snail
Because he crawls so very slowly.
As a race-horse he would fail
Without doubt, this creature lowly.

But think of this, and answer true:
Would the race-horse on the track
Than the snail much better do
With his stable on his back?

THE WAIL OF THE UNICORN.

By E. T. Corbett.

I.

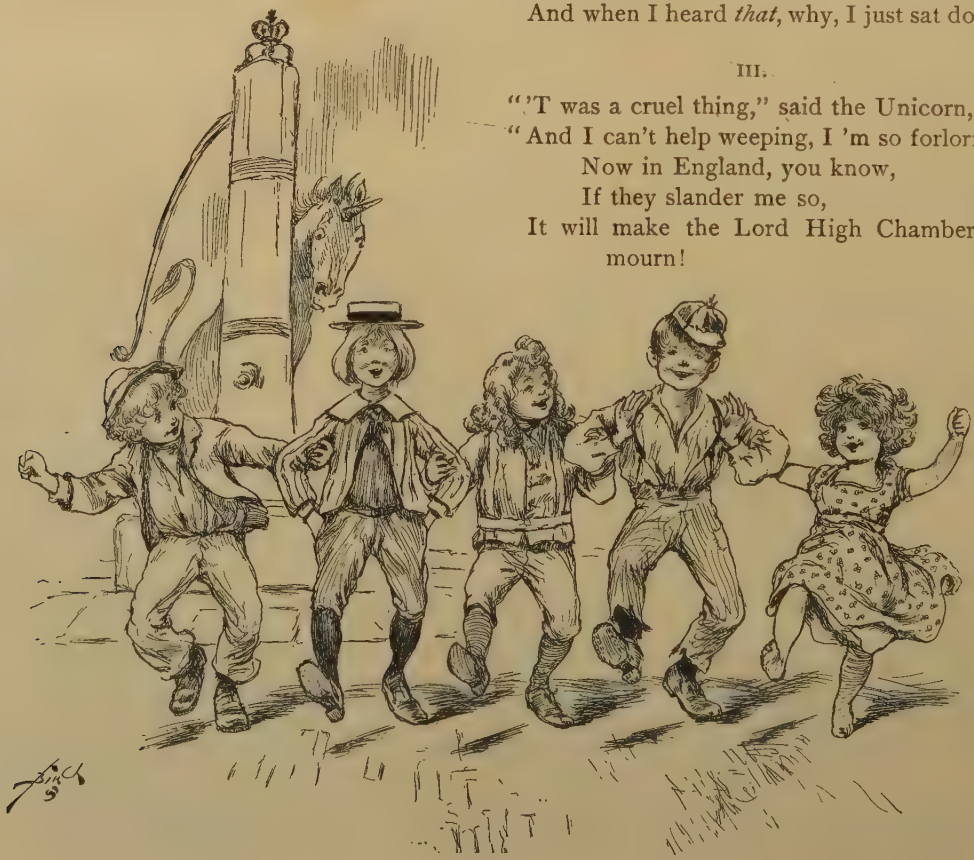
"Oh, dear!" said the sorrowful Unicorn,
"I wish sometimes I had never been born!
I was reading a Natural History
Last night and there was n't a mention of *me*.
Never a word—though the *Lion* was there,
Lashing his tail with an angry stare;
Never a word—though they pictured his lair
And showed his cubs at their bloody fare,
And left *me* out! — Do you call that square?

II.

"That is n't the worst," said the Unicorn,
With a look most sorrowful and forlorn;
"Some rude little boys were singing to-day,
And what do you think I heard them say?
That the Lion and I had fought for the Crown,
And the Lion had chased me around the town!
And when I heard *that*, why, I just sat down.

III.

"'T was a cruel thing," said the Unicorn,
"And I can't help weeping, I 'm so forlorn.
Now in England, you know,
If they slander me so,
It will make the Lord High Chamberlain mourn!



He treasures my picture; why, bless his heart,
He gives it a place in every part
Of the Royal Palace—in hall or on stair,
Over each mantel and bed and chair,
Carved or painted, engraved or etched,
Embroidered or sketched,
You 'd be sure to see
A likeness of me
In dining-rooms, drawing-rooms—everywhere.

IV.

"And now to think," said the Unicorn,
"That I should be thus of my glory shorn!
I 've been famous for years
(Here he shed some more tears),
And insults like these are hard to be borne.
I 'm afraid I 'm too meek,
Or my vengeance I 'd wreak
On those who have dared thus to put me to scorn.

Why, the Lion and I have guarded the Crown,
Have carefully kept it from falling down:
I with my prance, he with his roar,
Have stood on two legs
Till we 've worn them to pegs,
And kept that Crown safe on sea and on shore.

V.

"But, alas!" said the sorrowful Unicorn,
"If these bad little boys
Do not cease their rude noise,
To a skeleton grim with grief I 'll be worn!
And then if that Natural History dunce
Does n't publish at once
A fine new book, with a picture of me,
And a very ample apology—
If these things are not done," said the Unicorn,
"It *will* make the Lord High Chamberlain mourn!"

A FOUR-THOUSAND-MILE RACE.

By Louis Weickum.

Illustrated by Sketches and Photographs made by the Author.

THE SCHOOLSHIP ST. MARY'S.

The school-ship "Saratoga," from Philadelphia, had been anchored off the city of Funchal, Madeira, for a week when the school-ship "St. Mary's," from New York, arrived in the same harbor. Both ships had been on a cruise during the summer, and had stopped there, their last port, for water and provisions, preparatory to sailing for home, four thousand miles away by the sailing route. These two sailing-vessels were built sixty years ago as sloops of war for the United States navy, and looked so much alike that a seaman would be puzzled to distinguish one from the other.

As their destinations were approximately the same and as the conditions were exactly alike, it was soon evident to the crews of both ships that there would be a race home, and such a one as would call for all the skill and seamanship that the officers and sailors of each vessel had at their command.

The St. Mary's and the Saratoga are two of the three American school-ships on the Atlantic coast intended exclusively for nautical schools to train boys for the merchant marine. The Saratoga is controlled by the State of Pennsylvania, and the State of Massachusetts controls the "Enterprise"; but the St. Mary's is maintained by the Board of Education of the city of New York, and it was on this ship that the writer was enrolled as a student. The nautical school on the St. Mary's is under the supervision of the United States; that is to say, the captain is a detailed officer of the United States navy. The school is intended for boys who wish to learn navigation and seamanship, combined with a high-school course of studies, so that they may be fitted to engage as officers in the merchant marine service. After a student has completed two cruises and passed his examination, he receives a certificate of graduation, which qualifies him to fill the position of quartermaster, or junior officer, on the great transatlantic steamship lines.

It was on the return voyage from one of these summer cruises last year that we had our exciting race back to America.

The Saratoga was scheduled to sail a few days before the St. Mary's, but there being a dead calm on the day set for her departure, she had to postpone starting until both wind and tide were favorable.

The twenty-fourth day of September dawned bright and clear, and the navigators of both ships compared routes and notes; for the race had now been decided upon, and was the all-absorbing topic. Preparations were made to go to sea: boats were hoisted and lashed, breakers filled, chafing-gear put up, watches detailed; and at two-thirty that afternoon the order was piped: "All hands up anchor for home." This was greeted with three cheers, and forthwith commenced the work of hauling in forty-five fathoms of chain, though we did it cheerfully, knowing it was the last time that year we would run around the capstan and "juggle" chain-hooks in a foreign port. The Saratoga got ready too, and was towed out by a tug about an hour before the St. Mary's, but hove to and waited for us; and precisely at thirty-two minutes after four we crossed the predetermined starting-line, going at the rate of nine knots, and the four-thousand-mile race back to the United States had commenced.

We sailed along in parallel courses, keeping about six miles apart, and toward evening the St. Mary's was slightly in the lead.

The next day we averaged but seven knots.

On the 26th, the third day out, the Saratoga was abeam, averaging from four to six knots. A large bark appeared on the horizon ahead of us in the morning, and at noon we had overhauled her; but she did not intend to let us pass her. She set all the sail she could carry, numbering twenty-seven altogether, and then kept along with us for two days, the three vessels being abreast of one another, with the bark between the two school-ships. The third day the bark fell astern. The school-ships were still abreast, though five miles apart.

For several days after this we had little or no wind. Those were hard days for us; contrary to general opinion, the sailor works harder during a calm than when the wind is strong. The yards were continually being braced around from "sharp up on the port" tack to "sharp up on the starboard," and all the way back again, trying to humor every breath of air to push us ahead; and it was especially disheartening after working so hard in the hot, oppressive sun to see the "'Toga" leave us astern.

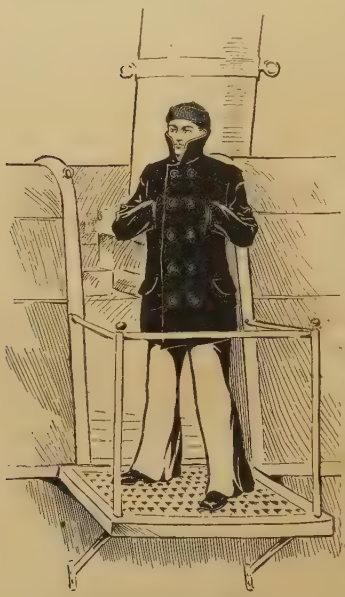
Finally a four-knot breeze came up, and we seemed to be going through the water at an incredible speed after having been becalmed for four days. We all congregated at the rail and the foc's'le to watch the spray fly and make guesses as to the whereabouts of the Saratoga, which had disappeared on the horizon ahead of us.

The weather was splendid up to this time, though very hot. Awnings were spread and water sprinkled to keep the decks cool. All ambition to work had deserted us, and we grudged the hauling and bracing that sometimes occupied all the time during our "watch on deck." The nights had been agreeable, making it pleasant to sleep on deck; but now we were in the squally tropical region. Showers that seemed to be veritable cloudbursts, accompanied by violent winds, came up suddenly. A dark speck would appear on the horizon and gradually increase in size; the officer on deck would watch it for a few minutes attentively, then pass the order, "Watch, put on your oil-skins." The sun would still be beating down fiercely. Then, "Lay aft to the braces!" and aft we would go on the run. "Weather, main, and lee cross-jack braces!" The wind might come any moment in a direction at right angles to the wind of a moment before, and yards are braced around to catch it.

Such a squall would occur on the average of four or five times every twenty-four hours for over two weeks of the passage over; but, strange to say, they were always in our favor. Sometimes the squalls would not strike us, but pass astern or ahead of us. One time in particular, I remember, the sea, up to about fifty fathoms distant in three directions, was white with foam caused by the rain coming down in torrents, but not a drop touched our deck.

We often risked carrying sail to the last point of safety during these squalls, when it seemed something must surely be carried away. But then, these were our only opportunities to gain on the Saratoga (long since out of sight) in those otherwise calm latitudes.

On the eighth day out a sail was reported dead ahead by the masthead lookout. In a moment all was excitement in the probability of its being our rival. In a few hours it was ascertained to be indeed the Saratoga, which had been lost to our view for four days; but later she disappeared again. The next day a small bark was sighted, and we soon passed her at a distance of about a mile and a half to starboard. She signaled for our latitude and longitude, which we gave her.



THE GANGWAY LOOKOUT.

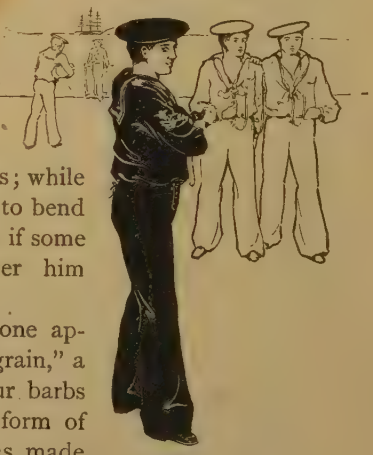
The following five days were without incident, the wind shifting to all points of the compass, and continually veering from calm to squall. Sometimes we would log but about fifty miles one day and perhaps the very next day as much as one hundred and sixty.

On Sunday the 12th of October we were becalmed all day. The sun beat down fiercely, causing the tar to ooze from the seams on the deck unprotected by awnings, and blistering the paint on the ship's side. Every living thing seemed to have dozed off, except a school of porpoises that were splashing and tumbling playfully about off the port bow, while now and then a flying-fish glinted like a flaming streak as it shot across the water to disappear with a splash. Complete silence reigned, except for the splashing of the porpoises and the straining of the rigging and flapping of the sails against the masts as the ship rose and fell on the gentle swells.

A fish or two seen coming up to the surface seemed to rouse a few of the boys: fishing-lines and bait were quickly procured, for here was prospect of a little diversion.

As the baited lines were thrown over, the fish came to the surface sleepily, turned on their sides, blinked their eyes at us, bit our hooks in two, and got away with the bait. By this time the rest of the ship's company became interested and began fishing.

The fish now came in hundreds, and dozens of lines were over from every available place aboard; the channels, the gangways, the jib-meetings, the quarter-boats, the cat-heads, and even the anchors as they were suspended above the water, were occupied by the fishermen. We had already been eighteen days out, and might be out twenty-five more before getting home; therefore a change of diet from salted and canned goods to fresh fish was something to be secured if possible. After a half-hour of baiting and bending on new hooks, the boys became desperate. Only one fish had been caught. It was about two feet long, and was of the kind known to sailors as "wreck-fish." They have a skin an eighth of an inch thick, tough as leather, and jaws and teeth as strong as a beaver's. One of the boys suggested scooping them up with a net, and others, stunning them with belaying-pins; while a third proposed to bend them on the lines if some one would lower him over the side.



A PETTY OFFICER.

Finally some one appeared with a "grain," a harpoon with four barbs arranged in the form of a square. It was made fast to a piece of gear, by means of which it could be hauled back after being hurled. The fish were coaxed under the harpooner, who was in the channels, over the ship's side, when, with a mighty effort and splash, the grain whizzed through the air and water, and when drawn in, a flopping fish was impaled. At last the problem was solved. Other spears and harpoons were brought, and as fast as our hooks had been snapped before, the fish themselves were now being hauled aboard, though often the bait was

caught and the fish got away. In a short time the deck had the appearance of a Newfoundland fishing-smack—all hands cleaning, scraping, and salting fish. What a feast we had that night! Fried in hardtack-dust and butter, we had, as it seemed to us, a dish fit for kings.

The tough hides of the fish were cured and tanned, and made into belts and knife-sheaths, as souvenirs of the most interesting fishing we had ever experienced.

CHASING THE "SARATOGA."

We were now twenty days out and only one third of the way home, but hope finally dawned with the appearance of the "northeast trades." The Saratoga was again sighted off the port bow on the 19th of October, eight miles away.

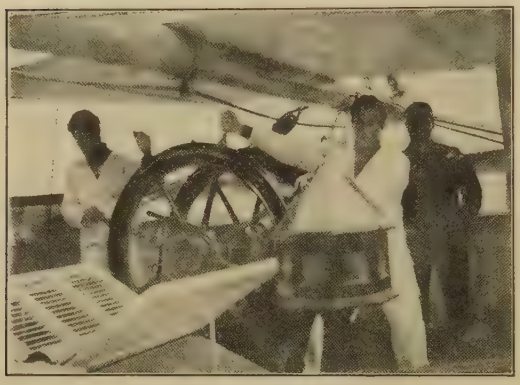
We were making over seven knots at the time, in a strong wind that was to our advantage, and we gradually drew up to her. The race had now reached an exciting point, and it seemed strange that we should always meet again after having been lost to each other on the trackless ocean for as much as a week.

As we got nearer we hoisted our colors and the Saratoga answered. We soon passed her and left her miles astern. If this breeze should last we knew we ought to beat her by a good margin; but we feared more calms, so we crowded on and again carried sail to the danger-point, having hands stationed all the time at the royal halyards and the sheets, even at the main-sheets, ready to ease them off at a moment's notice; for the race was nearing its finish, and it might be lost or won in a day.

At two bells in the afternoon watch, just after the port watch came on deck and our rival was hull down on the horizon astern, signals were observed on the Saratoga, but they were unintelligible to us. We conjectured all sorts of accidents that might have befallen her—she might have been on fire, short of water, or have needed a doctor's services. The captain, after a consultation with the officers, gave the order to shorten sail and wait for her to come up. So all hands clued up the royals, topgallant-sails, courses, and topsails. Then a terrific squall with heavy showers struck us, lasting nearly an hour, and when the sun broke through the clouds again the Saratoga was discovered just astern. All hands were in the rigging watching her, and she made a splendid sight as she bore down on us, a huge cloud of canvas, everything set, with the sun glinting on her sails, and her

long black hull pitching like a see-saw and throwing tons of spray from off her bows.

We signaled R. Q. S. (We do not understand



MY TRICK AT THE WHEEL.

your message), but finally read their signal A. R. (What is your latitude?).

The disappointment that this message aroused on the St. Mary's after all that hard work, not to mention the lead lost, can well be imagined, although, of course, we could attach no blame to our rival or accuse her of a lack of fair play.

We did not wait until she was quite abreast of us, but set sail again as soon as her signals were understood. All that work occupied our "watch on deck," and we had lost about twenty-five miles.

We were soon going through the water again with the speed of a race-horse, every sail filled and drawing. In the afternoon we carried away our main topgallant-sheet.

During the night the Saratoga had overhauled and passed us, and at daybreak was ten miles to leeward and ahead of us; but we again overhauled her, and passed so close that we could distinguish all her rigging. She was now off our starboard beam *only a mile away after a run of twenty-three hundred miles.*

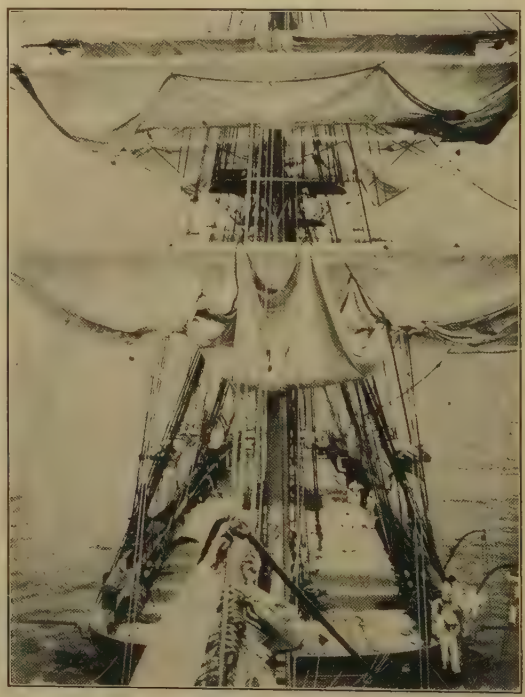
It was nip and tuck all that day, with a head wind that was in Saratoga's favor, she being able to point up higher into the wind. She finally crossed our bows, and was soon hull down ahead of us.

The wind shifted that day, and in the afternoon we wore ship. An hour after the 'Toga followed suit. The wind and sea now increased in violence until it finally became a howling gale. For two days we were hove to, while the wind whistled and roared through the rigging and the timbers groaned. Oil-bags were put over the bows to prevent the sea from breaking. The calming result of so simple a remedy is remarkable.

The Saratoga was then astern, making desperate efforts to catch us. When the wind abated somewhat we set reefed topsails, and later shook out the reefs and set topgallantsails, making ten knots.

The next day was as fine a one for sailing as one could possibly desire. We carried all sail, making two hundred knots in twenty-four hours. Saratoga was now ahead of us off the port bow, and we were straining everything to catch her. We were at this time between the Bermudas and the United States, only five hundred miles from home, with the discouraging fact before us that the Saratoga was rapidly disappearing on the horizon ahead.

Sunday, the 26th we were in the Gulf Stream, and sighted the first steamer since leaving port.



SHORTENED SAIL.

The wind increased again and the barometer fell, and soon we were in the midst of a howling gale again, only a much worse one than

LOOKING ASTERN FROM THE BOWSPRIT.

the other. A sudden puff struck us at eight bells in the mid-watch, wrenching loose the main-sheet, causing the mainsail to flap with a noise like a peal of thunder, and we expected to see it ripped into shreds every minute. We had a serious time taking in sail during that storm; the rain and sleet were driven so hard against our faces and hands that it felt as if we were being pricked by countless pins. All hands worked like Trojans, and it took over an hour to stow the foresail. Finally we hove to under storm trysails.

The storm continued to increase in fury, and the waves started to break over us; our old stand-bys the oil-bags were again put over the sides and life-lines stretched along the spar-deck. The sky was overcast for two days, and we could not take observations to get our bearings, but we believed by this time that we were somewhere along the Jersey coast.

On the 29th the wind, still blowing furiously, shifted from sou'west to nor'west, making it worse, for it caused the temperature to drop considerably.

We were still hove to when a steamer was sighted off the beam. We hoisted our ship's number (which is a request to be reported), observing which, she changed her course and bore down upon us. We then raised the signal "All 's well" and also asked for her latitude. She approached within three quarters of a mile, when, without even showing her colors or answering our signals, she veered off again. They probably thought we were disabled and in distress, and hurried down to us with the vision of a big salvage and, finding that we were all right, were disappointed and made off with scant courtesy.

All that day the ship looked as though she were out on an arctic exploring expedition. We muffled up in sweaters, coats, two and even three suits of underwear, gloves, and oilskins, and pulled our watch-caps down over our ears; for, having been in the tropics all summer, the sudden cold made us shiver from head to foot.

On the 30th, the wind and sea having subsided somewhat, we set sail again, and at night were within one hundred miles of both Montauk Point and Sandy Hook. We had intended to go around the latter point, but the wind shifted and we were obliged to tack the ship continually. The captain wished to make port

OFF THE JERSEY COAST, HOMEWARD BOUND.

as soon as possible, so he decided to go in Sandy Hook instead of around Montauk Point and through Long Island Sound, the usual course taken by the ship in returning to New York.

The Saratoga had by this time probably gone farther westward long since, for her destination was Philadelphia, and we lost sight of her before the storm.

Our anchor-chain was roused out and shackled to the anchor, and "dipsy" soundings were made regularly every few hours; and on Saturday, November 1, about eight o'clock at night we sighted Fire Island Light for a moment; then a fog descended and the lights were blotted out. At daylight next morning we could not see land, but about nine o'clock we sighted Navesink Highlands. We had to tack ship again, and finally stood in for the Hook, when the wind died out and we were becalmed. A tug then came out and towed us in.

As soon as the hawser was passed the order was given to "furl sail," and we started in to work as we had never worked before. We unbent and stowed all sail, sent down royal and topgallant yards, and housed the maintopmast in order to pass under the Brooklyn Bridge.

We moored at our dock at Twenty-fourth Street the next morning,— November 3, 1902, — after having been just forty days out since leaving Madeira.

Everybody was of the opinion that the Saratoga had reached her port long before we reached ours, but we learned by telegraph that she got in the same morning that we did.

By reason of the Saratoga's port being Philadelphia and ours New York, a definite "finish" was not determined upon. Indeed, the "race" itself was in no sense official, but to us boys it was very real and very earnest. While, at the time of our steering northward for Sandy Hook and the Saratoga westward for the Delaware Breakwater, our loyalty to the old St. Mary's made it seem as if we were in the lead, it must be confessed that there was little to choose between the two ships. As far as I can learn, there has never been a race where two vessels have independently sailed along a prearranged course, and, after having been forty days out and sailed nearly four thousand miles, finished at practically the same distance from the start and but a mile apart. All honor, then, to the good St. Mary's, and to her plucky rival the Saratoga, both boy-"manned" ships; and may we meet her again on our cruise this summer, and have another chance to match the sails and seamanship of the boys of New York with the boys of Pennsylvania.

WHO CAN TELL?

THE picture on the opposite page illustrates a touching incident that is said to have occurred in the French army during the early part of the last century.

The story runs essentially as follows: A French officer of high rank was conducting a review of his troops, when an old, white-haired peasant was brought to him by one of his officers, who said that the old man had been trying to get from the soldiers information of his son, who had run away from home years before to join the army. The name he gave being similar to that of the commanding general, it was thought the latter might be interested. One look at that venerable face, and the general recognized his father. Dismounting from his horse, he embraced the old man, and, turning to his officers and troops, he called out: "Mes enfants, mon père" ("Children, my father"), whereupon the whole command promptly honored the peasant with an enthusiastic military salute.

What girl or boy can tell who the officer was? In answering, give also your authority, with the volume, and page of the book, and the name of the author.

"'CHILDREN, MY FATHER!'"

WORD JINGLES.

By George H. Valentine.

When our vessel arrived at the quay,
And my friends once again I could suay,
I remarked to my beau,
"I 'm so happy, you kneau,
I can hardly believe that it 's muay."

'T is said of the jackdaw of Rheims
(Absurd as the narrative sheims),
So perplexed was his soul
For the jewels he stoul,
That he used to cry out in his dhreims.

I 've lost in the waters of Thames
A couple of beautiful ghames,
And my cause for despair
Was my own want of cair,
Which a man of sense always condhames.

I 've hunted the dictionary through,
But I can't find a rhyme that will dough;
Wherever I search,
I am left in the learch,
And I 'm feeling exceedingly blough.

"BABY WHITE."

By Mary A. Lathbury

Here is my little lady;
Her name is Baby White.
Her face is like an apple-flower,
Her eyes are soft and bright.
Her hands are rosy snow-flakes —
Her head of flaxen fluff
Is nodding in the garden like
A dandelion puff.

She stands among the lilies
That line the garden wall —
(What can the child be doing?)
How fair she is and tall!
The lilies bend to kiss her;
They — (bless me! do you
see?
She 's broken off my rarest,
And is bringing it to me!)

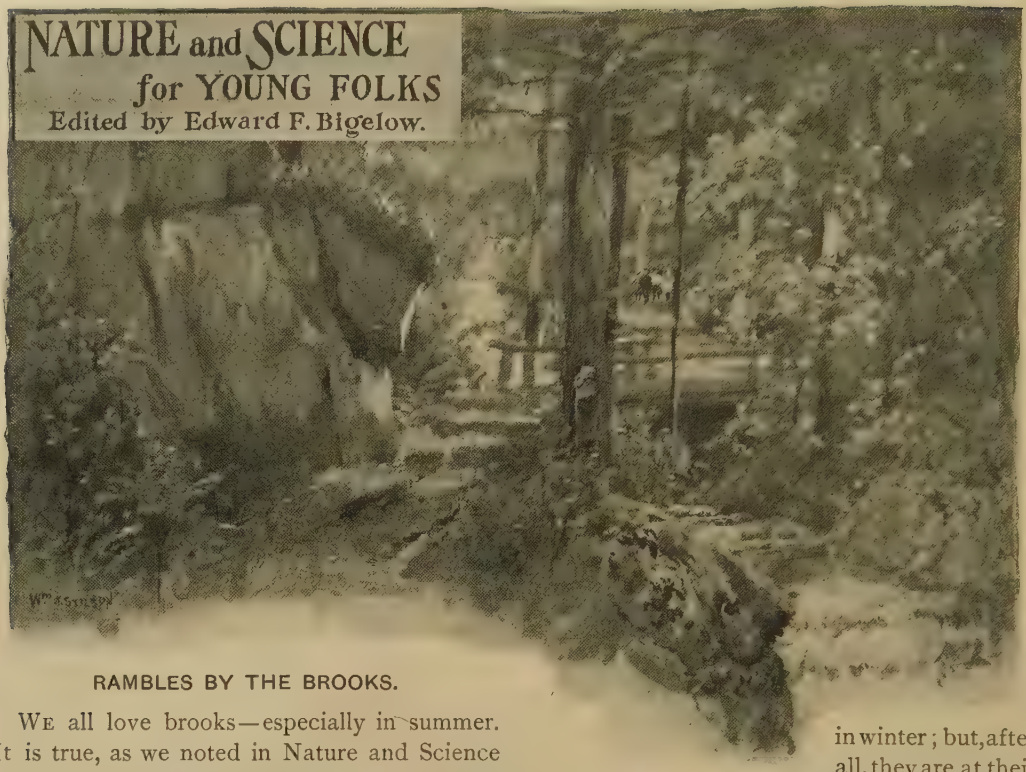
A NONSENSE CALENDAR.

By Carolyn Wells.

Where the Stars and the Stripes so gallantly stream,
Hear the great Bird of Freedom exultantly scream.
And although the American Eagle soars high,
He 's at home to his friends on the Fourth of July.
The people who call he 's delighted to see,
And he gives them fire-crackers and gunpowder tea.

NATURE and SCIENCE for YOUNG FOLKS

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

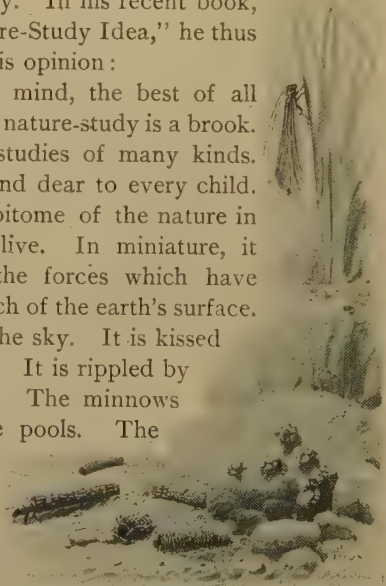


RAMBLES BY THE BROOKS.

We all love brooks—especially in summer. It is true, as we noted in Nature and Science for January, that there is wonderful beauty in the frost, snow, and ice formations in the brooks in winter; but, after all, they are at their best in summer. And they are among the best, too, of all nature interests. So says one of our correspondents, Professor L. H. Bailey. In his recent book, "The Nature-Study Idea," he thus expresses his opinion:

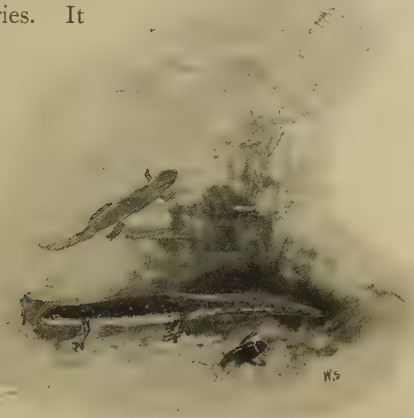
In such pools and tiny falls are many interesting forms of life. At the right is shown a near view of the bag-like net of the caddis between three large pebbles.

"To my mind, the best of all subjects for nature-study is a brook. It affords studies of many kinds. It is near and dear to every child. It is an epitome of the nature in which we live. In miniature, it illustrates the forces which have shaped much of the earth's surface. It reflects the sky. It is kissed by the sun. It is rippled by the wind. The minnows play in the pools. The soft weeds grow in the shallows. The grass and the dandelions lie



Caddis larvæ in their homes made of tiny particles of sand or pieces of wood. The illustration shows an adult leaving the water and crawling up an aquatic plant.

on its sunny banks. The moss and the fern are sheltered in the nooks. It comes from one knows not whence; it flows to one knows not whither. It awakens the desire to explore. It is fraught with mysteries. It



HOW BEAUTIFUL AND GRACEFUL ARE THE NEWTS!

typifies the flood of life. It 'goes on forever.'"

And it is my opinion that all the young folks will agree with him in this praise of the brook.

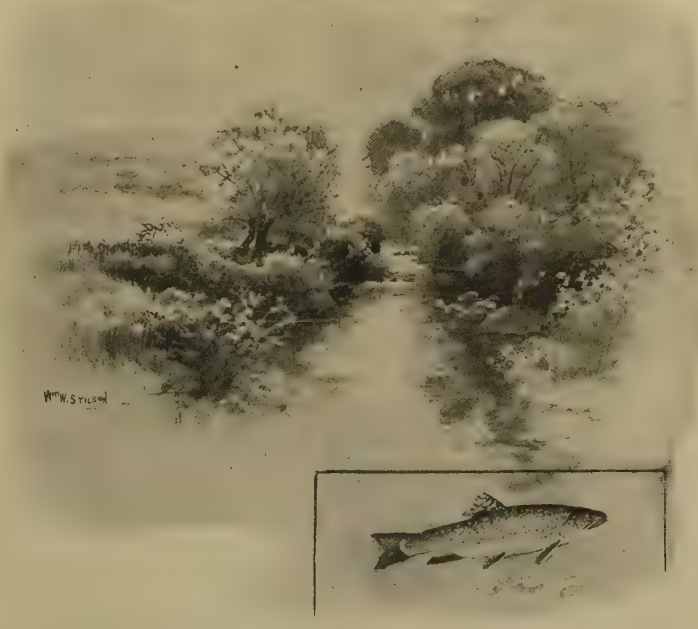
In the first place, we especially love the brooks in summer because they and their banks are so cool and inviting. What a pleasure it is to turn aside from a long walk in the hot, dusty road and take some path down into the ravine where the brook gurgles—it almost laughs—and eddies so playfully around the boulders, sharp curves, and the roots of trees growing on the edge of the bank.

Then, what a wonderful collection of interesting things the brook contains! One of the queerest is that little bulging net of the caddis-fly among the pebbles. The caddis is truly an insect fisherman, and its net catches a large variety of microscopic animals. Every one likes to watch them. Later our caddis leaves the brook, and we know it as a four-winged moth-like insect crawling up some grass or sedge, or flying over the water.

WATCHING THE WATER-STRIDERS.

Then, the slender and seal-like swimmers, the newts, come in for a share of attention. What slender, graceful tails, and what beautiful spots on certain species!

Like real fairies seem the water-striders as they glide over the glassy surface of some still nook or bay or dart over the ripples. We



WHAT PLEASURE IT IS TO WATCH A "SPECKLED BEAUTY" (THE BROOK TROUT) IN A CLEAR POOL IN THE MEADOW!

never tire of watching them and their peculiar shadows on the sand and pebbles.

By the way, important in the interests of the brook is this gravelly bottom. Thoreau was interested and puzzled by this. He writes in "Spring":

"What is the theory of these sudden pitches of deep, shelving places in the sandy bottom of the brook? It is very interesting to walk along such a brook as this in the midst of the meadow, which you can better do now before the frost is quite out of the sod, and gaze into the deep holes in its irregular bottom and the dark gulfs under the banks. Where it rushes over the edge of a steep slope in the bottom, the shadow of the disturbed surface is like sand hurried forward in the water. The bottom, being of shifting sand, is exceedingly irregular and interesting."

But what can equal the joy at the discovery of a brook trout? To see one clearly as it glides across the pool makes the day one never to be forgotten.

A CAMERA-LESS PHOTOGRAPH OF A GRAPE-LEAF.

PHOTOGRAPHY WITHOUT A CAMERA.

THIS is the Age of Subtraction. We have the horse-*less* carriage and the wire-*less* telegraphy, while this article tells of the camera-*less* photograph. It is easily made, and consists simply in using a leaf in place of a negative. The young folks who are familiar with printing and developing pictures will at once understand the following directions; and others can readily learn.

The articles required are two, and are inexpensive. First, a printing-frame—4 x 5 is a convenient size—provided with a glass, and costing about twenty cents. Second, a can of blue-print paper containing twenty-four sheets, and costing twenty cents. Very sensitive paper is preferable. Take any common tree-leaf when it is fresh and green, place face down on a sheet of the paper, put in the frame against the glass, and print by sunlight from an hour to half a day, according to the density of the leaf and strength of the light. Then wash thoroughly in clear water, changing several times, dry, and press—a heavy book does very well for a press. If properly done the result will be a perfect picture of the leaf used, showing exact shape and size, all the veins, and the minute structure to an astonishing degree. Probably at first there will be a few failures, but experience will soon teach the time necessary for exposure.

Only an outline is obtained with an underexposed print, or with some very thick leaves. Prolonged washing with frequent changes of water, however, will often redeem those that are over-exposed. Leaves with unusually prominent midribs prevent the adjacent parts from coming in contact with the paper, and so appear blurred in the central region. The leaves of common trees, such as elm, maple, ash, willow, etc., print easily, and, in fact, those of any tree, shrub, or other plant that is not too thick or juicy can be used. The 4 x 5 frame is large enough for the ordinary species, and of those which generally grow larger small specimens can often be found. With small leaves two or three can be printed on one sheet, but it makes a neater collection to have each kind by itself. An instructive effect is obtained by grouping several forms of one species. Oak-leaves are wonderfully variable.

On the back of the prints may be written

the name of the species, date, and locality, or they may be pasted in a book and notes made below. Students of botany will find such a collection almost as instructive as herbarium specimens, and much more easily handled and preserved. Other kinds of photographic paper may be used, but blue prints are cheaper, more easily handled, and very satisfactory. Camping-out parties have excellent opportunities for this work. The accompanying cut is from a print of a wild-grape leaf made by the writer while camping in the Pine Ridge region of Nebraska.

ROYAL S. KELLOGG.

QUEER LITTLE CHEMISTS ON CLOVER ROOTS.

IF you pull up a clump of clover, and shake off the soil, you will see that there are many little white bunches on the roots. Each is not much larger than the head of a pin. Perhaps you will call them "little potatoes"; the scientists call them root-tubercles. Each of these tubercles is a laboratory within which thousands of microscopic bacteria are at work. These tiny bacteria take from the air, in the soil around the roots, one of the gases called nitrogen, and change this into food for the plant. It is not known just how they do this, but it is plain that the clover thus furnishes a home for the bacteria. The scientists have proved that the bacteria make food for the clover. The clover, in this manner, gets more food from the air than from the soil. The farmer can harvest a good crop of clover rich in nitrogen, and leave the ground, by the decaying clover roots, richer than it was before. Of course, if he plows in the entire clover plants the ground will be much richer than if he leaves only the roots to decay. He can plant corn or sow wheat on the field, and it will get the benefit of the food of decaying roots or stems gathered from the air by the little clover chemists.

A few other plants have similar root-tubercles containing bacteria with the power of gathering food from the air. Among such plants the best known to our young folks are peas and beans.

You can easily see the tubercles without the aid of even a simple microscope. Perhaps your science teacher, or some other grown-up friend with the use of high-power lenses in a compound microscope, will show you the tiny bacteria in the tubercles.

The bacteria are really plants. Thus the microscopic plants and the big plants are mutually helpful. Botanists call them messmates.

LITTLE TUBERCLES ON THE ROOTS OF CLOVER.

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

AN ISLAND ON AN ARCH OF ROCKS.

CAMP ON HENDERSON'S INLET,
WASHINGTON.

DEAR NATURE AND SCIENCE: I send you to-day a picture of Arch Island that may interest the readers of Nature and Science. This island is off the western coast of Washington, near the mouth of Raft River. It is about one thousand feet long, and the top, which is covered with bushes and trees, is nearly one hundred feet above the water. The sides are almost vertical. Underneath the waves have worn a circular court with three arches opening out to the sea. This court, or chamber, can only be entered at low tide. In it I found many barnacles and the seaweeds of which I had read in ST. NICHOLAS, the sea-anemones being especially beautiful. At the upper left-hand corner of the picture there is a "face" that looks a little like a lion's. Sincerely your friend,

MYRON CHESTER NUTTING (age 12).

AN ISLAND ON AN ARCH OF ROCKS.

The photograph of Arch Island shows a good example of undercutting of shore rocks by the waves of the sea. The waves that strike the shore have great power—much more than one usually attributes to such soft material as water. Heavy waves not only roll the loose boulders up and down the beach, but they bump them against the shore rocks like so many hammers that finally wear away the lower parts of the cliffs. When the rocks of the cliffs are harder in some places than they are in others they have a tendency to wear away irregularly, and this is why the caves and arches are formed. The waves beat and wash away the softer or more yielding parts first. In the case shown in the photograph the openings are where the rocks were softer, while the legs of the arch are more resisting. Of course the upper part of the arch may be quite soft too, but that is left because the waves did not get at this upper part.

Perhaps some readers will be curious to know why the arch does not tumble in; for it was not built up, like a brick arch, with a view to its standing alone. Well, it is largely for the same reason that there is a face in the profile to the left: it just happened so.

Such examples of wave work are not uncommon along the Pacific coast; there are some especially fine and famous ones at the town of Santa Cruz in California.

J. C. BRANNER.

CAVES WASHED OUT FROM SOLID ROCK.

MOUNT PLEASANT, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I formed a society here for the purpose of studying nature, and we find the Nature and Science department a great help to us, and we enjoy the nature-studies very much.

I was in Santa Cruz, California, last winter. It is on the northern shore of Monterey Bay, where the cliffs come to the water's edge. The waves come in from the southwest, but all the caverns are *worn in from the other direction*. I wish you would explain it to me why they are not parallel to the course of the waves.

Yours respectfully,

ROBERT W. ALLEN.

The position of the caves in the shore at Santa Cruz is determined by the rock-structure rather than by the direction of the wind. The waves wash out the less-resistant rock-material between the harder masses, leaving the caves so remarkable at that point of the California coast.

Sea caves are formed by the water wearing away the rock. These caves are never of very great size. Our largest inland caves are in limestone, which is dissolved by the water and the acids contained in it.

A SOLAR HALO LIKE A RAINBOW.

COHASSET, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw to-day just at noon a strange sight in the sky. It was a band of colors like the rainbow. The sun was shining and it was not raining. It was just southwest of the zenith. Every now and then it grew quickly bright again. We watched it about half an hour. We don't know when it began. I would like to know what it was.

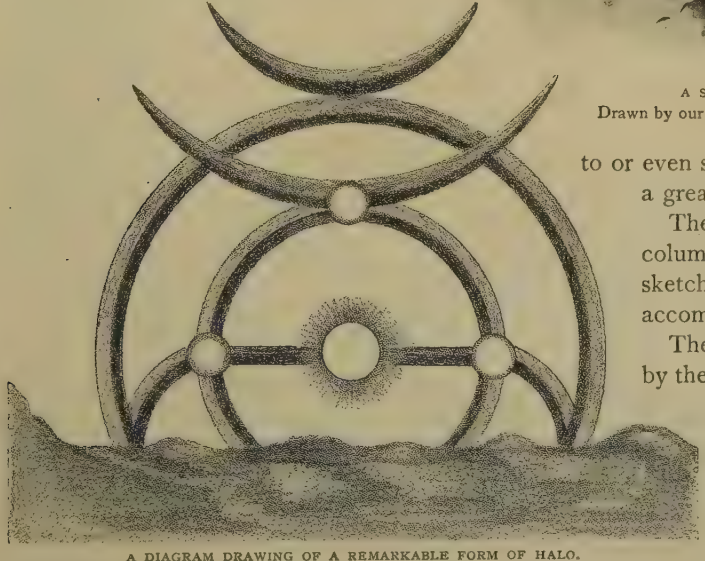
Your little friend,
JULIA C. BRYANT.

The band of colors you observed was a solar halo. These halos are in the brilliancy and beauty of coloring equal to or even surpassing a rainbow, and are of a great variety of forms and curves.

A SOLAR HALO LIKE A RAINBOW.
Drawn by our artist from sketches supplied by the writer of the accompanying letter.

The illustration at the top of this column was drawn by our artist from sketches sent by the writer of the accompanying letter.

The cut at the left was supplied by the Weather Bureau Department of Agriculture at Washington. This illustration shows one of the many interesting forms of these halos. The acting chief of that bureau writes: "There can be no more interesting study for your young people than these halo phenomena."



A DIAGRAM DRAWING OF A REMARKABLE FORM OF HALO.
Reproduction of a sketch of a brilliant solar halo observed at Fort Egbert, Alaska, transmitted by Mr. C. C. Georgeson, special agent in charge of the Experiment Station of the United States Department of Agriculture at Sitka, Alaska. Cut loaned by the Weather Bureau, Department of Agriculture.

AN UNUSUAL WAY OF GETTING HONEY.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

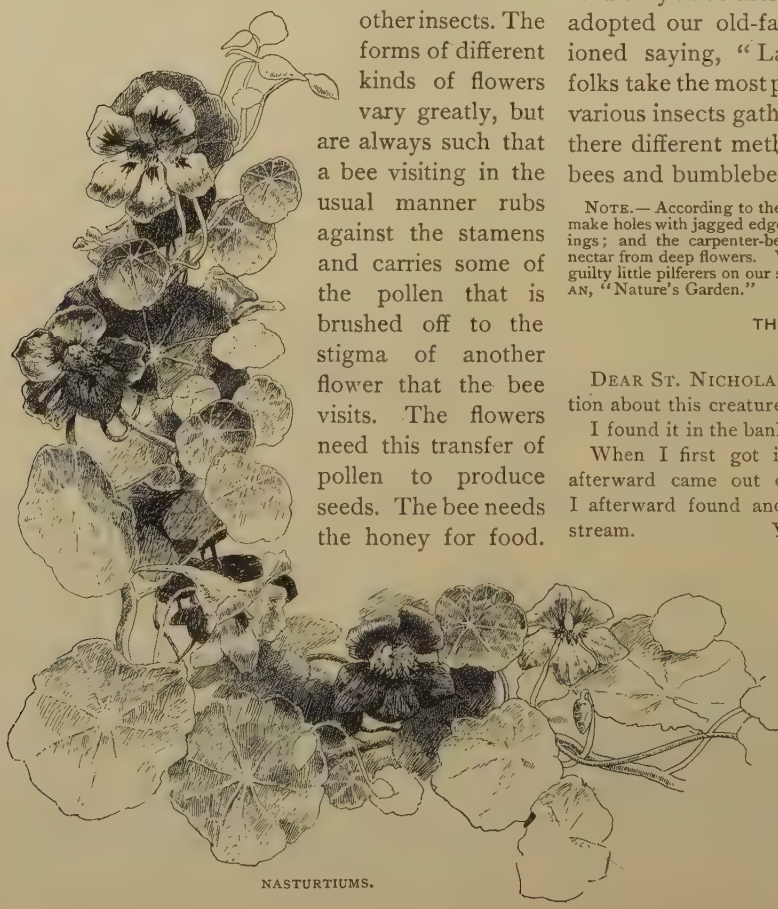
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have noticed that a bee does not take honey from the nasturtium as she does from other flowers. From most flowers the bee gets the honey by going into the center and sucking the honey out; but to get the honey from a nasturtium she goes directly to the back part, where there is a little tube sticking out.

"THE BEE STICKS HER PROBOSCIS INTO THE LITTLE TUBE."

Nearly every girl and boy has sucked honey from these tubes and knows what I mean. The bee sticks her proboscis into the little tube, thus making a tiny hole, through which she draws the honey. I discovered this last summer, and any girl or boy this season can be on the lookout for this to see how the flower is robbed. Your loving reader,

DOROTHEA CABLE.

As most of our young folks already know, the nectar, as well as the color of the flower, is to attract bees or other insects. The forms of different kinds of flowers vary greatly, but are always such that a bee visiting in the usual manner rubs against the stamens and carries some of the pollen that is brushed off to the stigma of another flower that the bee visits. The flowers need this transfer of pollen to produce seeds. The bee needs the honey for food. The bee does necessary work; the flower supplies food. It is a fair exchange.



NASTURTIUMS.

Undoubtedly our young friend made a correct and original observation, but it was of an exceptional case. You can find by careful watching that bees sometimes do this, but they usually visit the flower in the regular way — that is, by going inside the tube. But bees are queer creatures, and some of them have learned to rob flowers without doing any work in return. Just why they prefer to do this when the "work" is no effort to them is difficult to understand. It seems to us that cutting through the tube is not so easy as crawling down the inside of it.

A BEE VISITING THE FLOWER IN THE USUAL MANNER.

The bee observed by our young friend seems to us to have dishonest principles, but perhaps in bee-land they have merely adopted our old-fashioned saying, "Lazy folks take the most pains." Observe carefully the various insects gathering honey or pollen. Are there different methods? What about honey-bees and bumblebees on wistaria blossoms?

NOTE.— According to the Rev. Alexander S. Wilson, bumblebees make holes with jagged edges; wasps make clean-cut, circular openings; and the carpenter-bees cut slits, through which they steal nectar from deep flowers. Who has tested this statement about the guilty little pilferers on our side of the Atlantic?— NELTJE BLANCHAN, "Nature's Garden."

THE CORYDALIS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please give me some information about this creature which I inclose.

I found it in the bank of a stream in West Overbrook. When I first got it, it was a yellowish white. It afterward came out of this case as a locust does. I afterward found another a few rods farther downstream.

Your friend,

ERNEST W. CHENEY.

The specimen you send is a pupa-case, the cast shell-like coating left after the full-grown corydalis had emerged.

The larva — that is, the stage before the pupa — is well known to all boys who are fond of fishing, as it is

frequently used for bait. It is most commonly called hellgrammite, and is also familiar to fishermen as dobson or crawler. It has a variety of common names. Professor Bailey states that in Rhode Island alone he found all these names applied to it: dobson, crawler, amly, conniption-bug, clipper, water-grampus, goggle-goy, bogart, crock, hell-devil, flipflap, alligator, Ho Jack, snake-doctor, dragon, and hell-driver.

Professor Howard adds: "It will be very easy to infer from these names alone that the insect is a very extraordinary one and somewhat terrifying in its appearance." By the way, you will find an excellent description of it in his "Insect Book."

It is very difficult to keep these insects in an aquarium, because they are used to running water.

THE ADULT CORYDALIS.

STANFORDVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We will write to the ST. NICHOLAS because we want to know what this is that we are sending to you. We are sending the insect in a small box. We found it crawling in the road, and the first thing we thought was to send it to you; we hope you will be able to tell us its name.

Your interested readers,
AMY and ARNOLD POST (ages 13 and 12).

THE ADULT CORYDALIS.
Female. The male has long, round, tusk-like extensions in place of the sharp, branched "jaws" (mandibles).

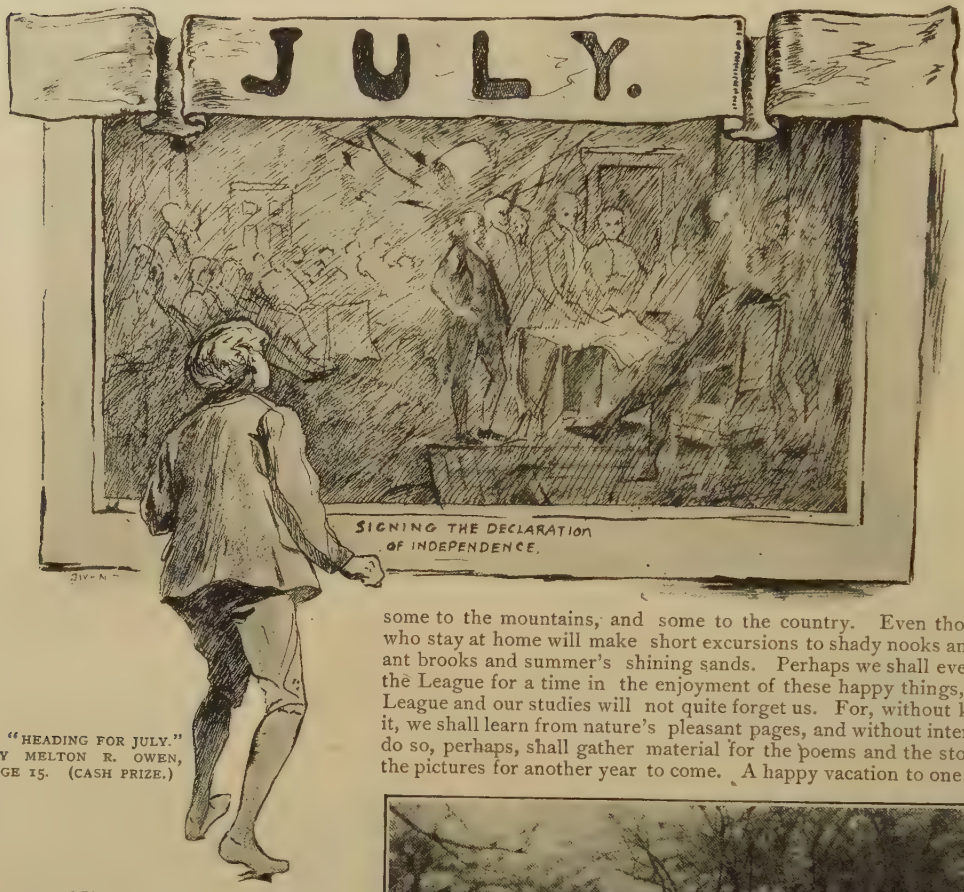
This is the adult corydalis, referred to by Professor Howard as "one of the most striking and most curious of insects which occur in North America." He tells us, regarding laying and hatching the eggs:

PUPA AND LARVÆ OF CORYDALIS.
Pupa crawling up out of the water. One larva ("dobson," etc.) crawling on the sand and stones, and another swimming above it.

The female lays her eggs in white, chalky-looking masses about the size of a nickel five-cent piece. These masses are somewhat convex, and contain about three thousand very small eggs set on end. They are deposited on the leaves of trees overhanging the water, or on rocks, or the piers of bridges, or similar places where the larvæ can readily drop into the stream or pond. Sometimes they are so abundant as to make the rocks look as though some one had splashed whitewash upon them profusely with a brush.

The young, on hatching, drop immediately into the water, descend to the bottom, and during the entire larval life, which lasts two years and eleven months, feed upon other aquatic insects.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.



"HEADING FOR JULY." BY MELTON R. OWEN, AGE 15. (CASH PRIZE.)

SUNSET SHADES.

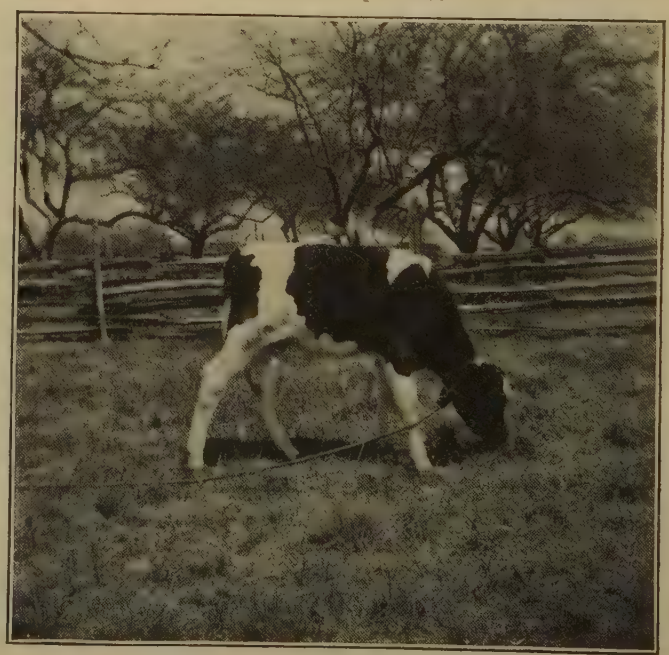
BY JESSICA NELSON NORTH (AGE 11).

(*Winner of Former Prizes.*)

UPON the distant western skies
The purple clouds of sunset rise,
Like jasper walls of Paradise
All edged with gold and pink.
Across the lake a heron flies;
Far off and faint a sea-gull cries—
Dimly its ringing echo dies;
The reeds sway by the brink.

Reflected on the water bright,
I see the sunset's golden light.
The heron pauses in its flight,
The radiant tints to view;
And dimly now the colors die,
Dark shadows creep across the sky;
The moon is shining from on high
Upon the waters blue.

JULY begins a happy season for League members. School is over and vacation is all ahead, with no thought of books or lessons or examinations. Some of us will go to the sea-shore, some to the mountains, and some to the country. Even those of us who stay at home will make short excursions to shady nooks and pleasant brooks and summer's shining sands. Perhaps we shall even forget the League for a time in the enjoyment of these happy things, but the League and our studies will not quite forget us. For, without knowing it, we shall learn from nature's pleasant pages, and without intending to do so, perhaps, shall gather material for the poems and the stories and the pictures for another year to come. A happy vacation to one and all.



"EARLY SPRING." BY AMY PEABODY, AGE 12. (CASH PRIZE.)

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 43.

In making awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **George W. Cronyn** (age 14), 840 E. 141st St., New York City.

Gold badge, **Shirley Willis** (age 14), 3723 Delmar Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Silver badges, **Gertrude T. Nichols** (age 12), Cohasset, Mass., **Katherine Kurz** (age 16), 22 Robinwood Ave., Lakewood, Ohio, and **Margaret Mary Cronin** (age 9), 134 Harrison St., Toronto, Canada.

Illustrated Story. Gold badge, **Alfred Patmore Clarke** (age 16), 1742 F St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Prose. Gold badges, **Edna Wise** (age 15), 239 West 70th St., Chicago, Ill., and **Ivy Varian Walshe** (age 14), Maison Allamand, 26 Rue de la Gare, Montreux, Switzerland.

Silver badges, **Susan M. Molleson** (age 13), 478 7th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., **Alleine Langford** (age 14), 7 E. 3d St., Jamestown, N. Y., and **Bennie Hasselman** (age 9), 527 Central Ave., Jersey City Heights, N. J.

Drawing. Cash prize, **Melton R. Owen** (age 15), 170 Penn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gold badge, **Jessie J. Whitcomb** (age 16), 6024 Hayes Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Silver badges, **Ethel E. Smith** (age 13), 226 Lexington Ave., New York City, and **Joseph B. Mazzano** (age 16), 24 Minor St., New Haven, Conn.

Photography. Cash prize, **Amy Peabody** (age 12), 120 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

Gold badges, **Holden C. Harlow** (age 14), P. O. Box 65, Ayer, Mass., and **Enza Alton Zeller** (age 14), 118 Oglethorpe Ave., W., Savannah, Ga.

Silver badges, **Catherine Delano** (age 13), 1844 Wellington Ave., Chicago, Ill., and **John Griffen Pennypacker** (age 12), 146 Gay St., Phœnixville, Pa.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, **J. Foster Hickman** (age 15), West Chester, Chester Co., Pa. Second prize, **George T. Bagoe** (age 16), 423 Fourth Ave., New York City. Third prize, **Charles M. Foulke, Jr.** (age 13), 2013 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D. C.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **James Brewster** (age 16), Warehouse Point, Conn., and **Christine Graham** (age 14), 5145 Lindell Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Silver badges, **Alice Lorraine Andrews** (age 14), 2435½ Telegraph Ave., Berkeley, Cal., and **Rebecca Chilcott** (age 13), 2 West Broadway, Bangor, Me.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **William R. M. Very** (age 12), 28 Monadnock Road, Newton Center, Mass., and **Betty Brainerd** (age 14), 1114 Fifth Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Silver badges, **Constance H. Irving** (age 11), 1919 Fifth Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn., **Esther M. Walker** (age 16), 40 West Fifth St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and **Ernest H. Watson** (age 13), 109 Second St., Warren, Pa.

NOTICE.

Every St. Nicholas reader is entitled to League membership and badge, free.

A SUMMER SUNSET.

BY SHIRLEY WILLIS (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

A golden tint spreads o'er the sky,
The rosy clouds are floating by,
The sun is sinking in the west,
The weary world prepares to rest.

The crickets chirp upon the hill,
And yonder flies a whip-poor-will.
The bats are darting all about,
And one by one the stars peep out.

The evening dew begins to fall,
The screech-owl to his mate doth call,
Their tiny lamps the glow-worms light,
And silently descends the night.

"A BIT OF NATURE." BY JESSIE J. WHITCOMB, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

POLLY'S FOURTH.

BY EDNA WISE (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)

Polly was a little girl and Polly was also very timid. The Fourth of July held no joys for Polly on account of fire-crackers. She was very much afraid of them.

But this morning Polly could hardly keep still, she was so excited. For had n't papa telegraphed that he was coming all the way from Chicago to spend the Fourth with them? Polly watched the railroad tracks long before it was time for the train to go by, and when it did come, and she saw papa waving at her from the car-window, she nearly went wild with glee; she could hardly wait until he had time to come home from the station.

Just as they were getting ready to go to breakfast,

papa took a great red, wicked-looking fire-cracker from his valise and showed it to Polly.

"We 'll set it off after breakfast," he said. He winked at mama as he said it, but Polly did not see him. She was too busy looking at the cracker, and the long, ugly fuse at the end. All during breakfast she thought about it, and while the family were pushing back their chairs she slipped quietly away.

"Why, where 's Polly?" asked papa, almost a half-hour afterward.

"I don't know," answered mama; "I thought she was here."

Then they began to hunt, and for a long time could not find her. But mama finally found her sitting at the very top of the stairs leading to the garret. She had her eyes shut tight and her chubby fingers as far into her ears as she could get them.

How mama did laugh when she saw her! Then she took Polly downstairs, and papa picked up the big cracker that had frightened her so, took hold of the fuse, and pulled. And that big, ugly fire-cracker was nothing but a candy-box filled to the brim with candy for Polly!

"Oh, dear," murmured Polly, with a happy face, "I wish all fire-crackers were full of candy."

"EARLY SPRING IN DIXIE." BY ENZA ALTON ZELLER, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

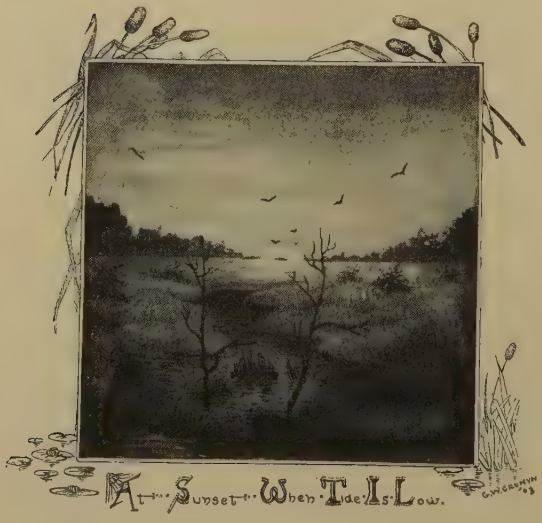
AT SUNSET WHEN THE TIDE IS LOW.

Illustrated Poem.

BY GEORGE W. CRONYN (AGE 14).

(*Cash Prize.*)

Across the crimson sunset sky,
Now darting fast, now wheeling slow,
The snow-white sea-gulls circling fly,
At sunset when the tide is low.



The flocks of wild geese honking rise,
Where wave the rushes to and fro,
And break the stillness with their cries,
At sunset when the tide is low.

Across the marsh a dying gleam,
The rushes catch the western glow,
Then twilight reigns o'er all, supreme,
At sunset when the tide is low.

The lazy seaweed rides the tide,
And lapping waters softly flow,
Striving their shallow depths to hide,
At sunset when the tide is low.

Across the wastes, so black and bare,
Softly the evening breezes blow
A breath of swamp and salt sea air,
At sunset when the tide is low.

Fast fades the dying western light,
The purple shadows longer grow.
Murmurs the sleepy earth, "Good night!"
The sun has set, the tide is low!

POLLY'S FOURTH.

BY IVY VARIAN WALSHE (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

It was all very well, thought Polly, to spend the summer in a quaint little Italian village in the hills around Naples. To be sure, they had plenty of amusements. But the Fourth of July was approaching, and for the first time it found her far away from America. How could she celebrate it? Polly's pretty face wore an anxious frown, which her mother soon noticed, and said, when everything had been explained to her: "Don't worry; I have got a plan for celebrating the Fourth, and I do not think you will be disappointed."

At six o'clock Polly was awakened by her mother, and at seven the carriage was waiting for them. She did not know where they were going. When she learned that it was to Pompeii, her delight knew no bounds.

How splendid that drive proved, across the lovely green country, through several picturesque villages!

"EARLY SPRING." BY HOLDEN C. HARLOW, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

At length Mount Vesuvius, with Naples showing white and peaceful in the distance, came in sight; and soon after they reached Pompeii.

But what words can describe the beauty and grandeur of the old Græca-Roman city that for two thousand years lay buried beneath the ashes?

Now it was once again uncovered, for the sun to shine on and the breezes to sigh softly round it, in memory of the dead.

For hours Polly roamed about, admiring the bright flowers that had sprung up again in the old gardens, running down the narrow streets that the wheels of the old Roman chariots had worn into deep ruts, looking with awe at the stately temples, and passing sadly down the Street of Tombs.

How interesting she found the great wine-jars, standing half full of rain-water, and the large ovens and corn-mills, still in good condition and seeming sorry that they will never again be used!

But the time passed all too quickly; the sun was setting behind Vesuvius, coloring the sky a bright gold and touching the clouds over Capri and Ischia with a rosy light.

Polly turned to her mother with a sigh of content and murmured:

"It has been a most lovely Fourth."

AT SUNSET.

BY GERTRUDE T. NICHOLS (AGE 12).

(*Silver Badge.*)

HUSH now, my baby, the sun has set,
But in the west you can see light yet;
The Sleep-man is coming, so close your eyes,
And you 'll give the Sleep-man a nice surprise;
When the Sleep-man comes, he 'll only peep,
And he won't come in, for you 'll be asleep.

"Where does the sun go when it has set?"
To the other side of the world, my pet,
And the children in China play and play,
For here it is night while there it is day.
But hush now, dear, for the stars are peeping;
The Sleep-man comes—will he find you sleeping?

SUNSET: A LULLABY.

BY KATHERINE KURZ (AGE 16).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE red sun is dying
Low down in the west,
The birdlings are flying
To seek the home nest.

And *my* bonny birdling,
Safe 'neath mother's wing,
Awaits the dream fairies
Who sweet slumbers bring.

The curly-haired lambkins
Who frolic near by
Creep close to their mothers
When night draweth nigh.

And my darling lambkin,
That late played around,
Has drifted to dreamland
In sleep, sweet and sound.

So rest, my dear baby,
While I pray that He
Who takes care of children
Will watch over thee.

A SUMMER SUNRISE.

BY MARGARET STEVENS (AGE 12).

A ROSY light appears in the far east,
The sun peeps from behind the mountain's brow,
The flowers lift up their nodding, drowsy heads,
Man wakens from his peaceful slumber now.

The birds begin to sing their morning song,
The tiny wavelets murmur on the bay,
The sunbeams dance and sparkle merrily,
And nature wakes to bid the world "Good day!"

"EARLY SPRING." BY JOHN GRIFFEN PENNYPACKER, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

Illustrated Story.

BY ALFRED PATMORE CLARKE (AGE 16).

(*Gold Badge.*)

"THE Fourth, and no money for fireworks!" said Polly Packer, as she tossed the July ST. NICHOLAS on the lounge beside her.

She had used all her own savings, together with what her father and mother would have given her for fireworks, on the party which had celebrated her birthday, the 1st of July.

The mere thought of a Fourth without fireworks nearly made Polly cry.

Unconsciously she picked up the magazine, which had accidentally opened in falling, and glancing down the page, shut it, only to hurriedly reopen it; for she had seen, "Five dollars will be awarded instead of another gold badge," which appeared on the last page of the ST. NICHOLAS League, referring to prize contributions.

The month before she had gotten a gold badge for a prize story, so the possibilities for the future brightened.

But "Awards will be announced and prize contributions published in the ST. NICHOLAS for October," next met her eye.

"Even if I did get a prize," thought Polly, "how could I buy fireworks tomorrow with five dollars in October?"

Looking idly down the names of contributions she came to prose.

"Prose—prose—" said Polly, half aloud. "What a cute little story 'Rover's' protecting 'Tabby' from Mrs. Ralyer's 'Gyp,' and Tabby's scratching the old hen when she pecked at Rover, would make!

"I 'll do it."

Entirely forgetting that there were such things as Fourth of July fire-crackers or untimely lack of money, she resolutely set to work, and, after two hours' hard work, handed the copy to her fond father for criticism. He read it and re-read it.

"Polly," said he, finally, "leave this with me."

She was soon lost in ST. NICHOLAS in a cozy corner.

"Fine form, excellent plot, good description," said Mr. Packer that evening, after reading it aloud to Polly's mother.

"Polly," said he, after she had told him what it was for (also her financial affairs), "I 'll stake two dollars that your story takes the five dollars. If it does, you pay me back. If not, we 're square. Is it a go?"

Was it? Anyway, Polly awakened the neighborhood next morning. (And kept it awake all day, too.)

SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

BY MARGARET MARY CRONIN (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE sun is sinking in the west,
The birds are flying home;
Robin betakes him to his nest,
The owl begins to roam.

The sun is rising in the east,
The birds wake, every one;
And wakens every man and beast,
All rising with the sun.

POLLY'S FOURTH.

Illustrated Story.

BY BENNIE HASSELMAN (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge.*)

ONCE upon a time a little boy's grandmother had a parrot that could n't say anything except "Polly wants a cracker."

When the boys came home from school they would

"A BIT OF NATURE." BY ETHEL E. SMITH, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

try to teach him a few other words, but he was so stupid that he could n't learn to say anything else.

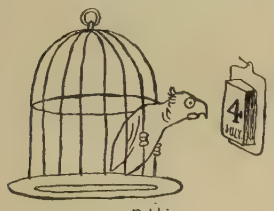
The boys were always talking to him, but he would always shout as loud as he could the same thing over again, "Polly wants a cracker!" and so he could n't hear what the boys said.

One time it was the Fourth of July, and Polly began again shouting, "Polly wants a cracker," as usual.

Then the boys said, "We 'll give you a cracker this time," so they lit a fire-cracker and gave it to him.

Polly did n't know that it was loaded, and so when it went off Polly got so scared he did n't know what was happening. The boys were careful that Polly did n't get hurt, but he was so angry that he would have flown away if he had n't been shut up in his cage.

"That is not the kind of a cracker I wanted," he thought to himself. "I wanted one that I could eat." After this he always said, "Polly wants a cracker," every day in the year except Fourth of July.



B.H.

Then he would crawl in the corner of his cage and hide and say nothing at all.

POLLY'S FOURTH.

BY SUSAN M. MOLLESON (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

POLLY WENTWORTH was an American girl who was traveling in Europe, and when the Fourth of July came she found herself in Paris.

Polly had determined to show herself a true American on the Fourth; so that morning she appeared in white with a red, white, and blue sash, and ribbons of the same color in her hair.

In the afternoon Mr. Wentworth took Polly with him to see some French people who were friends of his, and who had three children. As Polly spoke French, they soon became acquainted.

At last Céleste, the oldest, noticed Polly's decorations and asked what they were for.

Polly exclaimed: "Why, don't you know that our Declaration of Independence was signed on the Fourth of July?"

"No, we don't. What was it?" inquired the children.

Polly was quite horrified at their ignorance, though, as she said to herself, "It was written over a hundred years ago — yes, one hundred and twenty-seven."

"It was written in our Revolution," said she, aloud, "and declared our independence of England. So now we Americans celebrate its anniversary every year."

Marie, the youngest, now piped: "Why do you celebrate to-day? You should do it on the 14th."

"HEADING FOR JULY." BY JOSEPH B. MAZZANO, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

"EARLY SPRING." BY CATHERINE DELANO, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

Polly looked puzzled, so René said, laughing: "Oh, she 's thinking of our Fête Nationale on the 14th of July. It is kept in remembrance of the capture of the Bastille."

"What was the Bastille?" questioned Polly, in turn. "Has it anything to do with the column papa showed me on the boulevard?"

"That is where it stood," answered René. "It was first used as the Castle of Paris, and afterward as a prison. On July 14, 1789, it was captured by the revolutionists, who destroyed it."

"That happened in your Revolution, then," said Polly; "but I never knew the anniversaries were so close together."

"Yes," said Mr. Salignac (who had just come in), "and another curious thing is that Lafayette, who was famous in your Revolution, also took a prominent part in ours."

"Are n't the colors of the flags the same, too?" asked Polly.

"Yes, and speaking of them reminds me of this." "This" was a little gold enameled pin. The enamel was red, white, and blue.

Mr. Salignac said: "As these are our national colors, Miss Polly, I hope you will keep this in remembrance of your Fourth in Paris."

Every ST. NICHOLAS reader should be a League member, every League member should belong to a chapter, and every chapter should take part in the big competition.

"EARLY SPRING." BY ROBERT E. MYERS, AGE 14.

SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

BY W. LEIGH SOWERS (AGE 16).

CHILDREN:

"Oh, papa, won't you tell us,
You are so wondrous wise,
What is it makes the sun set,
And then what makes it rise?"

FATHER:

"Once when the sun was little
And of mischief found a lack,
He 'fixed' the parlor rocker
With a life-sized carpet tack.

"Old Mother Earth came calling,
In grassy garments, fair,
And just as chance would have it
She chose that very chair!!!

"She loudly called for justice,
And Fate this law replies,
'The *sun* will always have to set,
Then always have to rise.'"

Curtain.

"EARLY SPRING." BY DOROTHY WILLIAMS, AGE 11.

A JULY SUNSET.

BY ELIZABETH KNOWLTON (AGE 7).

THE sun is now a golden ball
Preparing for its bed,
While all around it colored clouds
Wrap it from foot to head.

There 's golden, purple, blue, and red,
And other colors bright,
While all the skies around the sun
Are darkening with the night.

At last the sun begins to set
And when it 's gone from sight,
Where it was now its golden rays
Give out a little light.

POLLY'S FOURTH.

BY ALLEINE LANGFORD (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

POLLY was a little girl, a dear, sweet little rosebud, with wavy golden hair and big blue eyes.

She lived in a little town in the south of England with "Daddy," and "Momsie," and her kitten "Betty."

One morning, after she had finished her bowl of bread and milk, she left Betty and ran to Momsie, who was baking.

"Momsie," she whispered, "was 'Merica very bad? 'Cause to-day is Fourth July, and if it was n't I want to celebrate."

Momsie smiled. "No, dear; America was n't bad."

Polly laughed and left the kitchen. She took Betty and sat down on the front door-step; she sat here a second, then, jumping up, she ran to her little room. There she found a piece of paper and a pencil, and wrote in a little cramped hand:

"Dere King i love you lots but i want too selbrate forth if u dont care Polly."

She folded it and put a stamp on; then a thought came to her. Why not take it herself? She put on her new sunbonnet and, with the note clasped tightly in her hand, started.

"London is most awfully far," she thought as she trudged along.

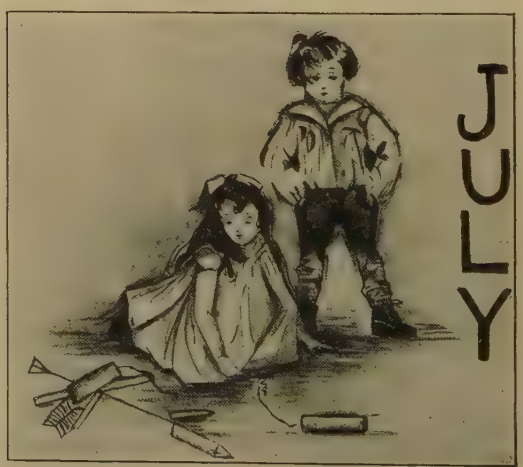
Before she had gone far she grew so tired! The note was wrinkled, and no London was in sight. She stopped and looked about, and then sank down beside the road.

"I 'm tired," she murmured, her head nodding.

Suddenly she heard horses and sprang up.

"The King!" thought her baby mind.

The horsemen approached, and as the first came by she held up the note. He stopped and took it, smiling as he read.



"HEADING FOR JULY." BY LAURA O. BUTLER, AGE 13.

"Yes, celebrate," he answered, and lifted her up before him. "But who are you, baby?"

"Polly Gray, of Milbury, sir," Polly answered, her little head drooping.

Before she reached home she was asleep, and the man left her in Momsie's arms, with a gold piece from "the King." When she awoke the men were gone, and as Momsie did not tell her differently, she still thinks it was the King who brought her home.

POLLY'S FOURTH.

(*A True Story.*)

BY ERNEST ANGELL (AGE 13).

ONE 29th of June found Polly Stewart and her parents in the city of Montreal. Late that evening they took a steamer en route for England, sailing early the next morning, reaching Quebec that afternoon and making a stop of several hours there. For the two succeeding days they steamed down the ever-widening St. Lawrence, the beautiful Laurentian Mountains on the north shore. Sailing into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, they were soon out of sight of land, leaving behind them the warm weather.

In summer the steamers of this line go north of Newfoundland, thus cutting off several hundred miles, while south of Newfoundland is the winter route. By this time it was thought that the ice would have cleared from the northern passage, and so this was the first trip by that route.

On the evening of July 3d they were close to the bleak shores of Labrador, and soon passed into the Strait of Belle Isle.

When Polly awoke the next morning the engines were still and silence reigned. She hastened on deck, and there saw a never-to-be-forgotten sight. The steamer was inclosed by ice stretching as far as the eye could reach, tumbled, irregular, of a pale green color!

"YOUNG CROWS." BY GEORGE T. BAGOE, AGE 16. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

In place of the booming of cannons and the noise of fire-crackers of the usual Fourth, Polly heard the occasional booming and cracking of the ice.

For the greater part of that day the steamer was motionless, save when the ice parted a little around the boat, showing the black water, and she moved forward a little, only to be stopped in a few rods. Of course the weather was bitterly cold.

"SWANS." CHARLES M. FOULKE, JR., AGE 13. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

"CHICKEN HAWK." BY J. FOSTER HICKMAN, AGE 15. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

Had there been any wind the great cakes of ice would have crushed in the sides of the steamer. Luckily it was calm.

The next day they were clear of the floe-ice, but there were always from five to fifteen icebergs in sight. As the ship could avoid these by daylight, there was little danger.

In the morning it was learned that the steamer had grazed a large iceberg in the night, but had gotten safely away. Had any ice fallen from the huge mass it would have crushed the boat.

The rest of the voyage was uneventful, and the Stewarts arrived in due time at Liverpool.

But that Fourth in the ice Polly will never forget.

SUNRISE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BY JOHN HERSHEL NORTH (AGE 10).

(*Winner of Former Prizes.*)

THE morning's golden curtains draw
About the mountain's rugged crest,
The wooded heights in splendor lie
Darkly against the morning sky;
I hear the mother eagle cry
Above her mountain nest.

The golden sun is peeping
Above the mountain high;
It shines upon the glistening lake,
It lightens up each forest brake;
The skylarks in the fields awake
And rise into the sky.

Any League member who has broken or lost the League badge may obtain a new one on application. This does not apply to prize badges.

"HEADING FOR JULY." BY VERNA E. CLARK, AGE 14.
(FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

BY LOUISE PAINE (AGE 8).

WHEN the sun doth rise at morning,
Behind the purple hills,
I think of children playing
And of their laughing trills.

But when it sets at evening,
Behind the crimson bars,
I think of gleaming moonlight
And of the evening stars.

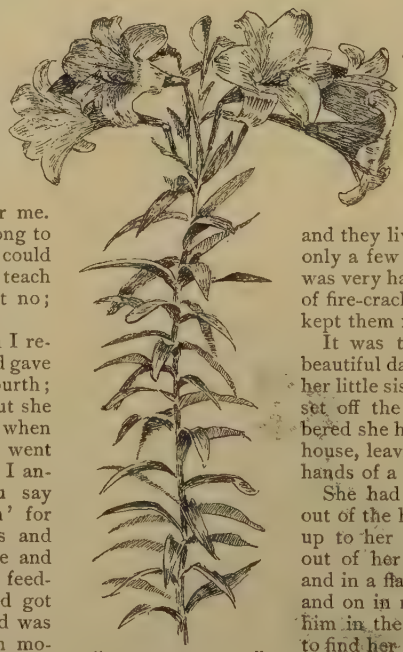
POLLY'S FOURTH.

BY MAX PLAMBECK (AGE 13).

POLLY was a middle-aged parrot whose early days had been spent in the green forests of Yucatan in Central America. I had long tried to teach Polly to speak, and had taught her to say a few short sentences. About eight weeks before the Fourth of July I tried to teach Polly to say "Hurrah for George Washington." But she would not repeat it after me. Then I thought it might be too long to say it all at once—that she probably could not remember it all, so I tried to teach her to say it word for word. But no; she would n't say a word of it.

Yet she listened attentively when I repeated it. Then I got disgusted and gave it up till a week or so before the Fourth; then I tried to make her say it, but she would not listen to me now. So when the morning of the Fourth came I went out to Polly. She said "Hello." I answered "Hello, Poll; can't you say 'Hurrah for George Washington' for me?" Then she became furious and flew to the other side of her cage and would not look at me, so I finished feeding her. I went into my room and got my fire-crackers, went outside, and was shooting my fireworks away when mother called to come in for luncheon. After luncheon I had to stay in the yard, so I went and got Polly and hung her up on the veranda, put up the hammock, and was reading ST. NICHOLAS, when along the street comes the street band playing "Star-Spangled Banner."

Then all of a sudden Polly becomes restless and cries as loud as she can, "Hurrah for George Washington!" This is the story of Polly's Fourth.



"A BIT OF NATURE." BY MARGARET DOBSON, AGE 14.

A CALL AT SUNRISE.

BY EMILY ROSE BURT (AGE 15).

WHEN the morning sun comes creeping,
Rising o'er the distant hills,
And its beams come glinting, glancing,
In beyond my window-sills,

Then outside the door my mother
Stops and stands, and thus she cries:
"Good morning, child, the sun has risen;
Let the daughter, too, arise."

POLLY'S FOURTH.

BY ANNA GARDINER (AGE 12).

POLLY'S family was very poor and they lived in a narrow, dirty street, where only a few sunbeams straggled in; but Polly was very happy because she had found a bunch of fire-crackers last summer, and had carefully kept them for the Fourth of July.

It was the morning of the Fourth and a beautiful day. Just after breakfast Polly called her little sisters out on the door-step to see her set off the fire-crackers. Then she remembered she had no matches. She went into the house, leaving the precious fire-crackers in the hands of a younger sister.

She had got the matches and was coming out of the house when she saw a little dog run up to her sister and snatch the fire-crackers out of her hand. He ran around a corner, and in a flash she was after him. He went on and on in many streets, and at last Polly lost him in the crowd. She wandered on, trying to find her house, until at last she wandered to the wharves, where she saw a cunning little red launch with six merry children and a pretty

lady getting into it. She drew near to watch, and the lady, noticing her, asked what the matter was. She replied that she was lost. So the lady asked Polly if she would n't like to go on a picnic with them. Polly said she would like to very much, but they would wonder at home where she was.

So the lady sent a messenger to Polly's house to tell where she was.

So Polly went with them, and set off fire-crackers, and played with the children, and had a beautiful time.

When she went home she brought her sisters some fire-crackers and told them about the fine time she had.

"A BIT OF NATURE." BY CORDNER H. SMITH, AGE 15.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

THE CHOLERA IN PALESTINE.

AMERICAN COLONY,
JERUSALEM, PALESTINE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Some time ago some merchants from Gaza went to Egypt, where the cholera was raging. They stayed there and sold their goods, and had laden their camels with merchandise to bring back to Gaza when the quarantine stopped them. They, however, bribed the soldiers and got through. A little while after they reached Gaza, one and then another died, and cholera was soon raging all through the town. People died by the thousands, and were lying about the streets, with nobody to bury them. The result was that it began to spread to Jaffa and the villages along the Jaffa road to Jerusalem. Up north to Nablus, Tiberias, etc., down to Jericho, and in a short while we in Jerusalem were inclosed by cholera on all sides.

We know a Mohammedan woman whose uncle lived in Gaza. One night he dreamed that fourteen of his household died. Soon the cholera broke out, and one after another died, until he had buried thirteen. He had no more relations in the world, and felt sure that he would be the fourteenth. He was too frightened to go home, and so he slept in an inn. After a while he thought that he would go home and attend to his goods. When he reached there he found his property all tied together ready to be carried off, and in the next room he found the thief, dead, having been struck down by the cholera. Seeing this he exclaimed, "Blessed be the Lord! Fourteen have died in my house, and I am saved." He lives to this day.

You may imagine that it was not very comfortable for us, with starvation staring us in the face. Hardly anything grows in Jerusalem, but it is all carried in on camels, donkeys, etc. Now when the quarantine stopped them there was nothing in the city to eat. A council was held, and it was arranged so that wheat could come in and be cheap, so the poor people could have bread. Now the cholera is all gone, and long strings of camels can be seen coming in, bearing wheat and other means of support. We hope that the cholera will never come again.

BENNIE NASEEF (age 14).

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Reading an article about cats not liking music in one of the previous ST. NICHOLASES, I thought I would tell about a cat my mother had when she was a girl. She has told me the story a great many times.

My mother would often sit down with her cat in her arms and sing to it, when pussy would gently put her paw over mother's mouth to stop her.

One day mother's brother had the cat in his lap, and was whistling. The cat soon jumped down and ran out of the door. My uncle brought her back, shut the door, and began whistling again. The cat ran around the room, trying to get out. She then jumped in my uncle's lap and scratched him on the nose.

She showed every sign of great anger, for her fur was fluffed up and her eyes on fire. "Captain Jinks" made her more angry than any other tune. Yours truly, ELIZABETH DAY (age 12.)

TREWARAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although it is a long time since I received my badge, I am writing to thank you for it now. Of course, when I got it every one teased me about it dreadfully, and I was immediately christened the "silver badger."

My brother has suggested several times since then that I ought soon to turn a richer color. *My* hopes do not soar so high.

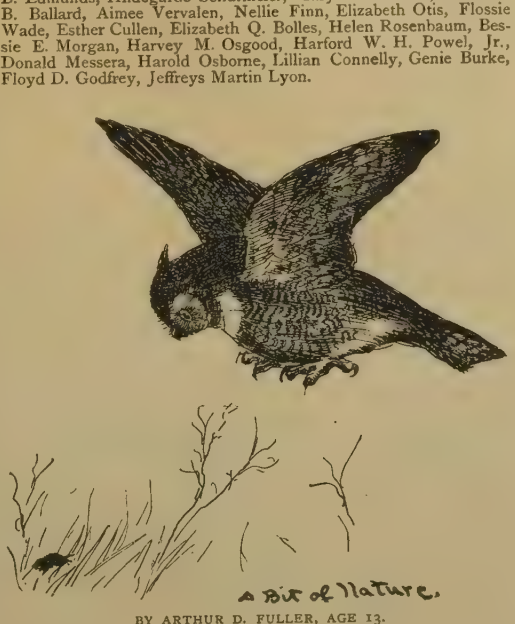
You really cannot imagine how eagerly we watch for you each month. As soon as the other magazines come the excitement begins. You are *always* the last. In March the whole family, except mother and dad, paraded down to meet the postman. When we got back, I began at the front, working slowly up to the League, to show the others how calm and indifferent I was. This, however, I will not do again. It is too trying on the nerves.

I hope that you agree with me that thanks are better late than never, especially when they are sincere.

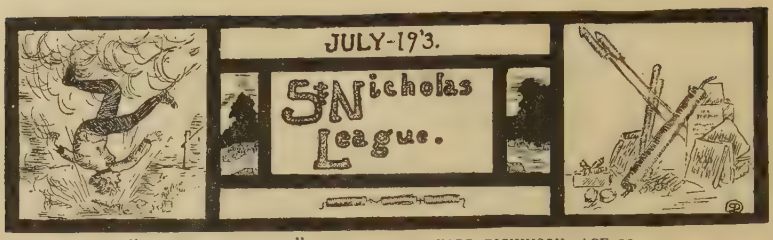
Your interested reader, admirer, and competitor,

MARJORIE V. BETTS.

Interesting and appreciative letters have been received from Nellie C. Dodd, Freda M. Harrison, Eleanor Green, Lilian Spurgeon, Helen H. B. Merrill, Helene Burdett Fairchild, Charlie D. Manson, Isabel, Dandson Prickett, Lucy Bouker, Frances Jeffery, Cornelia N. Walker, Catherine D. Shepherd, Helen Mackay, Donald McNeale, Mary E. Kirk, G. Virginia Robinson, Mabel Agnew, Henrietta Agnew, Marjorie Anderson, May H. Ryan, Agnes D. Campbell, Mary Randall Bacon, Marion E. Senn, Beatrice Kelly, Louise Marshall Haynes, Corinne Bowers, Phyllis McVickar, Marjory Anne Harrison, Grace L. Hollaman, A. Brooks Lister, Charlotte Waugh, Eleanor Hissey, Clarence Macy, Ruth H. Brierley, Mary Underhill, Jessica North, Eleanor May Barker, Fanny C. Storer, May Frances Keeline, Katherine Fanning, Marion Lane, Harold W. Lidstone, Mark Curtis Kinney, Katharine Van Dyck, Elsie Lyde Eaton, Francis Carter Stevens, Mildred Wyman, Alice R. Knowles, Edgar B. Edmunds, Hildegarde Schurmeier, Mary Alice Shaw, Elizabeth B. Ballard, Aimee Vervalen, Nellie Finn, Elizabeth Otis, Flossie Wade, Esther Cullen, Elizabeth Q. Bolles, Helen Rosenbaum, Bessie E. Morgan, Harvey M. Osgood, Harford W. H. Powel, Jr., Donald Messera, Harold Osborne, Lillian Connelly, Genie Burke, Floyd D. Godfrey, Jeffreys Martin Lyon.



BY ARTHUR D. FULLER, AGE 13.



"HEADING FOR JULY." BY SIDNEY EDWARD DICKINSON, AGE 12.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.
No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Edwina Lydia Pope
Beulah H. Ridgway
Freda Muriel Harrison
Margaret E. Manson
Medora Addison
Alan D. Campbell, Jr.
Ada H. Case
Marie Margaret Kirkwood
Ruth E. Crombie
Ann Drew
Harold R. Norris
Hilda C. Wilkie
Mabel C. Stark
Alice Hartich
Pauline K. Angell
Caroline C. Everett
Marjorie McIver
Marjorie Martin
Isabel Merrill
Philip C. Gifford
Edith J. Minaker
Rachel Bulley
Fay Marie Hartley
Margaret M. Sherwood
Edwin Caleb Burt
Teresa Cohen
Elizabeth Q. Bolles
Philip B. Eaton
Edith M. Clark
Elsie Lyde Eaton
T. Morris Longstreth
James Carey Thomas
Mabel Fletcher
Minnie E. Chase
Annie Sabra Ramsey
A. Elizabeth Goldberg
Neill C. Wilson
Jewell Chase
Agnes Dorothy Campbell
Marguerite Jacque
Helen Merrill
Gladys Nelson
Dorothy Kuhns
Irene Weil
Hoy De Grove Baker
Marjorie Cleveland
Helen Janeway
Winnifred Copley Smith

VERSE 2.

Bernhard R. Naumburg
Elsa Clark
Kathleen A. Burgess
Joan Spencer Smith
Oscar Y. Brown
Ransom R. Micks
Ethel de Valcout Lynn
Gladys Ralston Britton
Marjory C. Todd
Helen Prentiss Dunn
Paul H. Todd
Lula M. Larrabee
Alice F. Richards
Helene Burdett Fairchild
Vera Johnston
Maurice T. Martin
Jessie Freeman Foster
Marion E. Lane
Thomas Porter Miller
Mary Clara Tucker
Catharine D. Brown
Eleanor Myers
Harvey Deschere
Margaret Clemens
Lillian Alexander
Louise Ring
Ellen Dorothy Bach
Florence Elizabeth Yoder
Edwina Duffy
Dorothy Coit
Esther Cullen
Eleanor T. Horne
Lesbia Crouse
Jeanette Rathbun
Elsie F. Weil
Jennie M. Manley
Eleanor Perrin
Margaret I. Larimer
Juliette Dorothy Halla
Maria E. Wood
J. Faxon Passmore
Helen Janet Smith
Marguerite Reed
Evelyn V. S. Knox
Gladys Edgerton
Gwen Griffiths
Sydney P. Thompson
Viola Marguerite Graham
Roger Allen
Geoffrey Atkinson
Alexander Dewar
Helen Rouse
Ethel Osgood
Howard Frost
Beatrice Lang
Dorothea Bechtel
G. B. Hazelhurst, Jr.
Katherine Maxwell

PROSE 1.

Elizabeth Eckel
J. Gordon Gilkey
Pearl Almena Maynarol
Marie J. Hapgood
Robert Paul Walsh
Grace Parson
Anna K. Earle
Margaret C. Gooch
Louise G. Stevenson
Mary Blossom Bloss
Mary D. Bailey
Constance Badger

PROSE 2.

Signe Swanstrom
Tula Latzke
Kathleen E. Bailey
Herrick H. Harwood
Valentine Rabone
Margaret Robertson
Elizabeth Lewis
Elizabeth Wilder
Jean O. Evans
Elaine Sterne
Alice A. Burgess
Marguerite Wickham
Louise Clemens
Irene J. Graham
Helen M. Boardman
Julia Wilmarth Williamson
Helen A. Scribner
Marjorie V. Betts
Frances R. Despard
Philip Rabone
Virginia Wainright
Robert Lowe Hall

DRAWINGS 1.

Elizabeth R. Scott
Charles Kabisius
A. Brooks Lister
Roger K. Lane
Aline J. Dreyfus
Arnold W. Lahee
Alice Paine
Rhoda E. Gunnison
Margaret Winthrop Peck
Robert W. Foulke
Jessie C. Shaw
Dory Hardy Richardson
Lelia E. Perryman
Letty Maxwell
Fred H. Aldrich, Jr.
Grace Leadingham
Margaret Sharpe
Margery Bradshaw
Ada B. Latzke
Fred Stearns
Delia F. Dana
Walter Swindell Davis
Viola Ethel Hyde
Lucile Cochran
Robert S. Hammond
Gilberta H. Daniels
Lee Simonson
Jack Sinclair
Ruth P. Brown
Hermann Louis Schaeffer
William Hazlett Upson
William C. Engle

DRAWINGS 2.

Harriet Park
Elinor Hosie
Elizabeth Chase Burt
Peirce Charles Johnson
Muriel M. K. E. Douglas
Ruth Felt
Phœbe Wilkinson
Eleanore Woodward
Sidney Moise
Helen de Veer
Mary S. Sims
Raymond S. Frost
Florence Votey
Isadore Douglas
Edith G. Daggett
Gertrude Havens
Harry Tedlie
Anna B. Carolan
Lawrence Sheridan
Irma Jessie Diescher
Nelly Nyce
Frances Gillette
Melville C. Levy
May Lewis Close
Darby Moore
Don H. Davy
Sally Williams Palmer
Richard M. Hunt
Emilie C. Flagg
Elizabeth M. Bullard
Mark Curtis Kinney
Delmar Gross Cooke
Eleanor Hinton
Angeline Huff
Helen Bagoe
Jean Herbet
Harold Helm
Dorothea Gay
Vernon Radcliffe
Leonie Nathan
Katherine Maude Merriam
Harold M. Harvey
Frances R. Newcomb
Ralph G. Heard
Margaret McKeon
Winnie Sawyer
Erica Bovey
Joseph Fewsmith
Harriette Barney Burt
Jessie Louise Taylor
Henry Altman
Laura Gardin
Herman Witte
Carina Eaglesfield
Robert C. Gummey
Alice Seabrook
Anna Heap Gleaves
Howard Easton Smith
Caroline Rogers
Marguerite Jacques
Gertrude Winans
Katherine Goodwin Parker
Erieda Werner
Helen S. Readio
Richard H. Wolle
Marie Atkinson
Kathleen F. Walker
Harry M. Osgood
Anna Flichtner
Mary T. Atwater
Frances Hale Burt
Marjory Chase
Clara Carroll Earle
St. Clair Breckons
Leslie Spier
Dorothy G. Thayer
Margaret B. Richardson
Mary G. Taussig
Ruth Stone

HEADING FOR JULY

BY ALICE GOSS, AGE 16.

Margaret Wynn Yancey
Raymond R. Olson
Karl Keffer, Jr.
Bertha Gage Stone
Leila Tucker
Clark Souers
Frances Keeline
George Everett Williamson
Emily W. Browne
Peter Young
Edna Phillips
Dorothy Mulford Riggs
Vivian Silvius
Eleanor I. Town
Mary Gest
Lincoln Isham
Douglas Cummings
Katherine D. Barbour
Edith A. Roberts
Isabel Garcia
Katie Nina Miller
Henri Wickenden

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Lucile Cochran
Paul Goldsborough
Cyril B. Andrews

Lawrence T. Hemmenway
Dunbar Adams
Fanny Ogden West
Madelaine Dixon
Dunton Hamlin
Alexander White Moffatt
Donald Douglas
Levant M. Hall
Louise T. Preston
Margaret P. Anderson
Katherine Miller
Eleanor Anderson
Sydney P. Clark
Wendell F. Power
Sarah S. Morgan
Margaret Butler Paul
John Rice Miner
Sylvia Knowles
Janet Lance
Helen A. Peabody
Ralph W. Howell
Marion S. Cornly
Rexford King

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Margaret Armour
C. W. Ireland
Margaretta V. Whitney
Philip Roberts
Dorothy Brown
Thurlow S. Widger
Winifred Booker
Ethel M. Hauthaway
Ethel Derby
Florence R. T. Smith
Ruth H. Brierley
Robert Allis Hardy
James Alger Fee
George Nelson Drew
Mary R. Day
Thomas S. Knap
Joseph Rogers Swindell
W. C. Ballantyne
Esther U. Sidelinger
Helen M. Post
Eugene White, Jr.
Reed L. Jones
Philip Orme
Helen F. Carter
George Hill
Tracy S. Voorhees
Ellen Day
Dorothy Gray Brooks
Roy L. Sidelinger
Kenneth McIntosh
Ruth F. Londoner
Ellen Soumarokoff Elston

PUZZLES 1.

Mary E. Dunbar
Jack White
Carlota Glasgow
Sherman H. Bowles
Margaret Griffith
John De Lancey Grist
Edwin Arnold
Harry Wechsler
Margaret W. Mandell
Martha Nickerson
Philip Stark
Angela Hubbard
Gertrude Brice
Robert S. Kelley

PUZZLES 2.

Mary Hinton
Annette Howe Carpenter
Arnie Trattner
William S. Weiss
Margaret Brown
Leonard L. Barrett
Francis Wolle
Walter Eugene Kirby
Frances C. Hall
William Carey Hood
Clarence A. Southerland
Katherine G. Leech
Louis Stix Weiss
S. L. Levengood
Roger Wisner
Richard A. v. Blucher
Eric Sanville

NOTE.

Owing to the great pressure on the League columns, it is impossible to allow the space for "Correspondents Wanted," and stamp exchange notices. Perhaps later in the season we shall have more room.

CHAPTERS.

Now that vacation-time is here, chapters can find both pleasure and profit in nature work. The Nature and Science department contains seasonable hints and suggestions for each month, and League chapters cannot do better than to make this department a feature of their work and recreation.

NEW LEAGUE CHAPTERS.

No. 650. "Hewren-paire." Helen Fuller, President; Emily Webb, Secretary; two members. Address, 30 Grove St., Rockland, Me.

No. 651. "M. S. L." Elizabeth Bridge, President; Ailene Gundelfinger, Secretary; five members. Address 1972 Green St., San Francisco, Cal.

No. 652. "Xavier." Roberti Walsh, Secretary; thirty-seven members. Address, Students' Library, St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, O.

No. 653. "Audubon." Dorothea Romer, President; Carolyn Case, Secretary; six members. Address, Ossining, N. Y.

No. 654. "Bonny Chapter." K. A. Breen, President; Nellie Finn, Secretary; four members. Address, 22 Whitney St., Roxbury, Mass.

No. 655. "Jolly Good Times Club." Alice K. Knowles, President; six members. Address L. Box 35, Putnam, Conn.

No. 656. Elise Borroto, President; five members. Address, 510 W. 124th St., New York City.

No. 657. "Sunny South." Edward L. Davis, President; Alfred Sturtevant, Secretary; five members. Address, Kuskla, Ala.

No. 658. "F. W. S." Earle P. Frank, President; William W. Saut, Secretary; seven members. Address, 248 W. 4th St., East Liverpool, O.

No. 659. Jennie MacGregor, President; Katherine Fanning, Secretary; six members. Address, 1130 Gudson Ave., Evanston, Ill.

No. 660. "Camera Club." William T. Slover, Secretary; five members. Address, Elmsford, N. Y.

No. 661. Bedford Chapter, recently organized in Brooklyn, with eight members.

"TAILPIECE." BY IRENE GAYLORD FARNHAM, AGE 10.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 46.

The St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A Special Cash Prize. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, *a cash prize of five dollars* will be awarded, *instead of another gold badge.*

Competition No. 46 will close **July 20** (for foreign members **July 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in St. Nicholas for October.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Title, "Apple-time."

Prose. Article of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Title, "My Favorite Character in Fiction."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Summer-time."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "From Life" and "A Heading for October."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of St. Nicholas.

Wild-animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the *margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

OUR NEW COMPETITION.

THE "Alice in Wonderland" competition seemed to please our young writers, and certainly brought us many bright little stories. We print one of them below, together with the names of the prize-winners.

The usual three subscriptions to the magazine will be given this time for the best three letters received before July 25th from readers under eighteen years of age, telling of an incident they witnessed — something that pleased them, as an act of bravery, kindness, courtesy, unselfishness, or honor, performed by a girl or boy. Tell the incident in three hundred words or less, so that the reader may see the act rather than read your opinion of it. This is an exercise in descriptive writing. The letters will be judged according to the skill of the writer rather than by the nature of the act.

Address "Books and Reading," ST. NICHOLAS Magazine.

ALICE AND THE OVERTAKER.

"Now," said the Duchess, "we 'll go to see the overtaker."

"The overtaker?" echoed Alice.

"Of course. You have undertakers, and we have an overtaker."

"But what does he do?"

"Why, takes you over."

"Over what?"

"Anything, of course. Over a river or over the measles, or anything you wish."

By this time they reached the overtaker's house. Its owner stood at the door. He was a most singular creature. His hat, his hands, his whiskers — everything pointed upward.

"Was he born that way?" whispered Alice.

"Hush! No; he had to train himself to it."

The overtaker now advanced to meet them. He did not shake hands, for his arms were raised above his head. Instead, he made a sort of spring in the air.

"What is he doing?" asked Alice.

"It 's his way of bowing," replied the Duchess.

They now entered the house, which was very curious, for all the furniture consisted of step-ladders!

After tea, which they ate from iron baskets suspended from the ceiling, Alice asked the overtaker how much he would charge to take her over an attack of whooping-cough.

"I have n't got it now, you see, but I might some day," she said.

"Oh, about thirty thousand pounds," replied the overtaker. Alice looked worried.

"Could n't you make it a little lower?" she said. "I only have a shilling—"

To her surprise, he burst into a spasm of weeping, which only ceased when the Duchess gave him, by mistake, a cupful of mucilage.

"Oh!" he groaned, "all my life my ambition has been to get as high as possible, and for her to use 'low' in connection with me is too much!"

"We 'd better go," said the Duchess; so they departed, leaving the overtaker still sobbing on a step-ladder.

MIRIAM A. DE FORD.

PRIZE-WINNERS.

"Alice in Wonderland" Competition.

1. MIRIAM A. DE FORD (14), Philadelphia, Pa.
2. ETHEL PICKARD (15), Rochester, N. Y.
3. JOSEPH W. MCGURK (17), Philadelphia, Pa.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Willia Nelson (16).
Frances R. Johnson (8).
Marguerite Beatrice Child (16).
Helen Van Dyck (12).
James Carey Thomas (17).
Emma Bugbee (14).
Alfred Lowry, Jr. (15).
Charlotte Katharine Gannett (14).
Ruth E. Crombie (14).
Frances A. Angevine (15).
H. Robert Backer (12).
Frederick A. Coates (13).
Everett P. Combes (12).
Mildred D. Yenawine (14).
Mary R. Hutchinson (15).
Henry Webb Johnstone (10).
Will Sturges (10).

TO THOSE WHO WIN NO PRIZES.

IT would be an excellent lesson to you all if you could yourselves be the judges in our prize-competitions. You would derive a number of useful conclusions from the experience. First, it would do you good to learn with what impartiality your efforts are compared, and with what carefulness their merits are weighed. Second, you would appreciate how many swift "hares" are passed by the persevering

"tortoises" — how much cleverness is thrown away for want of a little care and patience and industry. Third, you would learn to follow directions more exactly, and would see that the judges must give the first rank to those who fulfil the conditions of the contests. Fourth, you would learn how many losers fail by only a trifling defect — a defect the winners avoid, and yet one that no competitor need permit to remain in his work. Fifth, you would learn that no competitor is slighted or overlooked, or fails to be fully considered — and learning this, you would understand that every merit you can compass is worth while, and carries due weight.

The more thoughtful of you know already that the little prizes given are of the very least importance. It is worth more than the winning of a prize merely to do your best. Every little essay you write is a most valuable lesson to you. If you paid a fair amount to have each essay considered and judged, you would profit more than the price would be to you. Make up your minds, therefore, to go into the competitions for your own sake, and, prize or no prize, consider your own improvement the best reward.

A REPLY TO A QUESTION. "INQUIRER" writes asking advice about "overcoming wordiness in composition-writing." She says in her note: "I write such wordy compositions, and when I try to cut down, the result is so stiff and stilted. When I write thinking of my faults, I am so unnatural. I want to overcome it, and at the same time keep my natural style."

There is no name or address given in the letter, and no clue to the age of the writer; it is, therefore, possible to answer in a general way only. Probably the young author would find the advice she is seeking in Herbert Spencer's "Style" — a booklet published by D. Appleton & Co. A young person's "style" should be no style at all. Style in writing must be a growth, and the result of long practice in the art. There is a simplicity and correctness in the use of language that should come before any thought of style.

These virtues are lacking even in the short note sent in by this young writer, and yet they are attainable even by children, and are often attained by the young people who send in stories and similar work in the League competitions. One of the best rules for a beginner is this: "Be sure you know what you wish to say, and then be sure you have said it."

School compositions are very difficult to write, for the reason that often they are written only for the sake of writing something, and sometimes on subjects that do not interest the young writers. The topics given out are likely to be too big for the space given to them, and are occasionally such as children would never choose for themselves.

The letters received about the competitions in this department are usually well written,— direct, simple, plain, and unpretending,— because the young writers know exactly what they wish to say. The letters on "My Favorite Place for Reading" were excellent; so were those on "The Birthday Dinner to Characters in Fiction." But the same writers might make poor work of such a subject as "Summer," or "A Day by the River," or "My Pets." An adult writer would do no better in the brief space given.

If you have such subjects, you must learn to take only a little of the wide range covered by the topic, and then think over the possibilities of the narrowed field. Clear thinking makes clear writing.

A FATHER'S GIFT TO HIS DAUGHTER. COBDEN SANDERSON is, as many of you know, noted as an artistic binder of beautiful books. To his daughter he gave a copy of Ruskin's "Unto this Last," which he had bound for her, and in it was this inscription:

"This book, Stella, I was binding when you were born; and being one of the noblest books I know, I covered it with such glory as I could of roses and stars, and set your name in the midst, and gave it to you, hoping that you would all your life long love it, and all your life long live in obedience to its precepts.

"YOUR FATHER."

Was n't that a dainty volume to set before a little queen? Of course the "stars" in the design were meant to stand for his daughter's name — "Stella," meaning a star. With such a beginning how could the little girl fail to love books and the treasures they bring?

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their manuscripts until after the last-named date.

BRIDGEPORT, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy nine years old. I love your magazine better than anything. I like the continued stories better than any. I have had it two years. I like the story of "King Arthur and His Knights." I am very glad to get the ST. NICHOLAS every month. I have a sister. My grandma reads me stories in the ST. NICHOLAS. I have a little dog; he is black. I have a pair of little pigeons; they are pretty. I like to play with my pigeons. There are some stray cats that stay around the house. I am afraid that the cats will get my pigeons; my dog won't bother them. This is all I have to say.

Your devoted reader,
CHARLEY CARROLL EDMUNDS.

"CLUNY," LISCARD, CHESHIRE, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for fifteen years, and enjoy your pages so much; I only wish you came out every week instead of every month. I have enjoyed all your continued stories, and the stories of little darky children come among my favorite short ones. I think the League is so interesting; I have written to join it.

I have traveled in England, Scotland, and Wales, but I am longing to go on the Continent and to America.

I have a canary which sings beautifully; I call it "Trilby," after the girl who sang so well. I had a little black-and-white mouse called "Nibble." It used to hang from the top of its cage by its hind legs, as if it was doing gymnastics; it escaped and came back three times. I am just fourteen.

I edit a magazine, but it is a private one, just among my three favorite school friends and me. We have a meeting once a month, when we read the contributions and have great fun.

I remain your interested reader,
JEAN N. CRAIGMILE.

CHESTNUT HILL, PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think it might interest you to hear about the trip we are taking.

We left New York early in December, and after a fine trip across the Atlantic landed at Antwerp. After traveling through Italy, we joined a yacht in Naples, on which we were then to take the rest of our trip.

We stopped at several places before we came to Tunis, Africa, about which I am going to tell you. It interested us more than any other place, because it was so very different from America.

There are four foreign races there — the French, Arabs, Bedouins, and Jews. It was very interesting to watch them. The Arabs dressed just as they used to hundreds of years ago. The first day we were in Tunis it was so strange that it frightened us; but we got used to it. The big bazaar was the most attractive place of all. It was like a large house with no second story, and so many streets that it was like a maze. On one street the shoemakers would be, on another the goldsmiths, on another the perfume-makers, and so on.

The booths or stores were like big square boxes, with one side entirely open to the street; for, as the street itself is covered, they need no door. In these boxes five or six of these strange people would be sitting Turk-fashion on their legs. We must have seen at least a hundred of these queer stores. And the women that bought the wares, how odd they looked, with black veils over their faces, queer slippers on their feet, and strange white things twisted around them! The men are very curious-looking, too, with great large turbans on their heads. Some of the rich Arabs had beautiful robes. Their figures were mostly tall and stately. The Jewish women do not wear veils over their faces, but they wear queer pointed things on their heads. We saw some very sweet-looking young Jewesses. The bazaar seemed like a different world to us, with its strange men and women.

Your devoted League member,
M. C. H.

PALO ALTO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think you are the best magazine in the world.

Ever so many of my favorite authors write for you.

I think "Betty" is one of the best stories I ever read, and "Quicksilver Sue," and oh, ever so many others. I love Mrs. Jackson's stories, "Denise and Ned Toodles," "The Colburn Prize," "Pretty Polly Perkins," and "Big Jack."

I love Ernest Seton's stories, because I love animals, and also Kirk Munroe and Miss Alcott.

We, my sisters Ruth and Mary (nine and ten) and Lou (seven) and I have three cats. My cat, who is named "Cricket," is not very sociable, for he generally runs away when any one comes near him. The other two follow me around like a dog does when I am out-doors, and when I climb trees they come up after me. To-day I took my cat up pretty high, and the other two followed me. Mary's came up all right, for he was n't afraid, but Ruth's was. Every time I put out my hand to take her she would turn tail and go down to the place where the limb began. I was on a limb that branched off from a larger one, and the other small one was down a little ways below me. Sometimes the cat would go down on this lower limb and look up at me and "me-ow!" At last she got up on the right branch and I got her, but she was so frightened that I let her go.

We have a black dog also, and when I get on the wheel he is so glad we are going (for he goes along too) that he jumps all around and tries to take the front wheel in his mouth.

Mama had about a dozen hens, but two or three nights ago some one stole five of them.

Wishing you a long and happy life, I remain,
Your very interested reader,
ESTHER W. SHAW.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Second row, Beethoven; fifth row, moonlight; Cross-words: 1. Abram's. 2. Nelson. 3. Censor. 4. String. 5. Should. 6. Tomtit. 7. Avenge. 8. Weight. 9. Invite.

DIAGONAL. Buttercups. 1. Butterfly. 2. Turbulent. 3. Satisfied. 4. Stationer. 5. Wonderful. 6. Confirmed. 7. Spectacle. 8. Frivolous. 9. Queenship.

HIDDEN CELEBRITIES. Initials, Washington. 1. Webster. 2. Arkwright. 3. Scott. 4. Homer. 5. Ibsen. 6. Nelson. 7. Grant. 8. Taine. 9. Ossian. 10. Newton.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, The Crisis; finals, Churchill. Cross-words: 1. Traffic. 2. Hitch. 3. Elihu. 4. Checker. 5. Relic. 6. Inch. 7. Semi. 8. Identical. 9. Sentinel.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Monroe. 1. Skimmer. 2. Almonds. 3. Spinner. 4. Sparrow. 5. Coronet. 6. Rosebud.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, G. Washington; third row, Valley Forge. Cross-words: 1. Giver. 2. Weary. 3. Ailed. 4. Salem. 5. Hyena. 6. Idyls. 7. Nifle. 8. Gnome. 9. Tired. 10. Organ. 11. Niece.

INSERTIONS. Inserted letters, Bunker Hill. 1. Re-b-el. 2. Wo-u-ld. 3. Mi-n-ce. 4. Di-k-es. 5. Fi-e-nd. 6. Ho-r-se. 7. Ap-h-is. 8. Ho-i-st. 9. Co-l-on. 10. So-l-ar.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Fade. 2. Away. 3. Dale. 4. Eyes. II. 1. Dies. 2. Idea. 3. Eels. 4. Sash.

HIDDEN WORDS. Initials, Robespierre. 1. Rover. 2. Other. 3. Bunch. 4. Ether. 5. Start. 6. Piper. 7. India. 8. Entry. 9. Rider. 10. River. 11. Erect.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Faced. 2. Abide. 3. Civil. 4. Edict. 5. Delta. II. 1. Canal. 2. Alibi. 3. Nisan. 4. Abase. 5. Linen. III. 1. April. 2. Paune. 3. Rumen. 4. Inert. 5. Lente. IV. 1. Regal. 2. Elate. 3. Gamin. 4. Atilt. 5. Lente. V. 1. Elect. 2. Lathe. 3. Ether. 4. Chess. 5. Terse.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from "M. McG." — Joe Carlada — Daniel Milton Miller — Esther M. Walker — Ernest H. Watson — Mary E. Miller — William R. M. Very — "Allil and Adi" — Mabel, George, and Henri — "Johnny Bear" — Emerson — Grant Sutcliffe — Mollie G. — "Chuck" — Ralph Keithley Dawson — Margaret C. Wilby — Helen Garrison — Laurence F. Nutting — Betty Brainerd — Marian Priestley Toulmin — Olive R. T. Griffin — Lawrence and Frederica Mead — Robert Porter Crow — Grace L. Massonneau — Lilian Sarah Burt — Gertrude Louise Cannon — Helen Clark Perry — Sara Lawrence Kellogg — Constance H. Irvine.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from K. H. Toadvin, 1 — M. Howarth, 1 — E. Cruger, 1 — Emilie and Anna, 1 — Edith L. Kaskel, 3 — Gertrude M. Corbett, 2 — H. S. Worstell, 1 — L. Pfeiffer, 1 — N. Morrill, Jr., 1 — R. Huyl, 1 — Beatrice Reynolds, 5 — D. Hungerford, 1 — E. V. R. Limont, 1 — P. Follett, 1 — Harold Blood, 5 — M. Pitt, 1 — Helen L. Jelliffe, 8 — F. C. Hall, 1 — B. Faymonville, Jr., 1 — H. Tobie, 1 — Mabel T. Mills, 4 — Helen M. Wallar, 5 — Mildred A. Parker, 6 — Ella L. Baer, 9 — J. Welles Baxter, 4 — H. Chapin, 1 — Irma J. Gehres, 7 — E. F. Kressly, 1 — A. Weinberg, 1 — O. Williamson, 1 — W. G. Rice, Jr., 6 — Deane F. Ruggles, 7 — A. T. Carter, 1 — M. Campbell, 1 — A. G. Gordon, 1 — Frederika Doringh, 1 — M. Fishburne, 1 — Evelyn G. Patch, 5 — A. Fisher, 1 — D. Andrews, 1.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

4 2
. * . . * .
. . . * * . .
. . * * . .
. * . . * .
1 3

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A fraction of a minute. 2. Rank. 3. Diminutive. 4. A monastery. 5. Hostility. 6. Overturns.

From 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4 spells something which had its beginning in the month of July.

ALICE LORRAINE ANDREWS.

BEHEADED ZIGZAG.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1. BEHEAD a fur-bearing animal and leave a black fluid. 2. Behead to twist and leave a termination. 3. Behead sour and leave an epic poem of Spain. 4. Behead to hasten off and leave a sheltered place. 5. Behead an heroic poem and leave a Turkish cloth measure. 6. Behead the end of a prayer and leave human beings. 7. Behead a masculine name and leave part of the title of a famous story by Lew Wallace. 8. Behead manner and leave a poem. 9. Behead a small valley and leave a measure for cloth. 10. Behead the fruit of the pine and leave a number. 11. Behead a German coin and leave part of a circle. 12. Behead a troublesome insect and leave a grassy field. 13. Behead a happy place and leave a small cavern. 14. Behead joyful and leave a youth. 15. Behead hence and leave a road.

When the words left have been written one below another, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter, will spell the name of a holiday. JAMES BREWSTER.

NOVEL ZIGZAG.

1 . . . .
. 2 . . .
10 . 3 . .
. 11 . 4 .
. . 12 . 5
. 13 . 6 .
14 . 7 . .
. 8 . . .
9 . . . .

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Balance. 2. A strait connecting two seas. 3. A sea-nymph. 4. Moldy. 5. A black man. 6. A fay. 7. Destroys. 8. A very large body of water. 9. Method.

From 1 to 9, an island of the West Indies; from 10 to 14, its principal article of export.

DONNA J. TODD (League Member).

ZIGZAG.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower left-hand letter, will spell the name of a story published in Volume XXVII of St. Nicholas.

Cross-words: 1. Somewhat old. 2. Pure spirit of wine. 3. Foes. 4. Heartfelt. 5. A rich flowered fabric. 6. Formal permission. 7. Pertaining to nomads. 8. One related by blood. 9. A light shoe. 10. A magazine for grown people. 11. A smirk. 12. Clear to the vision. 13. The supreme monarch of an empire.

REBECCA CHILCOTT.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

When the above objects have been rightly named and written one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the name of prominent emblems of Independence Day.

Designed by
Dorothy P. Tuthill (League Member).

DOUBLE CURTAILINGS.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

Example: Doubly curtail in pursuit of, rearrange the remaining letters, and make fleshy. Answer Aft-er, aft, fat.

1. Doubly curtail a garment worn throughout the Levant, rearrange the remaining letters, and make a reality. 2. Doubly curtail a common remedy for bruises, rearrange the remaining letters, and make to fall in drops. 3. Doubly curtail a bug that destroys wheat, rearrange the remaining letters, and make a measure of length. 4. Doubly curtail a descendant of Levi, rearrange the remaining letters, and make wicked. 5. Doubly curtail to reach a conclusion, rearrange the remaining letters, and make small cubes used in various games. 6. Doubly curtail to soak, rearrange the remaining letters, and make to tear asunder. 7. Doubly curtail fabricated, rearrange the remaining letters, and make an image. 8. Doubly behead refined, rearrange the remaining letters, and make money. 9. Doubly behead the capital of a Western State, rearrange the remaining letters, and make the hinder part of the foot. 10. Doubly curtail as much as the arm can hold, rearrange the remaining letters, and make a tract of land devoted to agricultural purposes. 11. Doubly curtail to apprehend, rearrange the remaining letters, and make to raise. 12. Doubly curtail to come in contact with, rearrange the remaining letters, and make not in. 13. Doubly curtail to divulge, rearrange the remaining letters, and make always. 14. Doubly curtail certain articles that are useful on a desk, rearrange the remaining letters, and make the common glass vessel in which most medicines come. 15. Doubly curtail parts of a jacket, rearrange the remaining letters, and make imaginary little beings. 16. Doubly curtail clemency, rearrange the remaining letters, and make a slender, strong cord.

The initials of the new words will spell the name of a man who revolutionized early education.

CHRISTINE GRAHAM.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals name an English author and my finals a French author.

Cross-words (of equal length): 1. Plotted. 2. The American reindeer. 3. A small animal found in many of the Southern States. 4. A kind of silk fabric. 5. Tiresome.

JOHN DE LANCEY GRIST (League Member).

ARROW PUZZLE.

Reading downward: 1. In Washington. 2. To drink, little by little. 3. Tasteless from age. 4. One who scatters grain. 5. A black, sticky substance. 6. An inclosure for swine. 7. A pronoun. 8. To dress leather. 9. An Easter flower. 10. A common verb of two letters.

From 1 to 2, the name of a famous Indian chief.

WILLIAM ELLIS KEYSOR (League Member).

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A flat, circular plate. 2. A common metal. 3. A tune sung by a single voice. 4. A hard protuberance.

G. G. WHITEHEAD (League Member).

PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

The words described are of unequal length. The second word begins with the letter with which the first word ends, the third word begins with the last letter of the second word, and so on. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell something which Americans won.

Cross-words: 1. A useful metal. 2. Necessity. 3. Dreadful. 4. To fit out. 5. A heap. 6. Level. 7. Denominated. 8. To venture. 9. To acquire by labor. 10. A drug which produces sleep. 11. A cavern. 12. A point of the compass.

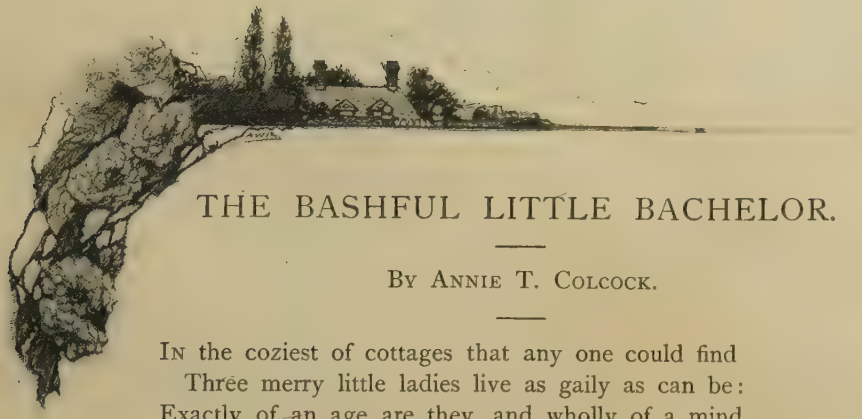
FLORENCE HOYTE (League Member).

"SO THEY POTTER IN THEIR GARDEN TILL THE FLOWERS LOVE TO GROW."

(*See "The Bashful Little Bachelor," page 867.*)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXX. AUGUST, 1903. NO. 10



THE BASHFUL LITTLE BACHELOR.

BY ANNIE T. COLCOCK.

IN the coziest of cottages that any one could find
Three merry little ladies live as gaily as can be:
Exactly of an age are they, and wholly of a mind,
So it is n't very likely that they 'll ever disagree.

They have settled it among them in a very pleasant way;
For one had owned the cottage, and another had a cart,
While a third one kept a pony with a coat of dappled gray—
And it seemed like utter folly for the three to live apart!

So they potter in their garden till the flowers love to grow;
And they drive about the countryside, the neighbors for to see.
"We 're really no relation, but we rather like it so,"
Say Miss Molly and Miss Dolly and Miss Polly, all the three.

A bashful little bachelor, who lives across the way,
Has quite an eye for beauty and a very tender heart.
"My charming little neighbors grow more charming every day!"
He exclaims, when e'er they pass him in their little pony-cart.

At first he was not brave enough to make a formal call
On Miss Molly and Miss Polly and Miss Dolly, all three:
So he threw a kiss at twilight just across the garden wall,
But the proper little ladies all pretended not to see.

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One night, beside his lonely hearth, he thought the matter o'er:
"I really want a wife," he said, "no matter which it be;
I 'll write a tender letter, and I 'll leave it at the door
For Miss Molly and Miss Dolly and Miss Polly, all the three."

So he took a sheet of paper with his monogram in red,
And the writing he put on it was a marvel for to see,
With a flourish to each capital; and *this* is what it said:
"Will Miss Polly or Miss Molly or Miss Dolly marry *me?*"

He tied it up with ribbons, and he hung it on the gate—
As the door-bell tinkled noisily his heart went pitter-patter!
Then he hid around the corner, but he had n't long to wait,
For all the little ladies ran to see what *was* the matter.

They found the little letter, and they read it in a trice;
And Miss Dolly and Miss Molly and Miss Polly said: "Oh, me!
It 's really a proposal, and it 's surely very nice,
For it shows that he admires us exceedingly, you see."

Said Dolly: "I would marry him if I were all alone";
And Miss Polly and Miss Molly said: "Why, yes; and so would we!"
"But he 'll have to separate us, or it really can't be done,"
Said Miss Polly; and the others cried: "We perfectly agree."

"Do you know, in *my* opinion, 't would be wiser to decline,"
Said Molly; "for to separate would never, never do!"
Said Dolly, then: "Your thoughts, my dear, quite coincide with mine."
And Polly smiled delightedly, and cried: "I think so too!"

So they wrote a little note to him that very afternoon:
"We do not wish to marry, and we hope you 'll not insist;
But won't you drop in sociably some evening very soon,
And take a cup of tea with us, and play a game of whist?"

So now the little bachelor goes calling once a week,
And all the little ladies are as gracious as can be.
He 's getting more courageous, though he hardly dares to speak;
But he quite enjoys his game of whist and likes his cup of tea.

Miss Molly holds the teapot, and Miss Polly pours the cream,
And Miss Dolly, with the sugar-tongs, supplies his cup with lumps;
And the game of whist that follows is like a happy dream,
And he smiles across the table when his hand is full of trumps!

The Bell-Buoy's Story

By John Weatherby.

Master Photographer, as soon as you have finished taking all the snap-shots of me you care to, I wish you would come over here. I want to tell you something. You are the first boy who has visited this yard that has not scratched his name on my old weather-beaten sides or climbed along my railing and pounded rocks at my bell until my head fairly ached; and I think all the more of you for it. I have grown to like boys,— that is, the right kind,— for you know I am a boy myself, although I do not spell my name just as you do.

You must not think that because you find me here in this navy-yard scrap-heap, with other worn-out apparatus, that I am an ordinary buoy. I have been a proud spirit in my day, and I rent the shackles that bound me to a stupid berth down the coast. I have been a rover, and have sailed the main as proudly as any vessel that floats — more, I have traveled whither I pleased, and no human hand guided my course. We roamed together, the wind, and the waves, and I, and some friends we met by the way. I have seen better days, but I am tired and am resting, and now maybe they will let me end my days ashore.

Come closer, little chap, for I like you and I will tell you my story.

For a long time I had been lying on a government dock, when, one morning, some men came and gave me a new coat of bright red. I felt very proud to have my fellows see me so gaily attired, but in a day or two they carried me off, and dropped me in the water, and towed me down the coast until we came to the south-eastern shore of Florida. There they fastened a huge chain and anchor to me, and there they left me. I was supposed to warn seamen of a chain of dangerous rocks — "keys," they call them — a little to the north of me. That, of course, would have been a useful enough occupation for any self-respecting buoy, but I soon found that I was wasting my energy in clanging away at my bell with nobody but the waves and the gulls to hear me; for, believe me, not more than a vessel or two came within sight or sound of me once in a month.

I had often talked it over with the waves, and together we had agreed with the wind that I

"NOT MORE THAN A VESSEL OR TWO IN A MONTH."

ought not any longer to bury myself in this way. If I could have been of any use I would not have cared. They promised their help.

So in a few days the wind came hurrying

down from the west, and a little later the waves came also, and the two of them tugged at me with all their might; but my anchor — one of that mushroom kind — by this time was buried deep in the sand. A few more tugs, however, and my chain parted and I was free. *Free* — think of the joy!

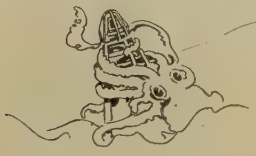
The wind and the waves kept me company until we reached the warm, swift-moving waters of the Gulf Stream, and there we parted.

I thought to myself, "Now, maybe, I can see something of foreign waters"; and as the Gulf Stream was going that way, I concluded to go too.

We sailed along for a week or more, with very little adventure worth speaking of. One moonlight night, as I was bowling along at a comfortable rate, I suddenly felt the chill of icy water, and the Gulf Stream told me we were meeting the cold Labrador Current, and that we must be near Nova Scotia, or more probably Newfoundland. I felt sure he was right when I saw a Canadian fishing-smack go by me. I seemed to provoke not a little interest, for the sailors peered at me as if they had never seen a bell-buoy before. I saw one of them go below, and in a moment reappear with a chart, which he spread out on the roof of the deck-house, while all hands studied it; and even after he had taken it back to the cabin, they kept

"I SEEMED TO PROVOKE NOT A LITTLE INTEREST."

talking me over and pointing at me until I was out of sight. Perhaps they thought I had no business there, just because they could not find me on their stupid old chart. But then, how were they to know that I was a free buoy and had left the service of Uncle Sam? The Gulf Stream told me that whenever he meets the cold water of that arctic current a fog sets in that is almost as difficult to see through as a mainsail, and that it has caused the end of many a fair vessel and honest fisherman.



I was nodding off to sleep that night when I heard a shout, and, peering through the mist, I saw a small boat, and as I drew nearer I saw that there were two men in it.

"Lost off the Banks!" I said to myself.

"'LOST OFF THE BANKS!' I SAID TO MYSELF."

How often I had heard the waves tell of such things; but how real the thing seemed now, and how awful! They had probably rowed off from the fishing-vessel to draw a net; and the fog had shut in on them and they had lost their bearings. Poor fellows! They had heard my bell, and it reminded them of home — of the early morning bell in the little church of their Nova Scotian fishing-village; and those two lonely, lost fishermen, adrift on the broad Atlantic, at the sound of my tolling had bowed their heads in a prayer for help. How glad I would have been could I have helped them!

I moved along on the current of my good friend the Gulf Stream, when, a little after daylight, I suddenly felt something — indeed, it seemed as if there were fifty "somethings" — grasp me all over my upper framework, and then climb up on my body until I was three fourths under water. I struggled to free myself, but it was of no use. Then I heard a panting voice say: "Let me rest a minute, whoever you are, and don't let that big fellow get me."

By this time I had quite recovered from my surprise, and knew I was in the embrace of a huge cuttlefish.

"What 's the trouble?" I asked.

"Trouble enough," he said. "I have been chased by a greedy old whale until I was about ready to give up, when I saw you. I think I am safe here, for he won't want to tackle you. You are too much bone for his taste."

I let the old fellow rest awhile until he thought it was safe to go; and he swam away, the most grateful cuttlefish you ever saw.

A few days later I had the greatest scare of my life. It was about six bells in the morning when I banged with tremendous force against a rock, as I thought; but in a moment I came to my senses, and saw before me a towering ice-wall that seemed to reach to the skies. And oo-oo-oo but the water was cold! The shivers ran up

my broken anchor-chain until they reached my bell, and shook it like a main pennant in a gale. I saw that the ice had been melting fast, and just as I was backing off, a loose mass from high above came toppling down, and landed squarely on my head. It hove me down until I thought I would never right again; but I am a pretty strong buoy, the engineers always said,—stronger, I imagine, than if I spelled my name as you do,—and I bounded back like those toys you boys have that always sit up straight, no matter how you lay them down. To this day I have felt strained in my upper frame from that shock.

As the berg drifted away I looked off at him, and I could not help pitying him as I thought of the majestic fellow drifting unconsciously to his doom; for I knew from the direction in which he was heading that the hot sun and the warm waters would soon put an end to him.

The next day I passed a swordfish, and I jangled my bell to attract his attention; but he was so busy chasing a school of mackerel that he would not stop. Perhaps he did not hear me. I was sorry, for I was a bit lonesome and would have enjoyed a chat.

But I must n't dwell on the sad parts so much, for really, to tell the truth, I had the best kind of time, on the whole.

A few days after I had left the iceberg I had an awfully funny experience. It did n't seem so funny at the time as it has since I have thought it over. It was about four hours after sunrise, and I was bargaining with some sea-

"I COULD NOT HELP PITYING HIM AS I THOUGHT OF THE MAJESTIC FELLOW DRIFTING UNCONSCIOUSLY TO HIS DOOM."

gulls, whom I wanted to clear my frame of a lot of seaweed, in return for which I was to let them ride on my back for the rest of that day, when I suddenly felt myself thrown high in the air, and as I looked down I saw beneath me the long, black body of a sperm-whale.

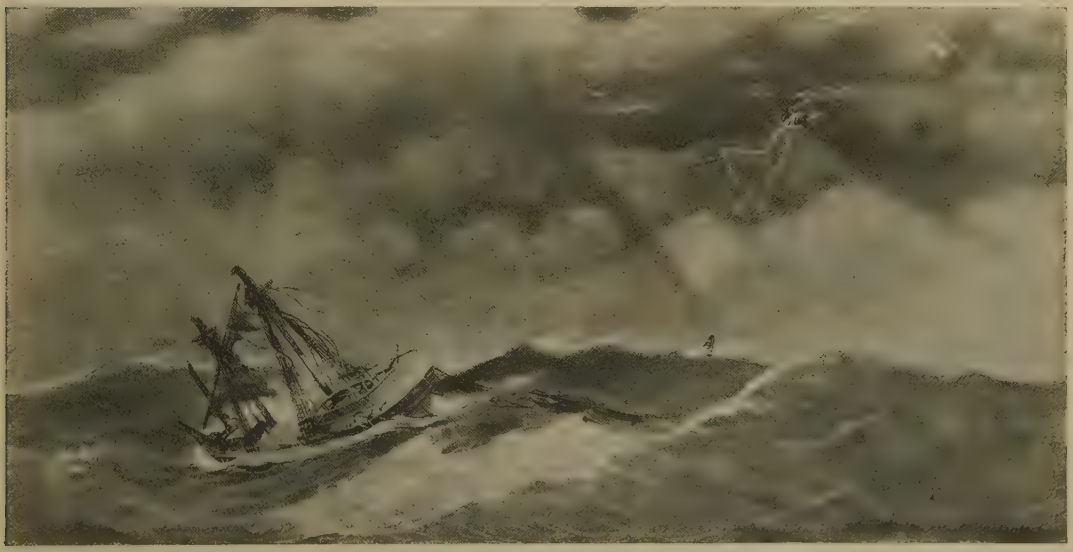
I was so cross — no, mad: I am afraid I was downright mad — that I took no care as to where I should "land" when I struck the water, and, as luck would have it, I came down *ker-plunk* right on the old fellow's tail! The story got around somehow, and he was the laugh of the sea for miles about. I saw him several times after that, but he never forgave me, for he was lame for a month and could scarcely swim. His little joke turned out quite differently from what he expected; at any rate, he never tried to play basketball with me again. If he was the same whale that chased old-daddy-long-legs cuttlefish, I am not sure but that it served him right, while I *am* sure he had only himself to blame.

I came across a forlorn old schooner during a violent thunderstorm one day shortly after this. She was a wreck, — what they call a "derelict," — and nobody was on board. I followed in her wake for nearly a day, but she had so much more exposed than I that the wind finally carried her off from my course.

You will understand that I was making acquaintances all the time; but they were a restless lot for the most part, and usually did not care to bowl along at my leisurely pace.

I must tell you about some athletic sports in which I took part. One bright, clear day, shortly before sundown, I was overtaken by a jolly lot of young porpoises just let out of school. They were frisking away as happy as could be, greeted me pleasantly and hurried along. One young rascal called back, asking if I did n't want to be towed —fancy! They had not been gone more than an hour when they came rushing back — in increased numbers, as I at once saw. The biggest one of the lot, the chap who had been saucy to me before, swam up to say that shortly after they had left me they had met another school, and the idea occurred to them that it would be good fun to have some jumping games, and that maybe I would n't mind if they used me as a sort of hurdle. I did n't at all like the idea at first, but they were so nice about it that I finally gave in.

I really believe that if any vessel had passed near us for the half-hour that followed, it would without doubt have thought that a submarine earthquake was taking place. Such a splashing and springing you never saw! One little chap, instead of jumping through my bell-frame between the lower cross-bar and the upper plates of my body, as the others did, had barely force enough to land him squarely upon me, and there he lay flopping about while the whole school laughed heartily — that is, they



"SHE WAS A WRECK,— WHAT THEY CALL A 'DERELICT,'— AND I FOLLOWED IN HER WAKE FOR NEARLY A DAY."

puffed and snorted at a great rate, and I presume it was what they would call laughing. she would run me down! I was determined to be heard this time, so I clanged away at my

"I RANG MY BELL, BUT TOO WEAKLY TO MAKE HER HEAR, FOR SHE KEPT RIGHT ON HER COURSE."

The little fellow was so ashamed that when he finally rolled off he swam back to his home without waiting for the fun to be over.

And so it went; nearly every day there was something new.

To make a long story short, I drifted far to the north of England, and finding nothing of interest in that direction, I turned to the southward.

By this time I was pretty tired and, I must confess, a wee bit homesick. I looked with longing after a huge passenger-steamer as she came somewhere from the southern coast of Ireland, bound back to America. I rang my bell, but too weakly to make her hear, for she kept right on her course. I watched her longingly until she disappeared on the horizon.

Then along came a government cruiser. How glad I was at the sight of the old flag as the vessel bore straight in my direction as if bell with a will; but I might have saved my strength, for they had already seen me and had

"THEN ALONG CAME A GOVERNMENT CRUISER."

slowed up to meet me. It was the business of her officers, it seems, to look after waifs and runaways like me, and they certainly did their duty. Indeed, I afterward learned that they had known of my leaving those Florida Keys, and, in a way, had been on the lookout for me for many weeks. A boat was lowered and I was towed alongside, and in a few minutes was hauled aboard and finally brought back to America and my friends.

So here I am, taking a quiet rest after my long buffeting of the tireless waves.

I overheard an officer say the other day that there was a chart up in Washington somewhere showing the course they supposed I had taken. Their map may be correct, but they could never put down on a chart the many things I have seen and heard and done. That is something they know nothing about, for I am telling you some of them now for the very first time.

If I am ever needed I shall be willing enough to go into service again if they will only select a berth that is more worth my while, and they can rest assured that the next time I will stay where they place me.

And yet, do you know, I shall not be sorry if they let me end my days right here in this quiet retreat, within sight and hearing and smell of my old friend the ocean, and where I can occasionally have a jolly little chap like you to talk to.

Come again, old fellow; but when you *do* come I am going to ask you to tell me *your* story: for, as I said before, you are a boy, too, though you don't spell it with a *u*.

"I OVERHEARD AN OFFICER SAY THE OTHER DAY THAT THERE WAS A CHART UP IN WASHINGTON SOMEWHERE SHOWING THE COURSE THEY SUPPOSED I HAD TAKEN."

PANSIES.

By Thomas Tapper.

THE pansy blossoms please me so,
With faces all awry:
See this one looking at the earth,
And that one at the sky.

While this one laughs, that yonder frowns,
And here 's one wants to talk;
And all this happens ev'ry day
Just by the garden walk.

WHAT 'S THE USE?

By Burgess Johnson.

I.

What 's the use o' growin' up?
You can't paddle with your toes
In a puddle; you can't yell
When you 're feelin' extra well.
Why, every feller knows
A grown-up can't let *loose*.
I don't want to be no older —
What 's the use?

II.

What 's the use o' growin' up?
When I 'm big I don't suppose
Explorin' would be right
In a neighbor's field at night —
I won't *like* to get my clo'es
All watermelon juice.
I don't want to be no older —
What 's the use?

III.

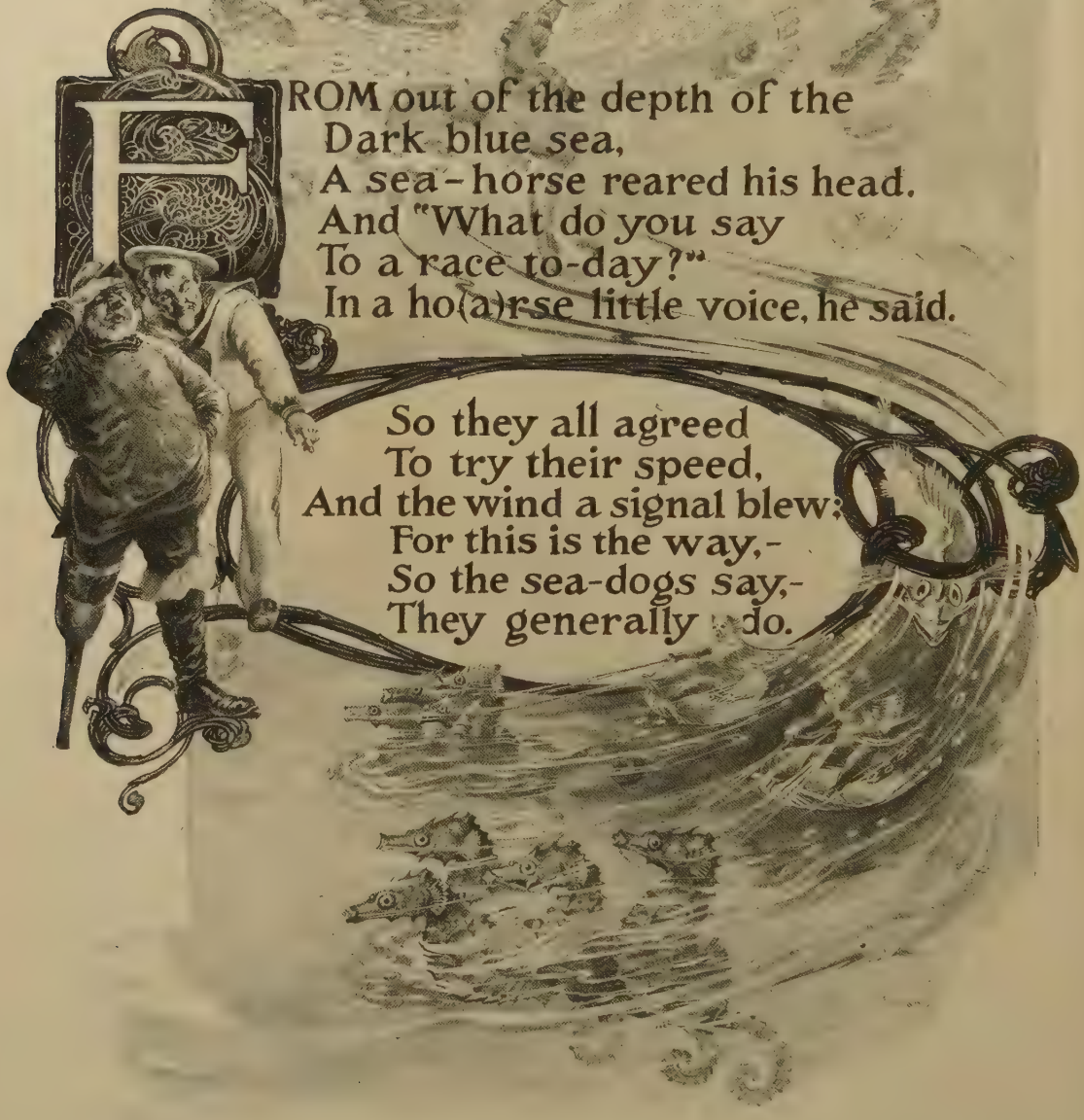
What 's the use o' growin' up?
You could n't ride the cow.
An' the rabbits an' the pig
Don't like you 'cause you 're big.
I 'm *comfortublest* now.
P'r'aps I am a goose:
I don't want to be no older —
What 's the use?

IV.

What 's the use o' growin' up?
When yer growed, why, every day
You just have to be one thing.
I 'm a pirate, er a king,
Er a cow-boy — I can play
That I 'm anything I choose.
I don't want to be no older —
What 's the use?

THE RACE OF THE SEA-HORSES.

BY ELIZABETH RUGGLES.



FROM out of the depth of the
Dark blue sea,
A sea-horse reared his head.
And "What do you say
To a race to-day?"
In a ho(a)rse little voice, he said.

So they all agreed
To try their speed,
And the wind a signal blew:
For this is the way,-
So the sea-dogs say,-
They generally do.

The Farmont Tea-Room

By Frances Cole Burr.

THE morning sun shone full through the unblinded windows of the east room upon the face of a young girl asleep in the great mahogany bed. She stirred uneasily and opened her eyes, sleepily at first, then wide in bewilderment at the unfamiliar surroundings. She stared at the muslin curtains fluttering in the cool air; at the fireplace with carefully laid sticks ready for the match; at the big cretonne-covered lounge with its one plump, ruffled pillow. Here her eyes rested in dazed recognition, for on the lounge was a traveling-case, elegant, modern, and somewhat out of keeping with the old-fashioned repose of the room. Near the lounge stood a small mahogany toilet-table, on which were scattered the many ivory and cut-glass toilet articles belonging to the case.

"Oh, *yes!*" exclaimed the girl, the memory of her long journey of yesterday rushing back as she surveyed the room more closely. It was large and bare, and its exquisite neatness was revealed by the sunshine which glorified every corner. The few pieces of mahogany furniture were quaint and elegant.

A half-hour later she softly opened her door, for she was almost afraid to disturb the hush of the house. No one was to be seen as she stepped lightly down the worn, polished stairs.

From a lower room came swiftly to meet her a little white-haired woman in black.

"My dear," she said, her sweet face beaming with pleasure, "I did not waken you — I thought you would sleep late. You are refreshed, I hope?"

"Oh, yes, thank you, aunty," replied the girl. "But how strange it all seems! I 'm half believing it 's a dream — it 's like a new world. Are you always so still?"

"You find it quiet?" said the elder, with a shade of anxiety. "It is a change from Chicago, doubtless, but it is sure to do you good, after all you have passed through, dearest child! How happy I am to have you with me! But you must breakfast before we even begin our acquaintance." And she led the way to the dining-room, where the girl's quick eye ran over every detail of the room, the dainty breakfast, and the maid who served it. She was evidently accustomed to rapid judgments, but these conditions were perplexing because her standards seemed not to fit the case. To be sure, the rug was worn, the silver thin with age, the window-curtains frail from much laundering; but, then, too, there was with it all elegance and refinement. How could such things be? But she gave up wondering and turned her attention to the raspberry jam.

"Like melted rubies!" she said. "Where do you get it, auntie? Papa asks for raspberry jam sometimes, but he does n't seem to care for it when he gets it. It never looks like this, though."

"We have grown these raspberries for many years," said her aunt, "and the receipt for the jam comes from your great-grandmother. I always make it myself."

"Oh!" said the girl to herself, with another bewildered glance. "Makes her own jam!"

Miss Sabrina talked of her journey, of the brilliance of the February sunshine, of the pot of tulips on the breakfast-table, of everything except the new first sorrow which had darkened her niece's life, until they went into the library. There the girl chose a low seat close by her aunt's side, and began to talk of her mother with clear, tearless eyes and unbroken voice, but with eagerness to make vivid the picture which was so beautiful to her own mental vision.

"Yes, Elinor dear," said Miss Sabrina. "You cannot know how anxious I am to hear about her."

She seemed to be looking back on something very far away as she told of her life in Chicago, her school and friends and unclouded happiness until she came to the last sad month.

"It all happened so suddenly. Mama was ill only a week — we never dreamed she would leave us. Even now I can't always think it is true. And then in two weeks the crash came in the city. Poor papa had seemed dazed since mama died. I had n't even thought to ask him about business, though I had known for weeks before that things were serious and even critical some days. Papa talked to me lots, you know, and I knew about business matters. But after mama went, nothing else seemed important, and we just used to talk about her; and when the failure came, papa seemed hardly to care the first day, then suddenly he woke up and went into it all, harder than ever. He 'll fix it somehow; you 'll see. Papa could n't be poor. He 's just *got* to have money — lots of money."

"*Poor* James!" murmured Miss Sabrina.

"Yes," said the girl, "I know. I often said 'poor papa,' but you don't know how he loves it all. Even the worry and excitement and uncertainty — he just loves it. I like it, too. Papa and I used often to plan how we would have managed together if I had been a boy. I would have gone in with him next fall. But now I don't seem to belong anywhere. I can't help papa, and darling mama is gone —" And she stopped, her face became flushed, and suddenly, with wild crying, buried her head in Miss Sabrina's lap.

Miss Sabrina's tears fell fast on the bowed head. The story had opened for her a vista into a different life.

This was her first meeting with the only daughter of her youngest brother, who had gone as a boy to Chicago, married when very young, accumulated a fortune, and was separated from his New England family as completely as though he were living in a foreign country. Photographs often came of the beautiful wife who was prominent in the social world, and of the daughter who rapidly grew to be like her. Always, of late years, costly gifts came at Christmas-time, but rarely a letter. He seemed to have had no time to visit his old home where this one sister, much older than himself, lived. But the daughter often asked about her only living aunt, and this visit had been planned before the double calamity which left the man wifeless and financially ruined. He took the latter blow philosophically enough. He had seen many another man go down and also come up again. He almost welcomed the necessity for furious struggle to regain his place, for this helped dull the sickening sense of loss and despairing grief, and he was eager to fight it all over again for the girl who was sobbing out her first grief in her aunt's tender arms.

Later in the morning, after Elinor had unpacked her trunks, the contents of which were something of a revelation to Miss Colby, and they were again seated by the library fire, a light step was heard in the hall, and a fresh young voice said:

"May I come in?"

"Yes indeed, Persis," said Miss Colby, as a tall, slender girl appeared in the doorway. "Elinor, my dear, this is Persis Gardner, my neighbor and my very good friend — and yours, too, I hope. You are kind to come so early to welcome my niece."

"I have been waiting impatiently since breakfast; we have been so happy in anticipating your coming."

"Thank you," said Elinor, shyly. "I did not expect to find Aunt Sabrina's friends so young"; and the girls laughed with Miss Colby.

"Persis is almost alone, as I am, and we comfort each other, I hope."

"You know I could n't do without you, Miss Sabrina," said Persis, with grave tenderness. "You see, I live with some distant relatives in that little house beyond the garden, so I am here often. Miss Colby lets me study here when I can't have quiet at home."

"Are you in school?"

"Yes; getting ready for college next fall. I heard from my mathematics yesterday," the girl said, turning to Miss Sabrina. "An 'A' — are n't you glad?"

Miss Sabrina seemed to know about the mathematics and other matters of which they spoke, while Elinor listened and observed with keen interest. The girl's brown hair was brushed smoothly back and massed in a heavy knot at the proper angle. Her brown eyes were clear and bright, though she wore eye-glasses, which added to her serious expression; but there was more than a suspicion of drollery in the curves of her pretty mouth and the tilt of her firm chin.

Her vowels seemed aggressively broad, and her morning-dress was undeniably plain — the limp skirt of two seasons back, and the flannel shirt-waist of rather doubtful fit. "Awful style," commented Elinor to herself. But so was her aunt's, for that matter. And as Elinor marveled at the gracious dignity which dominated the unfashionable garments, she questioned, for the first time in her well-millinered existence, the vital importance of an absolutely correct cut.

"I never saw any one quite like Persis," thought Elinor, "but she looks very nice."

Meanwhile Persis was thinking with generous admiration that she had never seen any one so pretty or so perfectly dressed. The waves of Elinor's soft brown hair were pinned and clasped into an effect of complicated simplicity. Her wide-opened blue eyes, her brilliant smile, and the soft color which came and went so readily, vivified the pretty, studied graces of

"'JUST IN TIME, AUNTY,' SHE SAID." (SEE PAGE 885.)

careful training. She was still in her traveling-suit, and wore a shirt-waist, as Persis did, but with a difference: it was tailor-made, and betrayed its breeding in each immaculate detail.

"I know I shall like her," thought Persis; and she did. The friendship grew and strengthened through the months which the three spent together. For Mr. Colby's affairs remained unsettled, and Elinor's visit was prolonged. They were beginning to talk vaguely of summer plans, when, one morning, as Elinor was looking over Persis's collection of photographs, she came to a series showing glimpses of a little village of wide, elm-shaded roads and white cottages.

"How pretty these pictures are!" she said. "Where were they taken?"

"'AWFULLY JOLLY LITTLE PLACE, THIS,' REMARKED TEDDY, THE SPOKESMAN, AFFABLY." (SEE PAGE 890.)

"Those are all Farmont pictures. Yes, Farmont is pretty — very pretty," said Persis. "I remember the first time I saw it we were driving through on a coach. It had been a dusty ride, and we were all so thirsty; but, will you believe, there was nothing to be had to drink except water and milk! Not even at the hotel, as it was n't meal time. It seemed strange, with city boarders in almost every house on the main street. I 've been there several times since. It 's very pretty; but I always begin to feel thirsty as soon as I get there."

"What is there to do in such a place?" asked Elinor.

"Oh, nothing very much," said Persis. "People read, and walk, and make things for Christmas, and go up the mountain, and drive a great deal, and the girls all study a little. Oh, I don't know—but lots of people go there."

Elinor was looking into space, with a thoughtful wrinkle between her eyes.

"I should think such a place needed a tea-room," she said.

"A what?" said Persis, with some surprise.

"A tea-room — don't you know? A sort of center where people could drop in in the afternoon and get tea, or frappé, or something."

"Do you mean a restaurant?" asked Persis.

"No, indeed!" said Elinor, with scorn. "I mean a — a — why, don't you know what a tea-room is? I should think it would pay."

"Well, then, let 's do it, if it 's a good thing and we could make some money," said Persis, practically. "That 's what I must do this summer."

"Who — *we* do it?" exclaimed Elinor.

"Yes — why not? Could n't we?"

"Why-ee! *Would* you?"

"Well, I don't quite know what it is yet; but I want to get in the country this summer, and I want to earn some money to help out next year at college; and I 'll do anything — a tea-room or anything else that will combine these two highly desirable features."

Elinor's eyes were round with astonishment. Then the business instincts of her father's daughter began to stir within her. What would it be like to earn instead of spend? Her quick, vivid, practical mind saw all the possibilities.

"Just in time, aunty," she said, as Miss Sabrina appeared in the doorway. "We have a simply stunning idea, and we want to know what you think of it!"

Miss Sabrina smiled with polite patience as she seated herself in the chair which Persis offered. She could not easily accustom herself to the nervous extravagance of her niece's speech.

"We were talking of Farmont, aunty; do you know Farmont?"

"Very well indeed," said Miss Sabrina; "the Wares spent their summers there for years."

"ELINOR RETREATED TO THE KITCHEN, WHERE SHE HUGGED HANNAH ECSTATICALLY." (SEE PAGE 890.)

"Well, aunty, could n't we go, you and Persis and I, and take one of those little houses on that wide, grassy main street, and make the parlor a sort of place where people would like to come? And then, when they came, beguile them with tea and lemonade and things — and candies, too —"

"And we could put up lunches," said Persis. "No native of Farmont can make a self-respecting sandwich."

"And have some embroideries started for the people who get out of work. I love to do one corner, but I loath doing four!"

"And ices, too —"

"My *dears!*" gasped Miss Sabrina, "what *do* you mean?"

"Just what we are saying, aunty," said Elinor. "Will you be senior member of a company whose worthy aims are to make its everlasting fortune and charm the town of Farmont?"

"Dear Miss Sabrina, we really do beg your pardon," Persis repentantly began. "We did n't mean to startle you, but perhaps we 've thought of something. You know I must have a little more money before I go to college next fall, for I can't be sure of tutoring or anything else the first year, and I can't do good work if I 'm worried about the money part. And if this idea of Elinor's is practical, and it does seem so at first thought, why could n't we go, we three, and try it? At least it would give us a summer in the country, and if we did n't make much we certainly could n't lose anything, for we could keep house cheaper than we could board — if we could keep house, and if you would take Hannah with us, and if she would go —" She paused breathless, while Miss Sabrina closed her eyes and tried to grasp the clue.

"Could you tell me, more slowly and rather more clearly, just what you mean?" she finally said to Elinor.

And Elinor began to describe the room, already quite real to her own mind: the walls papered in yellow-and-white stripes; the white-painted woodwork; the tea-tables on which viands not native to Farmont should tempt the presumably ravenous appetite of the summer people; the luncheons put up for bicyclers and mountain-climbers —

"But this would mean work — hard work and constant work. You do not seem to realize this, and you know nothing about it," Miss Sabrina interrupted.

"I should n't mind working," laughed Elinor.

"Then there is the financial side," she said after a few moments' thought. "It would be necessary to invest some money in the beginning. Persis has nothing to risk, and you may not know, Elinor dear, that my income is very small and requires careful management."

"Well," said Elinor, "I should n't think it would take much, and I have some money of my own; I could use that. I should pay my board wherever we went, and I could just as well invest it all at the beginning of the summer, and then you and Persis could pay your share weekly, or something like that."

"Well," said Miss Sabrina, finally, "you know I am free to go to Farmont if it seems best. You know, too, my dear," turning to Persis, "that your education is a matter of interest and concern to me, and I am proud of your efforts and achievements so far, and will gladly help if I can. The plan does not seem to me quite so self-evident an assured success as to this astonishing young person; but after you have thought it over more carefully I will be led by your young heads to any reasonable length. *Provided*," she added with emphasis, "always provided Elinor's father understands the matter fully and gives his consent."

Then she left them. Shortly after this Persis went home, and Elinor wrote a long and much-underscored letter to her father, which was deciphered by him with great trouble. Then he wrote a letter of approval.

Of course the reaction came for all three, and was endured in solitary misery by each. There were hours when Miss Sabrina wondered how she could have been so hasty, so foolish, so weak-minded as to allow these children to gain her consent to this folly; hours when she had haunting visions of herself sitting behind the counter of a bake-shop selling buns to the Wares — for, despite Elinor's powers of description, the idea took this awful form in poor Miss Sabrina's mind; hours when she pondered how to break the news to Hannah; and, above all, a desperate reluctance to meet this startling departure from the usual peaceful calm of her summer life.

Elinor, too, had seasons of flaming cheeks when she wondered what certain girls of her own set in Chicago would say; homesick days, too, when she longed to give up everything and fly back to her father's arms.

None of these things troubled Persis, but she trembled sometimes at the thought of putting any of her tiny fortune into this venture. Suppose they should fail? And then she had an offer to spend the summer at the sea-shore and tutor two small boys; but the plan was far under way by that time, and she could not retreat.

Late in April they journeyed to Farmont. Swelling buds and balmy air were left behind as they went northward among the hills, and barren boughs, acres of mud, and lingering snow-drifts greeted their vision as they stood shivering on the little wooden platform waiting for the hotel bus.

"This is n't the place — this can't be!" cried Elinor, in amazed disappointment.

"I don't wonder you think so," said Persis. "I can hardly believe my own eyes. Miss Sabrina, can that swamp trail around the hill be the lovely bridle-path?"

"This is April, remember, not August," said Miss Sabrina, drawing her mink cape closer.

They drove to the hotel, and after a cup of tea, which they obtained after much persuasion, their courage rose with their temperature.

> "'The time has come,' the Walrus said,
> 'To talk of many things,'"

murmured Persis, as they finished; "and now I 'll bring Mr. Plummer."

Mr. Plummer was frankly and flatteringly curious to know why his guests had visited Farmont at this season.

"Want to rent a house, do ye?" said he. "What fer?"

"To occupy this summer," said Miss Sabrina, without a shadow of resentment. She had been in Farmont before.

"Calculatin' to take boarders?" he inquired.

"N-no," said Miss Sabrina, feeling a little uncertain as to what local name would be given to the plan she was "calculatin' " on.

"Goin' to keep help?" he continued.

"We shall bring one servant," said Miss Sabrina, with an inward tremor at the memory of that interview with Hannah.

"Wal, I d'nno. How big a house do ye want?"

"The location is of more importance," said Miss Sabrina. "We wish to be central."

"There 's the Watson place," said Mr. Plummer, meditatively; "that jines the store."

"No; that would not do. I wish to be farther up the street."

"Wal, I d'nno," he repeated. "I did hear that the Slosson girl was thinkin' of leavin' town since old man Slosson died. That 's a considerable pretty place. Why don't you go see Susan Slosson? She 's to hum now. I d'nno if there 's anything better — if there 's that."

"Well?" said Miss Sabrina, turning to the girls.

"Certainly," said Elinor; "let 's go at once."

The Slosson place was near the road — a neat white cottage, with its front door opening into a tiny hall, from which narrow stairs ran steeply up. A square best room was at the right, into which they were shown by Miss Susan Slosson, who answered their knock, and who was a large person clad in a calico wrapper and decorated with a string of gold beads. Her air was questioning, not to say suspicious, as she admitted them, and it increased as their errand was made known. She did n't know why Plummer had felt called on to say she was goin' to leave Farmont. She did n't know as she was. She was all upset since pa died. Pa had been childish and a dretful care, and she was all wore out. She had said she might go down below to stay a spell with her sister — she did n't know as she would, and then again she did n't know *but* she would.

Meanwhile Elinor's eyes were roving in disappointment about the room — a hopeless room for their purpose.

"I doubt whether your house would suit our needs even if you wished to rent it," said Miss Sabrina, stemming the easy flow of Susan's uncertainties.

"That 's for you to say," returned Susan, with instant resentment. "I d'nno what you 'd find better kep' up or more convenient."

"May we look at the house?" asked Miss

Sabrina, with some hesitation. There proved to be two bedrooms behind the parlor and hall, with windows opening toward an orchard which extended back of the house. From the little hall another door led into the dining-room, which Miss Slosson explained was used in winter as a kitchen also. A door at the farther end opened into a summer kitchen. Elinor's spirit, which had nearly died within her, lifted its head once more. The dining-room was large and low, with raftered ceiling and brick fireplace. This was nailed up with a sheet of zinc, and an iron range stood on the brick hearth. Above the narrow shelf were cupboards with brass-knobbed doors.

An outer door opened on a narrow piazza half overgrown with honeysuckle.

"I believe it will *do!*" whispered Elinor, clasping Persis's hand nervously. "With lots of white paint, and muslin curtains, and new wall-paper, and that fireplace rescued, this room would be lovely. Just look at all the little shelves about —"

"We will look upstairs now, if we may," Miss Sabrina was saying, "and then we will go back to the hotel to consider the matter; and meantime you can decide whether you care to rent your house for five months, and what your price would be. To-morrow morning we will call again."

The conference, after supper, in the little hotel sitting-room was fraught with fearful joy and hopefulness, and in the morning Miss Slosson, who had consulted friends overnight, was found ready to vacate her house May 1st and seek untried pleasures "down below."

Miss Sabrina explained their plans, and Susan was graciously tolerant, observing that, as far as she could see, one thing that city folks did was n't any foolisher than another.

"HE WAS ALSO MUCH GIVEN TO BUYING THE ENTIRE STOCK OF CANDY." (SEE PAGE 892.)

Miss Slosson was visibly amazed by their request to have the carpets, which were gorgeous, taken up, but assented readily, and agreed also to their desire to have the dining-room and parlor floors painted at their own expense. They retained the use of only such articles of furniture as were absolutely necessary, relegating to the store-rooms above, the family portraits, the stuffed furniture, the fancy-work, and the parlor organ. She explained to Miss Slosson that they wished their housekeeping to be as simple as possible, while their landlady rejoiced in the rescue of so many of her possessions from the wear and tear of daily use.

Persis took the afternoon train back to Boston, and during the next few days Miss Sabrina knitted fears and trembling and repentance and corroding care into the shawl which busied her fingers, while Elinor, immensely entertained, made friends with the various personages whose help she needed.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Plummer, three days later; "it 's real aggravatin' sometimes. Marcy ought sure to of come when he promised — he ought, really. It 's kind of upset him — that there white background to your paper. He said he never put on none like it and he was kinder thinkin' it over a spell. He thinks it will show dirt too much. He 'll be round to-morrow, I guess."

At the end of the week the renovations were fairly under way. Miss Sabrina and Elinor returned to Boston, and the girls began their collection of the varied furnishings for the tea-room.

Aunt Sabrina reminded them of the practical necessities.

"All such expensive suggestions," the girls said reproachfully.

"But absolutely necessary," returned Miss Sabrina, with mild firmness.

Elinor's account-book was a model of accuracy, and Miss Sabrina wondered daily at the method, the directness, and the sense with which this untrained girl led the enterprise. Persis followed philosophically in the rear, accepting Elinor's projects with calm appreciation of their financial value and sturdy disregard of work involved.

"It 's college for me," was her invariable answer when Miss Sabrina protested against the multiplying schemes. Many dozen fascinating little jam-pots and a big preserving-kettle were purchased, and the Farmont raspberries bloomed and blushed all unconscious of the plots against them. Elinor thought of everything — of boxes for luncheons, of waxed paper and white wrapping-paper and paper napkins, of canned and bottled dainties, of flavorings and colorings, of gilt cord for candy-boxes, and olive oil for salads, and labels for the jam-pots. When the day of their departure finally came, all of their goods except their trunks had preceded them.

Already summer life was beginning to stir in Farmont. Several near-by cottages were opened, and yellow carts and buckboards appeared on the village street. In Miss Slosson's dooryard the clumps of yellow lilies and blue iris made a delicious splash of clear color. The apple orchard was a wilderness of fragrant beauty which the bobolinks translated into song, and again Elinor said:

"This *can't* be the place!" as they paused at the gate. A moment later they were in the transformed kitchen — pure, cool, and glorified with its white paint, the radiance of the brass knobs, candlesticks, and andirons faintly reflected in the pale yellow stripes of the wall-paper.

"I can't *wait* to fill that fireplace with fern," cried Elinor, "and we 'll put the long window-seat here, and the two little tables *so*. Oh, Persis — oh, Aunt Sabrina! did you ever see anything so *dear!*" And the two girls whirled about the room in a mad two-step which served to relieve their overcharged feelings.

Hannah, alone unmoved, took immediate possession of the summer kitchen. This example had good effect, and Miss Slosson, who took the outgoing train, was bidden a decorous farewell. By night the new housekeeping was fairly begun. By the next night the tea-room stood a realized dream, with Elinor's first vague description — "a sort of place where people would like to come" — fulfilled in carefully thought out provision for the needs and pleasures of the summer visitors.

A round table stood by the window-seat, at which the industrious could sit and drink their tea while they looked over the embroideries which Elinor had selected with exquisite taste.

Temptingly near was a tiny glass show-case which was to hold the supply of home-made sweets. On the opposite side were little tables where ices could be served.

Then on a morning — a notable morning — Marcy, who had developed by the way of the white wall-paper into the factotum, fastened to the fence an artistic little sign modestly lettered "The Farmont Tea-room." By noon all was ready, and the proprietors of the new institution sat down in nervous anticipation to await events.

Meanwhile, down the village street four bicycles leaned against the hotel piazza, and three boys adorned several chairs; the fourth hovered uncertainly between the office and piazza, and finally sauntered up the road. Ten minutes later he reappeared.

"Say, you fellows," he called, "come on! There 's the smoothest little joint up here! Frozen stuff and bully-looking candy. Wake up and come on."

"It 's a mirage," remarked one, resignedly. "He 's just seeing things. There never was anything frozen in this town after April 1st."

"All right," returned Teddy; "don't call names when you come by later and find the freezer empty"; and he sped swiftly up the street, closely followed by the incredulous three.

Elinor and Persis, who had bravely faced their first customer, and stared after him in indignant perplexity when, after a comprehensive glance about, he retreated with a hasty promise to return, now clasped hands in terror as the quartet appeared in the little dooryard.

"They are coming in, Persis Gardner — the whole four of them! I should think people ought to come one at a time till we are a little used to it," whispered Elinor, nervously.

"*They* don't know it is the first time," said Persis. "Don't you dare be afraid"; and she advanced with outward dignity which cloaked a quaking heart.

These boys seemed to crowd the dining-room in an unaccountable manner, and Persis felt a lack of preparation for meeting the possible wants of four extremely big and thirsty boys.

"Awfully jolly little place, this," remarked Teddy, the spokesman, affably. "We fellows have just been dining at the hotel, and thought we 'd finish up here, if we may. We 'd awfully like something cold."

"We have raspberry sherbet," began Persis, and a fervent "Great!" came from the ranks, "and ice-cream —"

"That 's it," said Teddy; "that 's what we want."

"Both?" said Persis.

"Yes, please, *all*," said Teddy, and the four disposed themselves about two tables.

"Oh, *more*, Hannah!" whispered Elinor when she reached the back kitchen, as she detected a tendency in the maid to avoid at least an over-generosity in filling the plates; "they look so big and hungry." And the feast began.

Teddy read the printed slip which lay beside his plate with visible joy.

"We 're going on to Thorndike this afternoon," he said, "and we shall be late getting there; if you could put us up a luncheon —?"

"Certainly!" said Elinor, with very bright eyes and very flushed cheeks, and she retreated to the kitchen, where she hugged Hannah ecstatically before beginning to make the sandwiches. Miss Sabrina came to help, and Persis appeared for more sherbet.

"They 're eating fudge, too," she hysterically whispered, "and jam; and they say to make it a big lunch!"

A half-hour later the quartet slowly wheeled away with luncheon-boxes strapped to their handle-bars, and the proprietors of the tea-room gazed speechlessly at each other.

"The greedy — big —" began Elinor. "They 've taken *all* the candy, and there 's hardly any sherbet left! What shall we do if any one else comes? And I had to give them the chicken we were going to have for our supper. I never supposed that any one would want lunch the first day."

Persis laughed with streaming eyes.

"You goosey!" she said, when she could manage her voice, "did n't we make it to sell? And is n't this the best kind of advertising? Those four boys —"

"Greedies!" interjected the unmollified Elinor.

"— will spread our fame throughout New Hampshire. And look at the cash-box!"

"Fine, healthy b'ys!" said Hannah, grimly, from the doorway.

Miss Sabrina sank into a chair and fanned herself with agitation.

"Dear me!" she said. "Dear me! It does n't seem nice to allow them to pay so much for a little refreshment this warm day. Such nice-looking boys, too; and tired out, I dare say. Dear me!"

They had opportunity to discuss the matter in all its bearings, for no one else came that day. And next day only a little girl wandered in and bought half a pound of candy. They had ice-cream for supper that night, and tried not to look at each other, and went early to bed.

But next day a gay procession from a newly opened summer cottage stopped to read the little sign, and promptly dismounted from buckboard and horseback and invaded the place. From that hour the fame of the tea-room was secure. It rivaled the post-office as a rendezvous. Hannah's mayonnaise went to every picnic, great-grandmother's jam was ordered by the dozen pots for next winter's breakfast-table, and people learned that they must come early to get candy. There was an assistant for Hannah in the kitchen, and Marcy came each morning to make the ice-cream.

Those were days of hard work, of early rising and careful planning and thrifty managing, but their success was constant.

The days were not all smooth. The village children, pledged to a supply of berries through the short season, were given to berrying in companies; so that there were days when the kitchen overflowed with the perishable fruit, and days when the favorite sherbet was called for in vain; also days when candies were sticky and fudge refused to cream. On one such, Persis, who was placidly labeling jam made in the early cool of the morning, glanced up with aggravating lack of sympathy as Elinor flung off her close linen collar, and only remarked under her breath:

"The men that fought at Minden, they 'ad stocks beneath their chins
Six inch 'igh an' more."

Elinor stirred viciously, and the evil mixture suddenly hardened into an obstinate lump.

"'Curioser and curioser'!" said Persis.

"If you must quote," burst out Elinor, hotly, "I wish you 'd quote somebody besides Kipling and 'Alice in Wonderland'! I 'm tired of the sound of both of them."

"If you ever read anything worth quoting, it would be to your advantage," replied Persis, meeting the heat with freezing resentment.

And then Elinor flung down her spoon, readjusted her collar, and went out over the brow of the little hill, and curled down in the hollows between the roots of a great pine-tree, and fell asleep with a tear on her cheek. Here her father found her an hour later. He came unexpectedly on the morning train, picked up Miss Sabrina in a hasty embrace, and left her palpitating with surprise and joy while he followed her incoherent directions as to where he would probably find Elinor, the pine-tree being a favorite retreat from business life.

"Little daughter — father's little girl," he whispered; and after a moment of dazed staring, this business woman was sobbing on her father's neck.

"I 'm s-spoiling your collar"; and she stopped to laugh wildly. "But oh, papa, how good of you to come. When *did* you get here?"

It was another hour before they started back to the house, and a long time before they reached it.

Persis was waiting for them in the orchard with Miss Sabrina, who was visibly agitated by the sudden appearance of this tall, keen-eyed man, his abrupt, nervous speech, and hands that trembled a little.

Then in the evening there was a business talk.

"Things are on their feet, little girl," he said. "Are you ready to come back and be housekeeper?" And Elinor's tears were near the surface again as she threw her arms about his neck. She lifted her head to nod triumphantly at Miss Sabrina.

"I told you he 'd fix it! I knew papa would be all right! But, papa," she hesitated, "I don't see how — I 'm afraid not just yet. I must n't desert my partners, you know"; and she gazed appealingly at her father. "I have one hundred and thirty-seven dollars invested here, too," she added, with some concern.

Mr. Colby laughed outright.

"Let 's see the books," he said; and Persis brought out the orderly journal and ledger, over whose showing Mr. Colby whistled softly and nodded with pleasure.

"Is n't it wonderful?" said Miss Sabrina. "Would you have believed that these children could have done so much and managed so well?"

"These children, indeed!" said Persis, with generous protest. "Are n't you the head and front of us?"

"I am only a very bewildered looker-on," said Miss Sabrina.

"And this means college for you, Miss Persis?" queried Mr. Colby.

"Yes, Mr. Colby," said Persis, with shining eyes; "my share of what we will make this summer, with what I have already, makes my first year sure, and part of the second. After that I am to have a scholarship, and, with tutoring and vacation work, I am safe to begin."

Elinor squeezed her father's hand and glanced up at him with a look of deep significance, to which he responded in kind, but he said only:

"Yes; I am sure you are all right."

"May I go on, papa, for a month, till the season is over?" asked Elinor.

"We-ell," meditated Mr. Colby, "that depends on whether the tea-room will take a boarder for a month."

"Who? *You* — oh, you dear! Can you stay a month? Will you?" cried Elinor; and Miss Sabrina broke out into a gentle psalm of delight.

So the little house received a new inmate of expansive ideas, who, however, was not allowed to pay any but market rates for his room, and stoutly declared that he had been paying five times as much in Chicago for something not half so good.

Also he insisted on a third helper in the kitchen, so that the work could oftener spare Miss Sabrina and the girls. He was also much given to buying the entire stock of candy and distributing it among the children he met on his daily tramps.

But it was the normal business of the tea-room — the result of clear-headed management — that made the cheering balance-sheet, which showed expenses paid, Elinor reimbursed, and Persis fairly started on her college course.

Miss Sabrina and Hannah went back to their lonely housekeeping with perhaps a secret sense of well-earned rest, but with a longing for next summer, when Mr. Colby and Elinor were to come East again. Persis's firm chin was more resolute than ever, and not even Elinor knew the ambitions at the back of her clear brain as she said good-by, with her face turned collegeward.

And when Elinor packed her trunks for the journey to Chicago, in a middle tray was laid carefully away a little sign which read

THE FARMONT TEA-ROOM.

MONDAY MORNING IN FAIRYLAND.

FIVE HUNDRED LITTLE WORLDS.

By Mary Proctor.

Our sun is attended by a stately retinue of four terrestrial planets, Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Mars, and four major planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune; while between the major and the terrestrial planets wander five hundred little planets or worlds. For a long time the presence of these little worlds remained unknown, although the illustrious Kepler suggested that a small planet might be wandering in the vacant space covering millions of miles between Mars and Jupiter, but had so far escaped detection. In 1785 an astronomer named Von Zach determined to find the missing planet, and made

elaborate schemes for its capture. In September, 1800, he organized at Lilienthal a force of astronomers who were requested to solicit the aid of others "in tracking and intercepting the fugitive subject of the sun."

The task was not an easy one, owing to the fact that stars and planets are so much alike. Under the disguise of a star the planet had so far escaped detection; but the astronomers knew one sure way of recognizing the truant, and they laid their plans accordingly. There are some insects fortunately provided by nature with a disguise that enables them to resemble a leaf as long as they are motionless. A wise bird in search of food for its little nestlings at home, however, is not easily deceived. It watches the leaf until it is assured that it is a leaf, but the moment the supposed leaf begins to move about, then it pounces on it and makes it captive. Now it is very much the same way with the planets, which might well be mistaken for stars; but as the astronomer watches them night after night, he observes that while the stars keep the same places with regard to one another, there are other bodies that seem to creep slowly among the stars, proving that they are planets or wanderers. In this way we can follow the movements of a planet along the highway marked out for it in the sky, while if we kept our eyes glued to a telescope for a hundred years the stars would still maintain the same place with regard to one another. Nevertheless we know they are moving, though centuries must pass away before any change can be detected.

As an illustration, when walking by the seashore we can easily follow the motion of the small rowboats near the shore, while distant steamers seen on the horizon are apparently absolutely motionless. In reality they are going as fast as steam will drive them, but they are so far away that they seem at rest. Now the stars are the steamers of the sky, and the planets are the little boats near the shores of our planet. We can follow their movements so that we know where they are at any time during the course of the year, or we can tell where they will be one hundred years hence, or where they were one hundred years ago.

The honor of finding the missing world was reserved for a Sicilian astronomer named Piazzi, who was not even looking for the planet. He had been engaged for ten years in making a chart of the heavens, when on January 1, 1801, he was surprised at finding a little object that the next evening proved to have changed its place among the stars. A few evenings convinced Piazzi that the object was slowly but surely moving, and the astronomer concluded that it must be a comet without a tail. He wrote to some friends in Milan and Berlin, telling them about his discovery; but unfortunately, owing to delay in the delivery of the letters, Piazzi's friends did not receive his message until several weeks later. Meanwhile two events had occurred: first, owing to a serious illness, Piazzi had been compelled to cease his observations of the supposed comet; and second, the moving object had come in range with the sun, so that it was no longer visible. Meanwhile an astronomer named Bode suggested that the moving object might be the missing planet, and was dismayed at the thought of the captive thus easily regaining its freedom. Great alarm was felt lest it should be lost definitely, but a mathematician named Gauss promptly came to the rescue. He argued that since the moving object had been seen by Piazzi in a certain part of the sky on January 1, 1801, it would probably make its reappearance the next year about the same date and at some place to be determined by a series of calculations. Consequently he warned the astronomers to be on the lookout for the wanderer on its return. As often happens in such cases, the eventful night proved misty; sleet, rain, and clouds seemingly in league against the planet-hunters. However, on the last night of the year, the moving object was rediscovered by Baron Von Zach at Gotha, very nearly in the place predicted by Gauss, and it indeed proved to be the missing planet. Great excitement prevailed in the astronomical world, and the climax was reached when the planet was again seen the very next evening by Dr. Olbers, at Bremen, just a year after its discovery. Piazzi named the new planet Ceres Ferdinandea, after the goddess supposed to preside over Sicily and in honor of the King of Naples, but it is better known as Ceres.

The astronomers now felt that their search

was at an end, and that they might consider themselves on the retired list as far as search for the missing planet was concerned; but their labors were only just beginning, and could they have looked forward into the future they would doubtless have withdrawn from the encounter in dismay. About two months after Ceres had been rediscovered a second planet was found by Dr. Olbers, who named it Pallas. However, as both bodies were very small, Dr. Olbers suggested that perhaps the original planet had exploded, Ceres and Pallas being the fragments, and that there might even be more fragments. Apparently as a proof of the explosion theory, two more planets were indeed found during the next few years, and were named Juno and Vesta.

After keeping up the search for other possible fragments during the next nine years, and finding none, Dr. Olbers decided to rest on his laurels, unaware of his mistake of looking only for stars that were large and bright. As a consequence no more little planets, or planetoids as they are sometimes called, were discovered until the year 1845.

In that year Herr Hencke, a retired postmaster of Berlin, after devoting fifteen years of his life to a search for any stray planetoids that might have been overlooked, finally succeeded in capturing Astræa on the night of December 8, and Hebe eighteen months later. Since then so many of these tiny worlds have been discovered that astronomers scarcely know how to dispose of them.

It is no easy task to keep track of the five hundred planetoids drifting amid thousands of stars, especially as new planetoids are rapidly being admitted as members of the huge family of the sun.

As soon as an applicant for admission proves to be a genuine newcomer, the planet is labeled permanently with a name, and is then entitled to a place in the family of the sun. For instance, one discovered in 1898 is now known as Eros (433), the only masculine title in the entire list of four hundred and thirty-two planetoids already named. To hear the roll-call of the little worlds one might well consider it a list of names at a girls' school, since such names as Irene (14), Ophelia (171), Angelina (64), Victoria (12), and Adalberta (330) grace the list.

Eros (433) was discovered on August 14, 1898, by an astronomer named M. Witt, at the Urania Observatory, Berlin. M. Witt was not looking for a new planetoid by any means, but he was searching for a missing wanderer named Eunice (185), which had been observed in 1878 but managed to lose itself again.

M. Witt not only succeeded in finding Eros (433) and the missing Eunice, but a planetoid named Astræa, which was due at that time according to its path traced in the sky.

Meanwhile the old-fashioned method of charting the stars has been replaced by a new system introduced by M. Wolff in 1891, the search for planetoids being made by means of photography; and in this way M. Witt captured Astræa, Eunice, and Eros (433). Calculation showed that Eros must have been near the earth, and therefore bright, in 1894. On examination of the photographic plates taken during that year, and again in the year 1896, it was found that the little truant had been captured several times by the camera set to trap celestial fugitives. Sir R. S. Ball thus explains the difference between the old and the new method of planetoid-hunting: "In days of old the luckless astronomer had to sit with his eye glued to the telescope all night long. Nowadays he simply puts in place of his eye a series of photographic plates and films which are moved across the eyepiece of the telescope in regular succession by a clockwork mechanism, goes peacefully off to bed, and in the morning comes back to see what he has caught in his star-trap." However, some one assistant has to be on hand to replace the old plates with new ones every three hours; but the real work consists in examining the plates for traces of possible wanderers among the stars, and this work is done at leisure. There can be no deception in this case, for a star is represented on the photographic plate by a dot, while a planet creeping among the stars leaves a trail or line which betrays its presence instantly. Eros attracted the attention of M. Witt on account of the great length of its trail, and at first it was mistaken for a comet. However, when M. Witt turned the great telescope at

the Urania Observatory toward this celestial object, he was assured of its claim to admission in the already overcrowded family of the sun. Nevertheless Eros may be said to be more than welcome, for, although small, it promises to be an extremely useful little body in enabling us to obtain some very important information with regard to the exact distance of the sun from the earth.

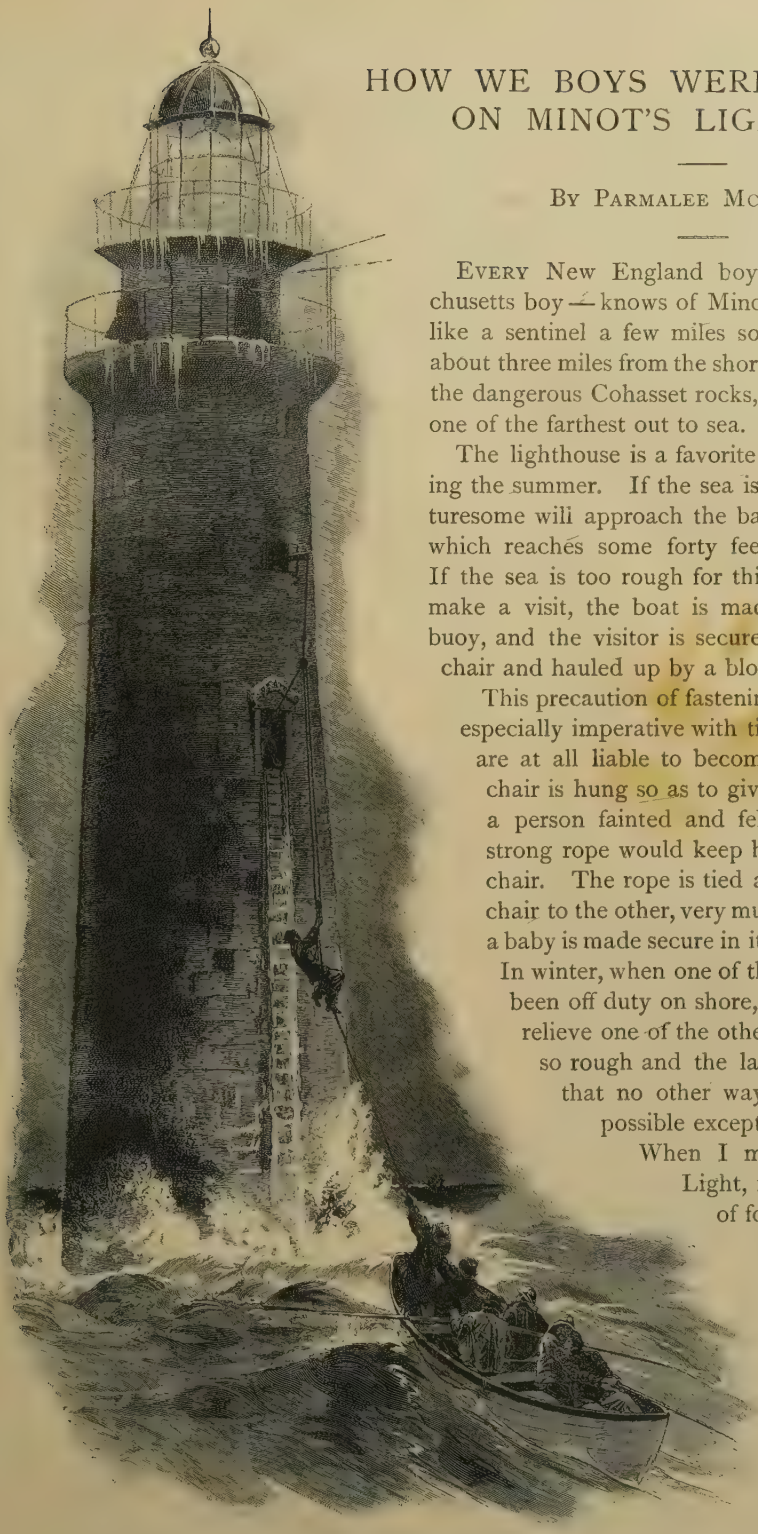
The usual series of three observations enabled M. Witt to trace the path of the new planetoid and find that it takes about six hundred and forty-three days to circle around the sun, and that it comes nearer to us than any other celestial body, excepting the moon or an occasional comet. When at its nearest approach to the earth it is only fourteen millions of miles away, i.e., one seventh the distance of the sun. Yet if a railroad track could be made from the earth to planetoid Eros, a train going at the rate of a mile a minute would take twenty-five years in reaching its destination. If a bicyclist could make the trip, he would have to keep on cycling one hundred miles a day for nearly four hundred years to accomplish the journey. On his arrival at Eros he would find a miniature world, probably only twenty miles in diameter, around which he could easily cycle in less than a day. He would doubtless be surprised at the reduced weight of all objects on this planetoid, providing it is made of materials of the same density as those of which the earth is composed. Supposing he weighed two hundred pounds on the earth, his weight would be reduced to a few ounces on Eros. If the atmosphere is of the same density as the atmosphere surrounding the earth, he would find flying and flapping a pair of wings well within the realms of possibility, and should he happen to fall from a great height the result would not prove disastrous, since he would fall slowly, like a feather, probably half an hour or so passing away before he finally reached the ground. The familiar game of football would be utterly transformed on this little planetoid, for a well-directed kick would probably send the ball off its surface altogether, and it might eventually circle around the sun as a tiny planet on its own account.

After all, many of these little worlds are but huge boulders or "mountains broke loose," representing "the debris of a shattered world, or a world spoiled in the making." Ceres, the largest planetoid, is not more than four hundred and eighty-eight miles in diameter, while some of the smaller planetoids do not exceed ten. Imagine a world only ten miles in diameter, and the ease with which a century rider could make three trips around it during the course of a day! In fact, if the five hundred little worlds were rolled into one huge ball, they would weigh so much less than the earth that if the earth could be weighed in a mighty balance it would require four such balls to make the scales even. Yet we must not look with disdain on these little worlds, since there is less difference between their united mass, compared with that of the earth, than there is between the earth and the giant planet Jupiter. If Jupiter could be weighed in the scales it would require over three hundred globes as heavy as the earth to make the scales even.

Our sun guides the five hundred little worlds in their paths just as carefully as in the case of our own planet Earth, or the giant planet Jupiter; and this is as it should be, for they all are members of his family.

HOW WE BOYS WERE STORMBOUND ON MINOT'S LIGHTHOUSE.

By Parmalee McFadden.



MAKING A WINTER LANDING AT MINOT'S LIGHTHOUSE.

Every New England boy — certainly every Massachusetts boy — knows of Minot's Lighthouse, that stands like a sentinel a few miles south of Boston harbor, and about three miles from the shore, warning mariners against the dangerous Cohasset rocks, of which Minot's Ledge is one of the farthest out to sea.

The lighthouse is a favorite object for sight-seers during the summer. If the sea is very calm, the more venturesome will approach the base and mount the ladder, which reaches some forty feet up to the first opening. If the sea is too rough for this, or when ladies desire to make a visit, the boat is made fast to the lighthouse's buoy, and the visitor is securely tied in a wooden arm-chair and hauled up by a block and tackle.

This precaution of fastening the visitor in the chair is especially imperative with timid persons or those who are at all liable to become dizzy; for although the chair is hung so as to give it a tilt backward, yet if a person fainted and fell forward, nothing but a strong rope would keep him from falling out of the chair. The rope is tied across from one arm of the chair to the other, very much in the manner in which a baby is made secure in its baby-carriage or go-cart.

In winter, when one of the staff of keepers, who has been off duty on shore, comes out to the Light to relieve one of the other two keepers, it is usually so rough and the ladder so incrusted with ice that no other way of gaining admittance is possible except by being hauled up.

When I made my first visit to the Light, it was when I was a boy of fourteen, and that was more than a very few years ago. At that time the head keeper was Captain Levi Creed, a distant relative of mine, and our party consisted of his wife and son, a lad of my own age, and myself. As the keepers remain for weeks on the Light without coming

ashore, a visit from their family is the pleasantest possible break in their monotonous duties.

We started out on a bright August morning, and we instructed our boatman to return within two hours. Win and I walked up the bronze ladder which you will see in the pictures, but his mother was drawn up in the chair.

I had often climbed up ladders in a barn-loft, where a fall would have landed me on a comfortable mow of hay, and had even ventured up ladders that the painters and other workmen had left leaning against our house. But

AN EVER-WATCHFUL SENTINEL.

here was a metal ladder running almost perpendicularly out of the water, and, as the tide was low, a misstep would have meant, not merely a disagreeable wetting with a prospect of being safely fished out of the water, but a fall on the hard rocks below, with scarcely a chance of being picked up alive. I do not think Win and I thought much of the danger until afterward, so intent were we to get to the top — he to greet his father, and I to make my first inspection of a lighthouse.

On reaching the first opening in the side, we came into the store-room, filled with fishing-tackle, ropes, harpoons, etc. In the center of this room was a covered well that contained drinking water, and extended down the very core of the otherwise solid granite structure nearly to the level of the sea. Above this room was the kitchen, and above that the sleeping-rooms, and the watch-room, where the keeper sat at night and constantly watched, on the plate-glass of the outer lantern, the reflection of the blaze of the lamp. There were always two keepers on the Light at one time — each being on watch half the night.

But the story I had to tell is how we were prevented from returning ashore as planned, and of our imprisonment on the Light.

We had not been "aboard" more than an hour when the noon meal was announced. As relatives of the keeper, we enjoyed privileges not accorded to ordinary visitors; so we sat down to a fine luncheon, which we boys, with our sea-air appetites, heartily welcomed.

I noticed that Win's father kept looking out of the window every once in a while during the meal, and finally excusing himself, he suddenly left the table before we were through. He returned in a few minutes, saying that he had intended signaling our boatman, who, he thought, would be leisurely sailing about not far off. It looked to him, he said, as if there was an "easterly" coming up, and he thought we had better be getting ashore. He could see nothing of the man, however, for he, too, had seen the storm coming and had put back to Cohasset.

By the time luncheon was over it looked still more threatening, and in a little while a fog had set in, and an easterly wind brought the rain. All hopes of getting ashore that day were given up, for, if the boat had been able to find the lighthouse in the fog, the sea had now become too rough to allow of our being put aboard.

Captain Creed made this announcement to the consternation of his wife and to the great joy of us boys. We stayed that night, and all the next day and night. The second night was one that neither of us has ever forgotten.

A little past midnight the storm increased, and the waves dashed high up the curved walls of the Light; but they were still far below us, and gave us no concern. What did frighten us, though, and kept us awake the rest of the night, was the beating of the rain and the howling of the wind about the top of that tall sky-scraper away out there in the Atlantic Ocean, miles from shore.

To us it seemed as though the whole structure was preparing to fall down. Mingled with the beating of the rain and hail were loud screams that to us sounded like the shrieks of many locomotives — faint at first, then approaching with increasing volume, then quickly dying away. Now would come a thud like the beating on a loosely headed base drum; then again the shrieks; and all the time the wind and the rain and the hail.

Soon after daybreak Win and I got up and dressed, and mounted to the watch-room in the story just under the lamp. The keeper was there, though his vigil was over, and the lamp had been put out, for the calendar said the sun had risen, in spite of the darkness of the dull, foggy morning.

AT LOW TIDE IN SUMMER.

The wind had now died down, and it had stopped raining.

"Well, boys," said Win's father, "how did you pass your second night aboard a lightning-rod? No chance to get lonesome, was there? It was a pretty tough night, I 'll admit; and your mother, boy," turning to Win, "is ready to go ashore if she has to swim it. But come up here; I think there will be something worth seeing for you land chaps."

We followed the captain up and out on the upper balcony; and there we did indeed see a sight.

Lying on the floor of the balcony were a dozen or more sea fowl of various sizes and colors, either dead or crippled. There were one or two gulls, several smaller mackerel-gulls,

CLEANING THE LANTERN PLATES.

and a number of Mother Carey's chickens — stormy petrels; while flapping about like a caged eagle was a butter-bill coot with a broken wing, vainly trying to scale the high railing, through whose bars his broad frame failed to pass.

The explanation was plain. In the driving storm the birds had been attracted by the glare of the lamp, magnified a thousand-fold by the delicate prisms that surround it; and, as a moth is drawn into a candle, so these storm-driven fowl guided their flight to seek a shelter that proved their doom.

The dead birds were mostly on the windward side of the light, where, after striking the heavy plate-glass panels, they first fell; while the cripples had managed to "hunch" around to the more protected lee side of the balcony. Doubtless many birds had been blown off, especially the smaller, Mother Carey's chickens.

We now saw that it was the passing flocks of sea fowl we had heard in the night, and we knew that it had not all been a nightmare.

On that afternoon — the afternoon of the third day — the fog lifted, the wind drew around to

the west, and in a little while the sea went down. We had not long to wait. We could see through the spy-glass our faithful boatman's little sloop coming out of Cohasset Cove around the point of Whitehead, and a couple of hours later we were safely landed in the keeper's snug cottage on Government Island. There the rain might fall and the wind might blow, but no fowls could come to disturb our nights, unless it were the staid old barn-yard ducks of our neighbor, and chickens that might be anybody's but Mother Carey's.

IN A FOREST AFLAME.

By H. S. Canfield.

On a late summer morning, in the North Woods of Wisconsin, Sam Kawagasaga, of the Chippewas, said to his hunting-mates:

"Those coals amount to little; the Brule is fifty miles away, and there are many deer; let us go."

So in Indian file, their moccasined feet scarce stirring a dead leaf, they moved northward, and the coals smoldered and smoked a little. Sam had broken the white man's standing law of the woods: "All camp-fires must be extinguished." But he cared little for white man's law. The only one of the pale-faced tribes whose word was weighty was the agent who tried to govern the Chippewa reservation, and his word was weighty only when he had supplies to give out.

One of the coals fell a little apart from its comrades and scorched the edge of a red maple-leaf. The edge curled back from the contact, charred, and burst into tiny flame. The flame, not larger than that of a burning match, touched two fallen leaves of a red birch, and they threw up answering signals. A slow breeze, wandering through the forest, turned over the birch-leaves as if to look at them, then picked them up, carried them a yard or so, and tossed them upon a pile of pine needles and twigs as large as a boy's hat, and for the first time a thin column of smoke arose. It was still a fire that a child could have put out with a pitcher of water; but the pine needles lay next to a thick carpet of leaves, and the carpet ran to the bottom of a dead hemlock, clothed only in tindery bark to its top. "The dry-salt crackling of this," as Thoreau would say, "was like mustard to the ear." The flames spiraled up the trunk gleefully, climbing almost as speedily as squirrels climb, and in a little while the hemlock was a flaring torch from bottom to top, signaling "Danger!"

This tree had grown alone in a space of thirty feet square, and if one man had been there to watch, it would have burned out harmlessly; but it roared unheeded, a slender tower of blaze, and its great limbs fell with crashes, one by one, sending their embers far. Finally it swooned to its fall. One flying fiery branch pitched at the foot of a rotting oak. A small cloud passing swiftly overhead, the only cloud

in all the bending vault of blue, shed some drops upon it in its flight, but vainly. The flame caught the brown interior of the oak, and rushed up its hollow shaft, which acted like a chimney. The oak went down, and its upper end caught in the fork of a Norway pine, a noble tree forty inches through at the butt, and its first fork sixty feet from earth. It had stood majestic and columnar for centuries, baring its dark green head bravely to storm and sun, and, when the blasting hand of the fire fell on it, writhed and shivered in protest. With all of its upper part one red waving furnace, black strands of smoke rising from its resin, and sparks pouring down from it in showers, a flashing cascade, it fought its last fight in despair; then, with a sound like the crack of a field-piece, split from fork to root, and fell widely. The conflagration was under headway then, and not any fire department of any city could have checked it for a moment. It was destined to spread havoc and death over a territory thirty miles wide by twenty deep. Looking back from afar, Kawagasaga saw the whirling pall of smoke against the blue of the sky, and hurried on.

It had been a dry summer. No rain had fallen for three months, and the woods were like tinder. So the great fire did not march. It leaped and ran, and old forest giants, green in their age, were withered before it touched them. The sound of it miles away was like the booming of distant thunder.

William Boyd, Jr., was eight years old. His mother called him "Willy," but he preferred to be known as plain "Bill." He aways gave that name when asked. This was a North woods child, as different from a city boy as could be imagined — freckle-faced, snub-nosed, sturdy, with gnarled little hands, used to bruises and skin-scrapes in the timber, able to find his way through thickest forest, sound of wind, tireless of leg, and expert with a little ax which he valued above all things. One day, in shutting a new pocket-knife coaxed from his father, he cut a finger badly. Small June Lessard, a French orphan staying with the Boyds, turned pale and said:

"You had better go back to the kitchen, Willy, and wash your hand."

"No," he answered, gazing at the trickling crimson, and resenting both the "Willy" and the doubt of his stoicism; "the blood will wash it."

Through all of the densely shaded country lying along the north fork of the Flambeau River, William Boyd, Jr., was known to loggers, chainers, skidders, and drivers as a "sliver of the old stump," which was their way of saying that Boyd the elder was only such another child grown taller and stronger.

Father and mother left the shack on the homestead, three miles from the Flambeau, at daylight that morning, going to Pineville, fifteen miles away. They intended to return in the afternoon; but they had misgivings, not because the children would be left alone,— under ordinary conditions that would be safe enough,— but because the woods were dry.

Those people do not dread terrific winters, when the wolves come out of the timber. The horror of their lives is the forest fire: for they have seen its work. These two had to meet a lawyer, however, in the matter of the purchase of some wild land, and with them, as with all of their kind, a business engagement was paramount almost to life itself.

"Be good, Willy," said Mrs. Boyd, as she climbed into the wagon.

The boy, standing with his ax on his shoulder and a tuft of red hair sticking up through a hole in his hat, disdained to reply.

"Bill," said the father, genially, "take care of June, and split a lot of stove-wood by the time we 're back."

That pleased him. "Look out for the bad log in the middle of the bridge over the slough," he advised. Then, as an afterthought: "Those horses will want water when you get to Pine Crick."

Boyd, Sr., laughed and drove off. Bill turned his attention to a large log in the rear of the house, using a wedge to rive stove-wood from it. June sat near him for company, drawing pictures with a charred stick on birch bark. Dinner had been cooked for them and left in the cupboard — bread, venison, and a pan of milk. At ten o'clock Bill quit work, and said that it was dinner-time, or noon.

June dissented. There was a clock in the

house, but it was a mystery to them both. Bill squinted critically at the sun, and declared with exactness:

"It wants ten minutes of dinner-time."

June, accustomed to obey, laid down the birch bark meekly. They dined, clearing up everything they could find. As befitted a man left in charge of the place, Bill strolled about, whistling shrilly and out of tune.

Everything seemed to be in order. The chickens, not realizing his importance, scratched busily and moved out of his way, clucking protests. The two cows and calves were in the four-acre pasture, browsing on brown grass, oblivious of his calls and orders. The black hound with a round tan spot above each eye refused wholly to notice him, lying half asleep on the porch floor, with his long ears spread upon the planking. Only June followed him about, patiently admiring, not daring to disturb his calm with questions.

Bill did not return to his ax and log, but sauntered jauntily, appraising the value of the timber which grew to the edge of the clearing, estimating the number of "feet" each tree would cut, and longing for the time when he could chop it all down and see it hauled to the mill. Desire to "fall" trees was in his blood.

Noon came, and the hound rose and threw up his muzzle and howled quaveringly. North and westward the sky was overspread by a dun cloud. The wind had freshened, and high up little glittering particles were floating past — ashes. There was a slight scent of burning wood on the air. Bill climbed a high stump, thinking he could see better from it, shaded his eyes with his hand, and said oracularly:

"There 's a fire out yander."

"Yes," said June, indifferently.

"Fool Injuns, I guess," said Bill.

"Yes," said June.

"If I had my way with Injuns," said Bill, "I 'd send 'em to Africa."

"Yes," said June.

Bill jumped eight feet down from the stump, and remarked, "Time f'r me to get at that log." He stopped half-way to it, however. The hound looked at him questioningly, then trotted into the woods, going east. Bill called and stormed, but the dog kept on. Across the back of the yard a rabbit scurried, its ears flat, its eyes bulging. It, too, was going east. A covey of ruffed grouse rose from the edge of the wood and whirred by, going east; then flocks of small birds twittered over, above them a gang of crows, above the crows a dozen hen-hawks, all going east. The river lay that way.

Bill went into the kitchen and locked the back door, though why he did so he could not have told. Passing through the house, he took a long drink of water, for the air was sultry. He saw June's sunbonnet lying on the floor, and picked it up. It was a characteristic of a North woods child that, before going out, he felt in his pocket and saw that knife and matches were safe. He kept the latter in a little glass bottle, tightly corked. He closed the front door behind him, locking that, too; then tied June's bonnet under her round chin. He was white under his freckles, but his brave gray eyes did not flicker as he looked at her.

"That fire 's coming here, June," he said almost in a whisper; "we got ter hike."

Even then he ran swiftly back and snatched up his precious ax, patting the blade caressingly with his rough little hand and saying, "Come along, Betsy!"

The roar of the flames could be heard plainly now — a steady, savage sound. Against the vast black background of smoke, deep crimson below, fading into rose above, sheets of burning bark and small limbs were whirled high. Its belly within a foot of the ground, its great antlers thrown back until the prongs touched its sides, a buck flashed past, distraught with terror. Grasping June's wrist firmly with his left hand, holding the ax in his right, Bill plunged into the woods, making for the river. He had no knowledge of the speed of forest fires and believed that they were safe, but scurried on, determined to make the best time he could. The little girl went cheerfully, having utter confidence in him.

At first there was a trail nearly a yard wide, and along this they trotted comfortably, the boy slackening his pace to match hers, saying something now and then: wondering whether the house would be burned, whether the fire would reach Pineville, where the dog had gone,

and so forth. Once, being struck strongly by the thought, he stopped long enough to pant, "It 's a good thing we got that meat and milk," then started afresh. In the course of a half-mile, however, the trail narrowed to a foot in width. He placed June behind him and told her to take hold of the tail of his jacket. She did this, and, by leaning on him somewhat, found that she ran more lightly. She was almost as tireless as he, however. With them it was terribly a question of speed, not of endurance. The boy knew that the trail ran straight to the Flambeau,— he had been over it often,— and he headed for the stream because he hoped that its course would break the progress of the fire.

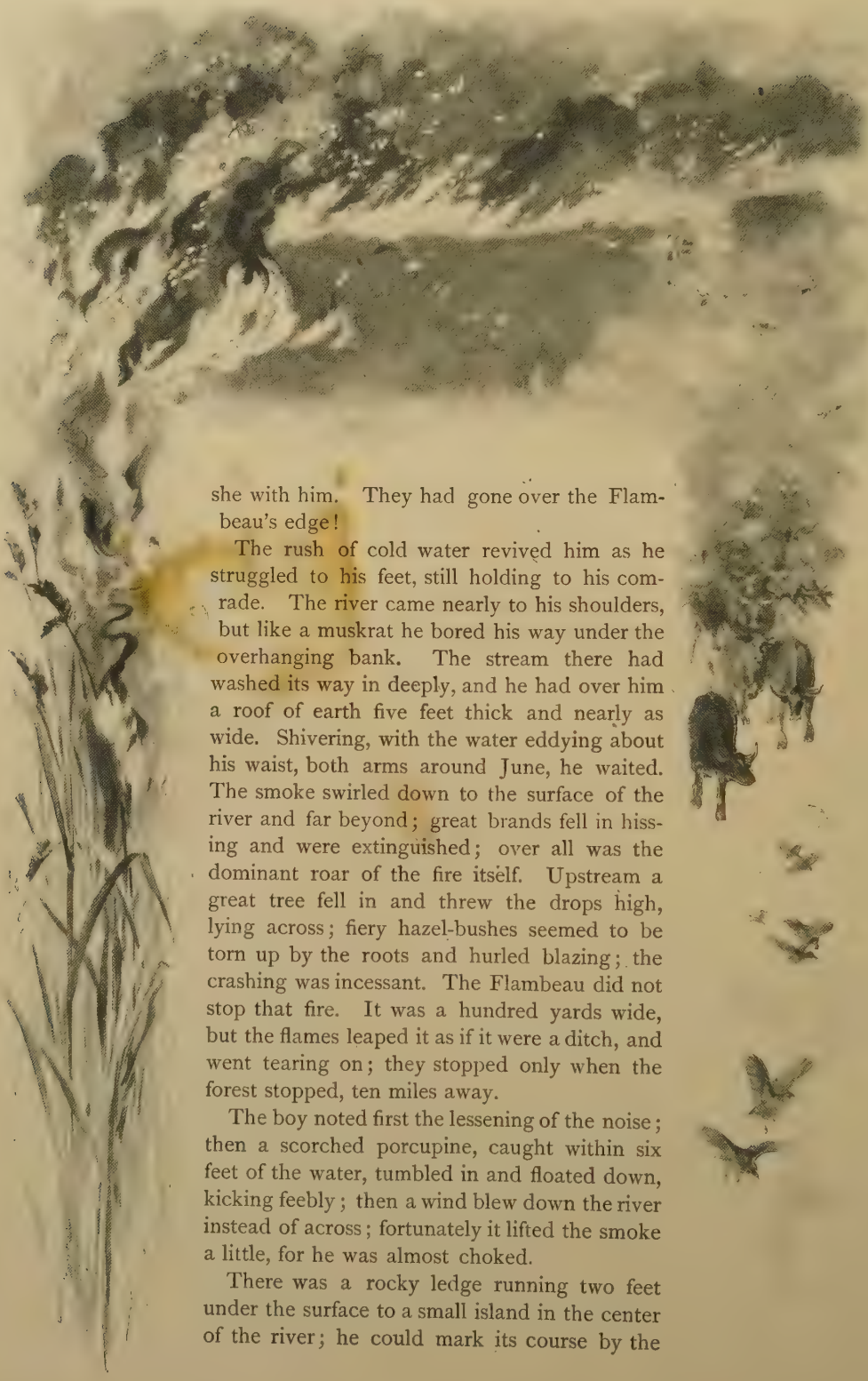
He could not help noticing, however, that, though they were doing their best, the roar of the flames grew louder and the heat more intense. Before they had gone a mile the perspiration was running into his eyes. He glanced back now and then, but the small orphan smiled at him cheerfully and seemed to be doing as well as he. They heard crashes and rustlings in the undergrowth on either hand, showing that many animals were fleeing for their lives. Most of these passed them easily. Some of them came into the path for a few steps, but, when they saw the children behind them, turned again to the shelter of the woods.

They saw deer, does, bucks, and fawns half-grown, foxes and rabbits in numbers. The partridges thundered up around them, flying a quarter of a mile at a stretch, then dropping to the ground and running fiercely. Bill went silently over one deep indentation in the trail, and knew that a bear had gone by. They could beat the porcupines,— that was some satisfaction,— and they went past these lumbering creatures as if they had been standing still. It never occurred to them to feel fear of any of the animals. They seemed to know intuitively that at such a time there was universal truce. Once they stopped still for a second with beating hearts, for a great gray timber-wolf loped across the path not ten yards in front of them. Bill valiantly swung his ax high, with his throat thick; but the wolf only slung his head sidewise, glanced at them with a red eye, and went hurriedly on.

There was a half-mile yet to go, and the heat had become almost unbearable. June was sobbing in gasps that seemed to tear her little body. The wild voice of the conflagration was now so great that no other sound was audible. Great birds flapped along in sick fashion, or screamed in the smoke; but the children did not hear them. Looking up, they saw a mass of sparks rushing over them, darting along a hundred yards above the tallest trees, and above the sparks a solid curtain of pitch-black smoke. This smoke had descended to the ground and choked them. Often the wind seemed to bear down and drive the heat more strongly against them, and at such time their flesh smarted beneath their clothing; then it lifted and comparative coolness came.

The trail was barely visible now through the smoke, though all about them the trees still were green. They stumbled upon roots that crossed it, and its many holes; but the dogged fighting spirit of the boy — a spirit that came to him down a long line of woods-conquering folk — was awake, and he plowed on, not stopping to think whether or not he was beaten, possibly not caring, feeling only that his girl playmate was clinging to him, and the river was ahead, and he was going to get to it. He did not know it, but no finer, steadier courage burned in Richard Grenville when he strode the bloody deck of the "Revenge" and called to his sailors, "Fight on! Fight on!" while fifty Spanish sail ringed them round.

Then June fell — fell with a little sobbing cry, her arms helplessly spread out, her chubby face pressing the leaves, her red lips open, her shoulders heaving convulsively. Tired in her short legs was June, her fat knees bleeding from scratches, her cheeks tear-stained, her sunbonnet askew, her bright hair disordered. He turned instantly, and a terrified cry — his first and last — came from him as he saw, not three hundred yards behind them, that booming, sweeping, high-reaching wall of flame. Its breath, blown on him furiously, blistered one cheek even as he looked. The girl child's form was dim to him in the smoke, but he grasped her by both arms and dragged, calling frantically: "Come on, June! Come on!" dragged and tugged and strained, still facing the rushing furnace, then fell himself, down, down, and



she with him. They had gone over the Flambeau's edge!

The rush of cold water revived him as he struggled to his feet, still holding to his comrade. The river came nearly to his shoulders, but like a muskrat he bored his way under the overhanging bank. The stream there had washed its way in deeply, and he had over him a roof of earth five feet thick and nearly as wide. Shivering, with the water eddying about his waist, both arms around June, he waited. The smoke swirled down to the surface of the river and far beyond; great brands fell in hissing and were extinguished; over all was the dominant roar of the fire itself. Upstream a great tree fell in and threw the drops high, lying across; fiery hazel-bushes seemed to be torn up by the roots and hurled blazing; the crashing was incessant. The Flambeau did not stop that fire. It was a hundred yards wide, but the flames leaped it as if it were a ditch, and went tearing on; they stopped only when the forest stopped, ten miles away.

The boy noted first the lessening of the noise; then a scorched porcupine, caught within six feet of the water, tumbled in and floated down, kicking feebly; then a wind blew down the river instead of across; fortunately it lifted the smoke a little, for he was almost choked.

There was a rocky ledge running two feet under the surface to a small island in the center of the river; he could mark its course by the

water purling over it. They went along this, and clambered out. In the middle of the blackened bit of land a large log was burning, and they dried their clothing by this; the ground was not hot, as there had been little upon it to burn.

So they waited through the afternoon, not knowing what else to do. June snuggled to him, her young nerves still "twisted." Some men came down the river in a boat, looking for chance survivors. Luckily settlers were few, and they were about to turn back, after having halloed lustily, when they were startled at hearing Bill's shrill "Whoopee!"

"Where 's your dad and mam?" one of the men asked, as the children climbed in and squatted between the thwarts.

"Gone to town," said Bill. "He 'll be back to-night. Seen our dorg?"

"No," said the man. "We 'll put you off where the main tote-road crosses the river, and your folks 'll pick you up there. But you 'll have to camp for a while, I guess. That fire ain't left any houses behind it. How you feeling?"

"Hungry," said Bill. "I think June 's hungry, too; and — and I lost my ax."

AUGUST.

By Mary Brownson Church.

By field and wood, in swamp and dell,
August's flaunting signals tell
'T is time to strike the passing bell,
For summer sweet is dying.

Edging the brook like ribbon band,
The stately cardinal-flowers stand,
Flaming their message o'er the land
That summer sweet is dying.

The swamps with pink loosestrife are gay,
On roads the goldenrod holds sway,
And early asters seem to say,
"Oh, summer sweet is dying!"

The shrill cicada in noon heat,
The katydid, and cricket fleet,
All join the death-chant, fitting, meet,
For summer sweet is dying.

With royal purple, gold, and green,
With jeweled dewdrops' glistening sheen,
She decks her bier like Egypt's queen,
For summer sweet is dying.

COUNTING THE STARS.

I tried so hard to count the stars,
And got as far as three,
When many others slyly peeped,
And, smiling, blinked at me.

So I began it o 'er again,
And got as far as nine,
When all at once I seemed to see
A thousand others shine.

Then came so many in the sky,
I would not try again;
For all the counting that I know
Is only up to ten.

THE DARING FROGGY.

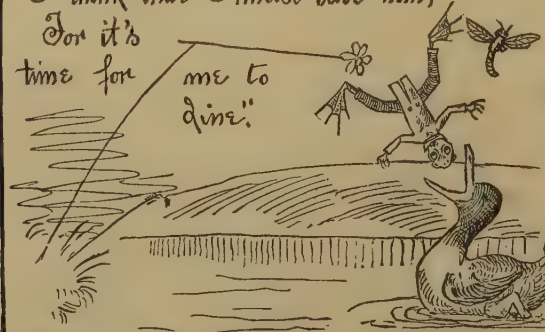
Once upon a time,
On the border of a brook,
A wicked little froggy,
Who had never read a book,—
Who had never read a story
Or a funny little rhyme,—
Had a sad and tragic ending
Once upon a time.

This little froggy, sad to say,
Was very fond of flies.
And thought, on this unlucky day,
That he had found a prize.
"Up, up I go," said froggy,
"I can climb as well as hop.
I only hope he'll stay right there
Until I reach the top."

"I wish this would'nt bend so much,"
Said Froggy, going higher;
"I wish that flies would shut their eyes
And come a little nigher:
But he is such a good one,
And he looks so very fine
I think that I must have him;
For it's time for me to dine."

So up he went, regardless
Of the danger he was in;
He saw a duck below him;
But he didn't care a pin,
'Till suddenly, behind his back,
The weed began to crack:
And all he heard was just one word
And that one word was "QUACK".

James Charnier Harry



"NAPOLEON'S" WAGON-SHED CAMPAIGN.

"NAPOLEON" sat in the corner — which is 7 in the diagram — and mused. It was a hard problem, and most military cats, or men, would have given it up. But Napoleon, like the other great general of that name, determined to win.

Now this was the problem:

The wagon-shed was swarming with rats which were doing much damage to things in general and to a bag of oats in particular. Napoleon was expected to exterminate them. Hostilities had begun two days before; as yet the rats were all alive.

Napoleon had not been on the ground many hours when he perceived that the enemy had three gateways. These are marked A, B, and C. The nest was somewhere near A, but the commander of the opposing forces, whom Napoleon soon learned to respect, was wise enough to post scouts at B and C. If the field was reported clear from all three points, there was a rush and scramble of foraging parties. But if Napoleon was around, no matter where he might be hidden, at least one of the sentries detected him.

He had hidden at 1, and was seen at A.

He had crouched alongside the bag at 2, and was spied from B.

He had pretended to be asleep behind the post at 3, but was in view of the sentry at C and could be smelt from B as well.

He had taken up a position on top of the chest (4), unfortunately covered, and was watched from both B and C.

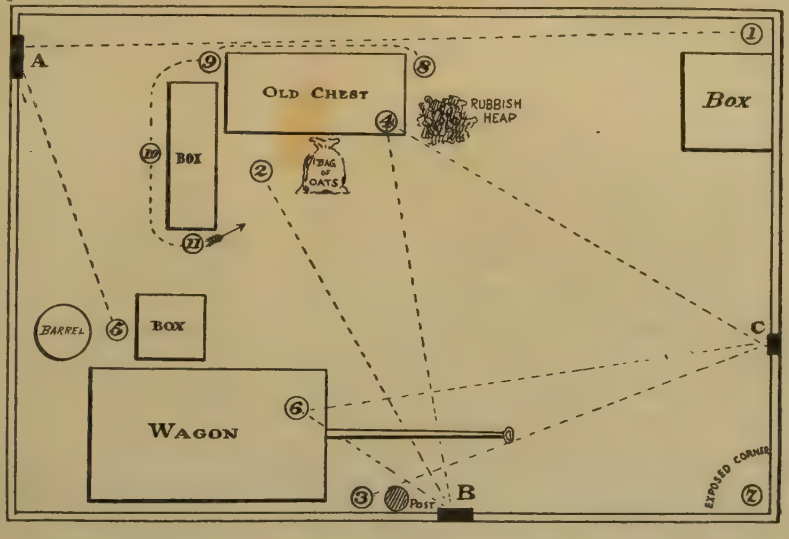
He had crept between a box and a barrel (5), only to be discovered again from headquarters.

He had tried different positions on top of the wagon (6), but none were any better.

Then he retired to the open corner, where we found him thinking it over. And here, in truth, he might have remained a long time, had not the enemy put victory within his reach. For Napoleon began to think. He noticed that there were no sounds of movements at C. So, stealing behind a rubbish-heap (8), he crouched low and patiently awaited results. Before long the rats were again astir and crowded to the opening at A. Then he heard a scampering to B, and then — no — yes — no; they stopped there; they were neglecting C, and only from C could he be seen!

A moment later the fatal command to advance was squeaked, and Napoleon, watching his chance, crept behind the chest — to 9. From 9 to 10 and then to 11 he noiselessly stole, for he well knew the advantage of attacking from the rear. Then like a flash he bounded among his prey.

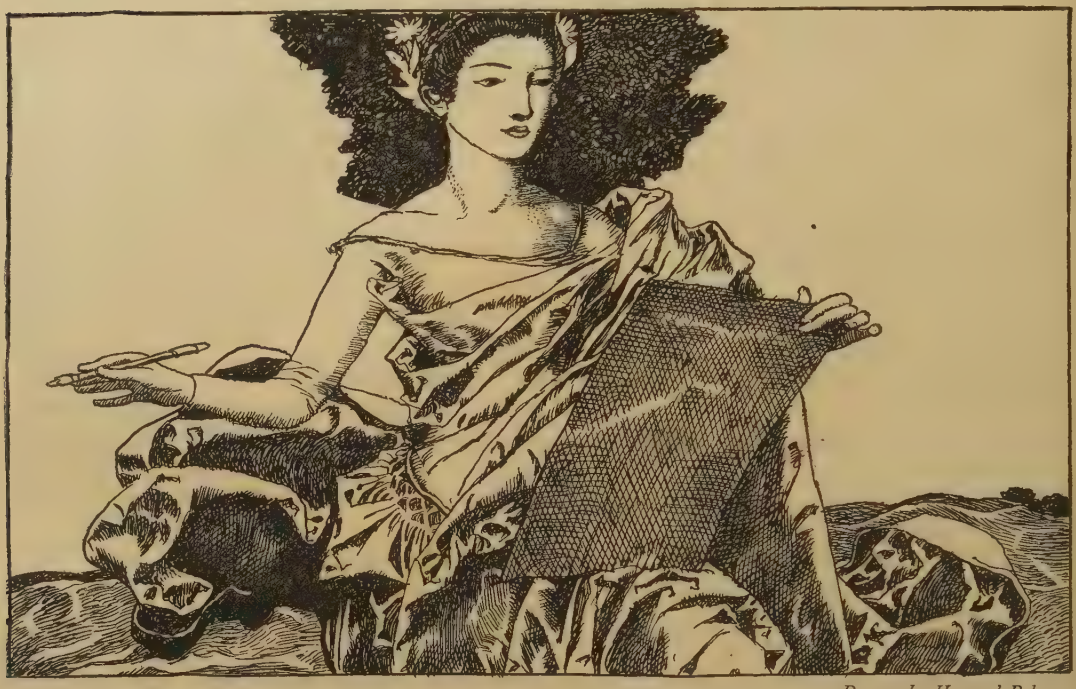
Two were killed; one was wounded, but escaped under the wagon; the rest reached their nest, where they remained only long enough to collect their scattered senses before retreating in a body to a neighboring and safer barn. Napoleon had won.



G. M. L. Brown.

THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.*

By Howard Pyle.



Drawn by Howard Pyle.

Chapter XI.

How Sir Gawaine met Sir Pellias, and how he promised to aid him with the lady Ettard.

Now, after that wonderful lady had disappeared from their sight, as has been told, those three knights stood for a little while altogether amazed, for they wist not how to believe what their eyes had beheld. Then, by and by, Sir Gawaine spake, saying: "Certes that was a very wonderful thing that happened to us, for in all my life I never knew of so strange a miracle to befall. Now it is very plain that an adventure such as has been promised lieth in what we have seen; wherefore let us descend into yonder valley, for there we shall doubtless discover what that which we have just now beheld doth signify. For I make my vow that I have hardly ever seen so terribly powerful a knight as he who has just now fought yonder battle; wherefore I can in no wise understand how, when he should so nearly have obtained a victory over his enemy, he should have surrendered himself to them as he did."

And Sir Ewaine and Sir Marhaus agreed that it would be well to go down and inquire what that thing signified.

So they three and their attendants rode down into the valley.

And they rode forward until they had come to a certain glade of trees, and there they beheld three goodly pavilions that stood there — the one pavilion of white cloth, the second pavilion of green cloth, and the third pavilion of scarlet cloth.

And as the three knights-companion drew nigh to the pavilions, there came forth two knights to meet them. And when Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine saw the shields of the two, they

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immediately knew that they were Sir Brandiles and Sir Mador de la Porte. And in the same manner Sir Brandiles and Sir Mador de la Porte knew Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine, and each party was very much astonished at thus meeting the other in so strange a place. So when they came together they gave one another very joyful greeting, and clasped hands with strong love and good-fellowship.

Then Sir Gawaine made Sir Marhaus acquainted with Sir Brandiles and Sir Mador de la Porte, and thereupon the five knights all went together into those three pavilions, discoursing the while with great amity and pleasure.

Then after a while Sir Gawaine said to Sir Brandiles and Sir Mador de la Porte: "Messires, we observed a little while ago a very singular thing; for, as we stood together at the top of yonder hill and looked down into this plain, we beheld a single knight clad all in red armor who did battle with six knights. And that one knight in red armor combated the six with such fury that he drave them all from before him, though they were so many and he but one. And truly I make my vow that I have hardly ever seen a knight show such great prowess in arms as he. Yet, when he had overcome all but two of those knights, and was in a fair way to win a clear victory, he suddenly yielded himself unto the two, and suffered them to take him and bind him and drive him with great indignity from the field. Now, I pray ye, tell me what was the meaning of that which we beheld, and who was that knight who fought so great a battle and yet yielded himself so shamefully."

At this Sir Brandiles and Sir Mador de la Porte made no answer, but directed their looks another way, for they knew not what to say. And when Sir Gawaine beheld that they were abashed he began more than ever to wonder what that thing meant. Wherefore he said: "What is this? Why do ye not answer me? I bid ye tell me what is the meaning of your looks and who is that Red Knight!"

Then after a while Sir Mador de la Porte said, "I shall not tell you, but you may come and see."

Then Sir Gawaine began to think mayhap there was something in this that it would be better not to make known, and that, haply, he had best examine further into the matter alone. So he said unto the other knights, "Bide ye here a little, messires, and I will go with Sir Mador de la Porte."

So Sir Gawaine went with Sir Mador de la Porte, and Sir Mador de la Porte led him unto the white pavilion. And Sir Mador de la Porte drew aside the curtains of the pavilion and he said, "Enter!" and Sir Gawaine entered.

And when he had come into the pavilion he saw that a man sat upon a couch of rushes covered with an azure cloth. And, behold! that man was Sir Pellias. And Sir Pellias sat like one altogether overwhelmed by a great despair.

Then, after a while, Sir Gawaine spake very sternly to Sir Pellias, saying: "Messire, I am astonished and very greatly ashamed that a knight of King Arthur's royal court and of his Round Table should behave in so dishonorable a manner as I saw thee behave this day. For it is hardly to be believed that a knight of such repute and nobility as thou shouldst have suffered himself to be taken and bound by two obscure knights as thou didst suffer thyself this day. How couldst thou bring thyself to submit to such indignity and insult? Now I do demand of thee that thou wilt explain this matter unto me."

But Sir Pellias was silent and would not make any reply. Then Sir Gawaine cried out very fiercely, "Ha! wilt thou not answer me?" and Sir Pellias shook his head.

Then Sir Gawaine said, still speaking very fiercely: "By heaven! thou shalt answer me one way or another! For either thou shalt tell me the meaning of thy shameful conduct or else thou shalt do extreme battle with me. For I will not suffer it that thou shalt bring such shame upon King Arthur and his Round Table without my defending the honor and the credit of him and of it. One while thou and I were dear friends, but unless thou dost immediately exculpate thyself I shall hold thee in contempt, and I shall regard thee as an enemy until thou hast cleared thy credit in mine eyes."

Upon this Sir Pellias spake like unto one that was nigh smothered, and he said, "I will tell thee all." Then he confessed everything unto Sir Gawaine, telling all that had befallen since that time when he had left the May party

of Queen Guinevere to enter upon this adventure; and Sir Gawaine listened unto him with great amazement. And when Sir Pellias had made an end of telling that thing, Sir Gawaine said: "Certes this is very wonderful. And, indeed, I cannot understand how thou camest to be so entangled in the charms of this lady, unless she hath bewitched thee with some great enchantment."

And Sir Pellias said: "Yea; I believe that I am bewitched indeed, for I am altogether beside myself in this, and am entirely unable to resist her enchantment."

Then Sir Gawaine bethought him for a long while, considering that matter very seriously; and by and by he said: "I have a plan, and it is this: I will go unto the Lady Ettard myself and will inquire diligently into this matter. And if I find that any one hath wrought enchantments upon thee, it will go hard with him, for I will punish whomsoever hath done so."

And Sir Pellias said unto Sir Gawaine: "How wilt thou accomplish this affair so as to gain into the presence of the Lady Ettard?"

Thereunto Sir Gawaine replied: "That I will tell thee. We twain shall exchange armor; then I will go unto the castle, and when I have come there she will think that I have overthrown thee in an encounter and have taken thine armor away from thee. Then they will haply admit me into the castle to hear my story, and I shall have speech with the Lady Ettard."

Then Sir Pellias said: "Very well; it shall be as thou dost ordain."

So Sir Pellias summoned an esquire, and Sir Gawaine summoned his esquire; and those two esquires clad Sir Gawaine in the armor of Sir Pellias. And when they had done so Sir Gawaine mounted upon the horse of Sir Pellias and rode openly into that field wherein Sir Pellias had aforetime paraded.

Now it happened that the Lady Ettard was at that time walking upon a platform within the castle walls, from which place she looked down into that meadow. And when she beheld a red knight parading in the meadow, she thought it was Sir Pellias come thither again, and at that she was vexed and affronted beyond all measure. Wherefore she said unto those nigh her: "That knight vexes me so woefully that I fear me I shall fall ill of vexation if he cometh here many more times. Would I knew how to rid myself of him! For already, and only an hour ago, I sent six good knights against him, and he overcame four of them with great despatch and with much dishonor unto them and unto me."

So she beckoned to the red knight, and when he had come nigh to the walls of the castle she said to him: "Sir Knight, why dost thou come hitherward—to afflict me and to affront me thus? Canst thou not understand that the more thou dost come unto me to trouble me in this manner, the more do I hate thee?"

Then Sir Gawaine opened the umbrel of his helmet and showed his face, and the Lady Ettard saw that the red knight was not Sir Pellias. And Sir Gawaine said: "Lady, I am not that one whom thou supposest me to be, but another. For, behold! I have thine enemy's armor upon my body, and how dost thou suppose that I could wear his armor unless I took it from him by force of arms? Thou needst trouble thyself no more about him."

Then the Lady Ettard could not think otherwise than that the red knight (whom she knew not) had indeed overthrown Sir Pellias in a bout of arms and had taken his armor away from him. And indeed she was exceedingly astonished that such a thing could have happened, for it appeared to her that Sir Pellias was one of the greatest knights in the world; wherefore she marveled who this knight could be who had overthrown him in battle. So she gave command to sundry of those in attendance upon her that they should go forth and bring that red knight into the castle and pay him great honor, for that he must, in sooth, be one of the very greatest champions in the world.

Thus Sir Gawaine came into the castle and was brought before the Lady Ettard where she stood in a wonderfully large and noble hall. For that hall was illuminated by seven tall windows of colored glass, and it was hung around with tapestries and hangings, very rich and of a most excellent quality; wherefore Sir Gawaine was greatly astonished at the magnificence of that place.

Now Sir Gawaine had taken the helmet from off his head, and he bore it under his arm and

against his hip, and his head was bare, so that all who were there could see his face very plainly. Wherefore all perceived that he was exceedingly comely — that his eyes were as blue as steel, his nose high and curved, and his hair and beard very dark and rich in color. Moreover, his bearing was exceedingly steadfast and haughty, so that those who beheld him were awed by the great knightliness of his aspect.

Then the Lady Ettard came to Sir Gawaine and gave him her hand, and he knelt down and set it to his lips. And the lady said very graciously, "Sir Knight, it would give me a great deal of pleasure if thou wouldst make us acquainted with thy name, and if thou wouldst proclaim thy degree of estate unto us."

Unto this Sir Gawaine made reply, "Lady, I cannot inform you of these things at this present, being just now vowed unto secrecy upon those points; wherefore I do crave your patience for a little."

Then the Lady Ettard said, "Sir Knight, it is a great pity that we may not know thy name and degree; ne'theless, though we are as yet unacquainted with thee, I hope thou wilt give us the pleasure of thy company awhile, and that thou wilt condescend to remain within this poor place for two days or three whilst we offer thee such refreshment as we are able to do."

And behold, because that the Lady Ettard had that magic collar about her neck, Sir Gawaine immediately felt the power of its enchantment, and he replied with great delight, "Lady, thou art exceedingly gentle to extend so great a courtesy unto me; wherefore I shall be glad beyond measure for to stay with thee for a short while."

At these words the Lady Ettard was very greatly pleased, for she said to herself: "Certes this knight (albeit I know not who he is) must be a champion of extraordinary prowess and of exalted achievement. Now if I can persuade him to remain in this castle as my champion, then shall I doubtless gain very great credit thereby, for I shall have one for to defend my rights who, assuredly, must be the greatest knight in all the world." Wherefore she set forth every charm and grace of demeanor to please Sir Gawaine, and Sir Gawaine, for his part, was altogether delighted by her kindness.

And I must tell you that in the same degree that Sir Gawaine received courtesy from the Lady Ettard, in that same degree Sir Engamore of Malverat (her one-time champion) was cast down into great sorrow and distress; so much so that it was a pity for to see him.

So Sir Gawaine and the lady walked together, talking very cheerfully, until sunset; and at that time the supper was prepared, and they went in and sat down to it. And as they supped, a number of pages, very fair of face, played upon harps before them, and sundry damsels sang very sweetly in accord to that music, so that the bosom of Sir Gawaine was greatly expanded with joy. Wherefore he said to himself: "Why should I ever leave this place? Lo! I have been banished from King Arthur's court; why, then, should I not establish here a court of mine own, that might, in time, prove to be like to his for glory?" And the Lady Ettard was so gracious unto him that this seemed to be a wonderfully pleasant thought.

Now turn we unto Sir Pellias.

After Sir Gawaine had left him, the heart of Sir Pellias began to misgive him that he had not been wise; and at last he said to himself: "Suppose that Sir Gawaine should forget his duty to me when he meeteth the Lady Ettard. For meseems that haply she possesses some potent charm that draweth the hearts of all unto her. Wherefore if Sir Gawaine should come within the circle of such enchantment he may forget his duty unto me and may transgress against the honor of his knighthood."

And the more that Sir Pellias thought of this the more troubled he grew in his mind. Therefore at last, when evening had fallen, he called an esquire unto him and he said, "Go and fetch me hither the garb of a black-friar, for I would fain go unto the Castle of Grantmesnle in disguise." So the esquire went as he commanded and brought him such a garb, and Sir Pellias clad himself therein.

Now by that time the darkness had come entirely over the face of the earth, so that it would have been impossible for any one to know Sir Pellias, even if he had seen his face. So he went unto the castle and desired that they would admit him thereunto. And thinking

that he was a black-friar, as he appeared to be, they admitted him in the castle by the postern-gate.

Then, as soon as Sir Pellias had come into the castle, he began to make diligent inquiry concerning where he might find that knight who had come thither in the afternoon. And those within the castle, still thinking him to be a friar of black orders, said unto him, "What would ye with that knight?"

And Sir Pellias said, "I have a message for him."

Then they of the castle said, "Ye cannot come at that knight just now, for he is at supper with the Lady Ettard, and he holds her in pleasant discourse."

At this Sir Pellias began to wax very angry. So he said, speaking very sternly, "I must presently have speech with that knight; wherefore I bid ye to bring me unto him without delay."

Then they of the castle said, "Wait, and we will see if that knight is willing to have you come to him."

So one of the attendants went unto that place where Sir Gawaine sat at supper with the Lady Ettard, and he said, "Sir Knight, there hath come hither a black-friar who demandeth to have present speech with thee, and he will not be denied, but continually maketh that demand."

Then Sir Gawaine was troubled in his conscience, for he knew that he was not dealing fairly by Sir Pellias, and he pondered whether or not this black-friar might be a messenger from his friend. But yet he could not see how he might deny such a messenger speech with him. So, after a while of thought, he said, "Fetch the black-friar hither and let him deliver his message to me."

So Sir Pellias, in the garb of a black-friar, was brought by the attendants into the outer room of that place where Sir Gawaine sat at supper with the lady. And for a little time he did not enter the room, but stood behind the curtain of the anteroom and looked upon them, for he desired to make sure as to whether or no Sir Gawaine was true to him.

Now everything in that room where the knight and the lady sat was bedight with extraordinary splendor; for the walls were hung all about with broideries and tapestries of great value, and it was illuminated by a light of several score of waxen tapers that sent forth a most delightful perfume as they burned. And the table at which Sir Gawaine and the lady sat was spread with white damask linen and set with patens and chalices of gold and with vases and beakers of crystal. And there were a great many attendants about the room, and some of them who were pages played upon harps, and others who were damsels sang very sweetly.

Now as Sir Pellias stood behind the curtains he beheld Sir Gawaine and the Lady Ettard as they sat at the table together.

So by and by he could contain himself no longer; wherefore he took five steps into that room and stood before Sir Gawaine and the Lady Ettard. And when they looked upon him in great surprise, he cast back the hood from his face, and they knew him. Then the Lady Ettard shrieked with great vehemence, crying out, "I have been betrayed!" and Sir Gawaine sat altogether silent, for he had not a single word to say either to the lady or to Sir Pellias.

Then Sir Pellias came close to the Lady Ettard with such a fell countenance that she could not move for fear. And when he had come nigh to her, he took hold of that necklace of emeralds and opal stones and gold, the clasp whereof readily yielded to his touch, and so plucked it from her neck. Then he said, "This is mine, and thou hast no right to it!" and thereupon he thrust it into his bosom. Then he turned upon Sir Gawaine where he sat, and he said, "Thou art false both unto thy knighthood and unto thy friendship, for thou hast betrayed me utterly." Thereupon he raised his arm and smote Sir Gawaine upon the face with the back of his hand so violently that the mark of his fingers was left in red all across the cheek of Sir Gawaine.

Then Sir Gawaine fell as pale as ashes, and he cried out, "Sir Pellias, I have in sooth betrayed thee, but thou hast offered such affront to me that our injury is equal."

And Sir Pellias said: "Not so; for the injury I gave to thee is only upon thy cheek, but the injury thou gavest to me is upon my heart. Ne'theless I will answer unto thee for the

affront I have done thee. But thou also shalt answer unto me for the offense thou hast done unto me in that thou hast betrayed me."

Sir Gawaine sups with ye Lady Ettard

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

Then Sir Gawaine said, "I am willing to answer unto thee in full measure."

And Sir Pellias said, "Thou shalt indeed do so." Thereupon he turned and left that place; nor did he so much as look again either at Sir Gawaine or at the Lady Ettard.

For now that the Lady Ettard no longer had that magic collar about her neck, Sir Pellias no longer felt aught of the great enchantment that had aforetime drawn him so vehemently unto her. Accordingly he now suffered a misliking for her as great as that liking which had aforetime drawn him unto her. And so also was it with Sir Gawaine; for when the Lady Ettard no longer wore the necklace he also felt for her an entire disregard. Wherefore he said to himself, "How was it possible that for this lady I could have so betrayed my knighthood and have done so much harm unto my friend!" So he pushed back his chair and arose from that table with intent to leave her.

And when the Lady Ettard saw his intent, she spake to him with very great anger, for she was very much affronted in that he had deceived her in making her think he had overthrown Sir Pellias. Wherefore she said with great heat: "Thou mayst go, and I am very willing for to have thee do so, for thou didst deceive me when thou didst let me think thou hadst overcome Sir Pellias. For now I perceive that he is both a stronger and a nobler knight than thou. For he smote thee as though thou wert his servant, and thou yet bearest the marks of his fingers upon thy cheek."

At this Sir Gawaine was exceedingly wroth and entirely filled with the shame of that which

had befallen him, and he said: "Lady, I think thou hast bewitched me to bring me to such a pass of dishonor. As for Sir Pellias, look forth into that meadow to-morrow and see if I do not put a deeper mark upon him than ever he hath put upon me." Thereupon he left that place and went down into the courtyard and called upon the attendants who were there for to fetch him his horse. So they did as he commanded, and he straightway rode forth into the night.

And he was very glad of the darkness of the night, for it appeared to him that it was easier to bear his shame in the darkness; wherefore when he had come to the glade of trees he would not enter the pavilion where his friends were. And also when Sir Ewaine and Sir Marhaus came out unto him and bade him to come in, he would not do so, but stayed without in the darkness; for he said unto himself, "If I go in where is a light, haply they will behold the mark of Sir Pellias his hand upon my face."

So he stayed without in the darkness, and bade them to go away and leave him alone. And when they had gone he called his esquire unto him and he said: "Take this red armor off of me and carry it into the pavilion of Sir Pellias, for I do hate it." And the esquire did as Sir Gawaine commanded, and Sir Gawaine walked up and down for well-nigh the entire night, greatly troubled in spirit and in heart.

And now followeth the conclusion of this story of Sir Pellias his adventure.

Chapter XII.

How the Lady of the Lake took back her necklace from Sir Pellias.

Now when the next morning had come, Sir Gawaine summoned his esquire unto him and said, "Fetch hither my armor and case me in it"; and the esquire did so. Then Sir Gawaine said, "Help me unto my horse"; and the esquire did so. Then he said, "Take this glove of mine and bear it to Sir Pellias, and tell him that Sir Gawaine parades in the meadow in front of the castle, and that he there challenges Sir Pellias for to meet him ahorse or afoot, howsoever that knight may choose."

Then that esquire was very much astonished, for Sir Gawaine and Sir Pellias had always been such close friends that there was hardly their like for friendship in all that land, wherefore their love for each other had become a byword with all men. But he held his peace concerning his thoughts, and only said, "Wilt thou not eat food ere thou goest to battle?" And Sir Gawaine said: "Nay; I will not eat until I have fought. Wherefore do thou go and do as I have bid thee."

So Sir Gawaine's esquire went to Sir Pellias in his pavilion, and he gave unto that knight the glove of Sir Gawaine and he delivered Sir Gawaine's message unto him. And Sir Pellias said, "Tell thy master that I will come forth to meet him as soon as I have broken my fast."

Now when the news of this challenge had come to the ears of Sir Brandiles and Sir Mador de la Porte and Sir Ewaine and Sir Marhaus, those knights were greatly disturbed thereat, and Sir Ewaine said to the others, "Messires, let us go and make inquiries concerning this business." So the four knights went to the white pavilion, where Sir Pellias was breaking his fast.

And when they had come into the presence of Sir Pellias, Sir Ewaine said to him: "What is this quarrel betwixt my kinsman and thee?" And Sir Pellias made reply, "I will not tell thee, so let be and meddle not with it."

Then Sir Ewaine said, "Wouldst thou do serious battle with thy friend?" And Sir Pellias said, "He is a friend to me no longer."

Then Sir Brandiles cried out: "It is a great pity that a quarrel should lie betwixt such friends as thou and Sir Gawaine. Wilt thou not let us make peace betwixt you?"

But Sir Pellias replied, "Ye cannot make peace, for this quarrel cannot be stayed until it is ended."

Then those knights saw that their words could be of no avail, and they went away and left Sir Pellias.

So when Sir Pellias had broken his fast he summoned an esquire named Montenoir, and he bade him case him in that red armor that he had worn for all this time; and Montenoir did so. Then, when Sir Pellias was clad in that armor, he rode forth into the meadow before the castle where Sir Gawaine paraded.

And when he had come thither those four other knights came unto him again and besought him that he would let peace be made betwixt him and Sir Gawaine; but Sir Pellias would not listen to them, and so they went away again and left him, and he rode forth into the field before the Castle of Grantmesnle.

Now a great concourse of people had come down upon the castle walls for to behold that assault at arms, for news thereof had gone all about that place. And it had also come to be known that the knight that would do combat with Sir Pellias was that very famous royal knight Sir Gawaine, the son of King Lot of Orkney and a nephew of King Arthur; wherefore all the people were very desirous to behold so famous a knight do battle.

Likewise the Lady Ettard came down to the walls and took her stand in a lesser tower that overlooked the field of battle. And when she had taken her stand at that place she beheld that Sir Pellias wore that necklace of emeralds and opal stones and gold above his body armor, and her heart went out to him because of it.

Then each knight took his station in such place as seemed to him to be fitting, and they dressed each his spear and his shield and made him ready for the assault. And when they were in all ways prepared, Sir Marhaus gave the signal for the charge, whereupon each knight instantly quitted that station which he held, dashing against the other with the speed of lightning and with such fury that the earth thundered and shook beneath their horses' hoofs. So met they fair in the center of the course, each knight striking the other in the very midst of his defenses. And in that encounter the spear of Sir Gawaine burst, even to the hand-guard; but the spear of Sir Pellias held, so that Sir Gawaine was cast out of his saddle with terrible violence, smiting the earth with such force that he rolled thrice over in the dust and then lay altogether motionless as though bereft of life.

And at this all those people upon the walls shouted with a great voice, for it was an exceedingly noble assault at arms.

Then the four knights who stood watching that encounter made all haste unto Sir Gawaine where he lay; and Sir Pellias also rode back and sat his horse nigh at hand. Then Sir Ewaine and Sir Gawaine's esquire unlaced the helmet of Sir Gawaine with all speed, and behold! his face was the color of ashes, and they could not see that he breathed.

Thereupon Sir Marhaus said, "I believe that thou hast slain this knight, Sir Pellias"; and Sir Pellias said, "Dost thou think so?" and Sir Marhaus said, "Yea; and I deem it to be a great pity." But Sir Pellias only said, "He hath not suffered more than he deserved."

At these words Sir Ewaine was filled with great indignation, and he cried out: "Sir Knight, I think that thou forgettest the quality of this knight. For not only is he a fellow-companion of the Round Table, to whom thou hast vowed entire brotherhood, but he is also the son of a king and the nephew of King Arthur himself."

But to this Sir Pellias maintained a very steadfast countenance and replied, "I would not repent me of this were that knight a king in his own right instead of the son of a king."

Then Sir Ewaine lifted up his voice with great indignation, crying out upon Sir Pellias, "Begone! or a great ill may befall thee." And Sir Pellias said, "Very well; I will go."

Upon this he turned his horse and rode away from that place, and entered the woodland, and so was gone from their sight.

Then those others present lifted up Sir Gawaine and bore him away unto the pavilion late of Sir Pellias. And they laid him upon the couch of Sir Pellias, and it was above an hour ere he recovered himself again; and for a great part of that while those nigh unto him believed him to be dead.

But not one of those knights wotted what was the case: to wit, that Sir Pellias had been so sorely wounded in the side in that encounter that it was not to be hoped that he could live for more than that day. For, though the spear of Sir Gawaine had burst, and though Sir Pellias had overthrown him entirely, yet the head of Sir Gawaine's spear had pierced the armor of Sir Pellias and had entered his side and had there broken off, so that of the iron of the spear the length of the breadth of a palm had remained in the body of Sir Pellias, and he was too proud to give sign that he was wounded.

Wherefore, while Sir Pellias sat there talking so steadfastly unto those four knights, he was yet whiles in a great passion of pain and the blood ran down into his armor in abundance. So, what with the loss of the blood and the agony which he suffered, the brain of Sir Pellias swam as light as a feather all the time that he held talk with those others. But he said not a word unto them concerning the grievous wound he had received, but rode away very proudly into the forest.

But when he had come into the forest he could not forbear him any longer, but fell to groaning very sorely, crying out, "Alas, alas! I have certes got my death-wound in this battle!"

Now it chanced that morn that the damsel Parcenet had ridden forth to fly a young gerfalcon, and a dwarf belonging to the Lady Ettard had ridden with her for company. So as the damsel and the dwarf rode through a certain part of the forest skirt not a very great distance from Grantmesnle, where the thicker part of the woodland began and the thinner part thereof ceased, the damsel heard a voice in the forest lamenting with very great dole. So she stopped and harkened, and by and by she heard that voice again making a great moan. Then Parcenet said to the dwarf: "What is that I hear? Certes it is the voice of some one in lamentation. Now let us go and see who it is that maketh such woeful moan."

And the dwarf said, "It shall be as thou sayest."

So the damsel and the dwarf went a little way farther, and there they beheld a knight sitting upon a black horse beneath an oak-tree. And that knight was clad altogether in red armor, wherefore Parcenet knew that it must be Sir Pellias. And she saw that Sir Pellias leaned with the butt of his spear upon the ground and so upheld himself upon his horse, from which he would otherwise have fallen because of his great weakness. And all the while he made that great moan that Parcenet had heard. So, seeing him in this sorry condition, Parcenet was overcome with great pity, and she made haste to him, crying out, "Alas! Sir Pellias, what ails thee?"

Then Sir Pellias looked at her as though she were a great way removed from him, and, because of the faintness of his soul, he beheld her as it were through thin water. And he said very faintly, "Maiden, I am sore hurt." Thereupon she said, "How art thou hurt, Sir Pellias?" And he replied, "I have a grievous wound in my side, for a spear's point standeth therein nigh a palm's breadth deep, so that it reaches nearly to my heart; wherefore meseems that I shall not live for very long."

Upon this the maiden cried out, "Alas, alas! what is this?" and she made great dole and smote her hands together with sorrow that that noble knight should have come to so grievous an extremity.

Then the dwarf that was with Parcenet, seeing how greatly she was distracted by sorrow, said: "Damsel, I know of a certain place in this forest (albeit it is a considerable distance from this) where there dwelleth a certain very wise hermit who is an extraordinarily skilful leech. Now, an we may bring this knight unto the chapel where that hermit dwelleth, I believe that he may be greatly holpen unto health and ease again."

So the dwarf took the horse of Sir Pellias by the bridle-rein and led the way through that forest, and Parcenet rode beside Sir Pellias. Thus they went forward very sorrowfully and at so slow a pace that it was noontide ere they came to that certain very dense and lonely part of the forest where the hermit abided.

And when they had come unto that place the dwarf said, "Yonder, damsel, is the chapel whereof I spake."

Then Parcenet lifted up her eyes, and she beheld where was a little woodland chapel built in among the leafy trees of the forest. And around this chapel was a little open lawn bedight with flowers, and nigh to the door of the hermitage was a fountain of water as clear as crystal. And this was a very secret and lonely place, and withal very silent and peaceful. For in front of the chapel they beheld a wild doe and her fawn browsing upon the tender grass and herbs without any fear of harm. And when the dwarf and the maiden and the wounded knight drew nigh, the doe and the fawn looked up with great wide eyes and spread their large ears with wonder, yet fled not, fear-

ing no harm, but by and by began their browsing again. Likewise all about the chapel in the branches of the trees were great quantities of birds singing and chirping very cheerfully. And those birds were waiting for their midday meal that the hermit was used to cast unto them.

And I must tell you that this was that same forest sanctuary whereunto King Arthur had come that time when he had been so sorely wounded by Sir Pellinore.

Now as the maiden and the dwarf and the wounded knight drew nigh, a little bell began ringing very sweetly, so that the sound thereof echoed all through those quiet woodlands, for it was now the hour of noon.

Then the door of the sanctuary was opened, and there came forth from that place a very venerable man with a long white beard as it were of finely carded wool. And, lo! as he came forth, all those birds that waited there flew about him in great quantities, for they thought that he had come forth for to feed them; wherefore the hermit was compelled to brush those small fowls away with his hands as he came unto where the three were stationed.

And when he had come unto them he demanded of them who they were and why they had come thither with that wounded knight. So Parcenet told him how it was with them, and of how they had found Sir Pellias so sorely wounded in the forest that morning and had brought him hitherward.

Then, when the hermit had heard all of her story, he said, "It is well, and I will take him in." So he took Sir Pellias into his cell, and when they had helped lay him upon the couch, Parcenet and the dwarf went their way homeward again.

After they had gone the hermit examined the hurt of Sir Pellias, and Sir Pellias lay in a deep swoon. And the swoon was so deep that the hermit saw that it was the death-swoon and that the knight was nigh to death, so he said, "This knight must assuredly die in a very little while, for I can do naught to save him."

Now whilst the hermit was about this business the door opened of a sudden and there came into that place a very strange lady clad all in green and bedight around the arms with armlets of emeralds and opal stones inset into gold. And her hair, which was very soft, was entirely black and was tied about with a cord of crimson ribbon. And the hermit beheld that her face was like to ivory for whiteness, and that her eyes were bright like unto jewels set into ivory, wherefore he knew that she was no ordinary mortal.

And this lady went straight to Sir Pellias and leaned over him so that her breath touched his forehead. And she said, "Alas, Sir Pellias, that thou shouldst lie so!"

Then the hermit said, "Thou mayst well say 'Alas!' for this knight hath only a few minutes to live."

Then the lady said, "Not so, thou holy man, for I tell thee that this knight shall have a long while yet to live." And when she had said this she stooped and took from about his neck that necklace of emeralds and opal stones and gold that encircled it and she hung it about her own neck.

But when the hermit beheld what she did, he said, "Lady, what is this that thou doest, and why dost thou take that ornament from a dying man?"

But the lady made reply very tranquilly: "I gave it unto him, wherefore I do but take back again what is mine own. But now I prithee let me be with this knight for a little while, for I have great hope that I may bring back life unto him again."

Then the hermit was a-doubt and he said, "Wilt thou endeavor to heal him by magic?" And the lady said, "If I do, it will not be by magic that is black."

So the hermit was satisfied and went away and left the lady alone with Sir Pellias.

Now when the lady was thus alone with the wounded knight she immediately set about doing sundry very strange things. For first she brought forth a lodestone of great power and potency, and this she set to the wound. And, lo! the iron of the spear-head came forth from the wound; and as it came Sir Pellias groaned with great passion. And when the spear-point came forth there burst out a great issue of blood, like to a fountain of crimson. But the lady immediately pressed a fragrant napkin of fine cambric linen to the wound and stanched the blood, and it bled no more, for she

held it within the veins by very potent spells of magic. So, the blood being stanched in this wise, the lady brought forth from her bosom a small crystal phial filled with an elixir of blue color and of a very singular fragrance. And she poured some of this elixir between the cold and leaden lips of the knight; and when the elixir touched his lips the life began to enter into his body once more, for in a little while he opened his eyes and gazed about him with a very strange look. And the first thing that he beheld was that a lady clad in green stood beside him.

And Sir Pelias said, "Where, then, am I?" And she said, "Thou art in a deep part of the forest, and this is the cell of a saint-like hermit of the forest."

And Sir Pellias said, "Who is it that hath brought me back to life?" Whereupon the lady smiled upon him and said, "It was I."

Now for a little while Sir Pellias lay very silent, then by and by he spake and said, "Lady, I feel very strangely." And the lady said, "Yea; that is because thou hast now a different life." And Sir Pellias said, "How is it with me?" And the lady said, "It is thus: that to bring thee back to life I gave thee to drink of a certain draught of an elixir vitæ, so that thou art now only halt as thou wert before; as for the other half thou art fay."

Then Sir Pellias looked up and beheld that the lady had about her neck the collar of emeralds and opal stones and gold which he had aforetime worn. And lo! his heart went out to her with exceeding ardor, and he said: "Lady, thou sayest that I am half fay, and I do perceive that thou art altogether fay. Now I pray thee to let it be that henceforth I may abide nigh unto where thou art." And the lady said, "It shall be as thou dost ask, for to that end I have suffered it to be that thou shouldst so nearly die and then have brought thee back unto life again."

Then Sir Pellias said, "When may I go with thee?" And she said, "As soon as thou hast had to drink." And Sir Pellias said, "How may that be, seeing that I am but yet like unto a little child for weakness?" And the lady said, "When thou hast drunk of water thy strength shall return unto thee."

So the Lady of the Lake went out, and presently returned bearing in her hand an earthen crock filled with water from the fountain near at hand. And when Sir Pellias had drunk that water he felt, of a sudden, his strength come altogether back to him.

Yet he was not at all as he had been before, for now his body felt as light as air and his soul was dilated with a pure joy such as he had never felt in his life before that time. So he uprose from his couch of pain and he said, "Thou hast given life unto me again; now do I give that life unto thee forever."

Then the lady looked upon him and smiled with great loving-kindness. And she said: "Sir Pellias, I have held thee in regard ever since I beheld thee one day in thy young knighthood drink a draught of milk at a cottager's hut in this forest. For the day was warm and thou hadst set aside thy helmet, and a young milkmaid, brown of face and arms, came and brought thee a bowl of milk, which same thou drank with great appetite. That was the first time that I beheld thee, although thou didst not see me. Since that time I have had great friendship for all thy fellowship of King Arthur's court and for King Arthur himself, all for thy sake. For, indeed, thou art mine own true knight."

Then Sir Pellias said, "Lady, an thou takest me for thy knight, may I salute thee?" And she said, "Yea, if it pleasures thee." So Sir Pellias kissed her upon the forehead, and so their troth was plighted.

So return we unto Parcenet and the dwarf.

After those two had left that hermitage in the woodland, they betook their way again toward Grantmesnle, and when they had come nigh out of the forest at a place not far from the glade of trees wherein those knights-companion had taken up their inn, they met one of those knights clad in half armor, and that knight was Sir Mador de la Porte. Then Parcenet called upon him by name, saying: "Alas! Sir Mador de la Porte, I have but this short time quitted a hermit's cell in the forest, where I left Sir Pellias sorely wounded to death, so that I fear me he hath only a little while to live."

Then Sir Mador de la Porte cried out: "Ha!

maiden, what is this thou tellest me? That is a very hard thing to believe, for when Sir Pellias quitted us this morn he gave no sign of wound or disease of any sort."

But Parcenet replied, "Ne 'theless I myself beheld him lying in great pain and dole; and, ere he swooned his death-swoon, he himself told me that he had the iron of a spear deep thrust into his side."

Then Sir Mador de la Porte said: "Alas, alas, that is sorry news! Now, damsel, by thy leave and grace, I will hasten to my companions to tell them this news." And Parcenet said, "I prithee do so."

So Sir Mador de la Porte made haste to the pavilion where were his companions, and he told them the news that he had heard.

Now at this time Sir Gawaine was altogether recovered from the violent overthrow he had suffered that morning; wherefore when he heard the news that Sir Mador de la Porte brought to him, he smote his hands together and cried out aloud: "Woe is me! what have I done? For first I betrayed my friend and now I have slain him. Now I will go forth straightway to find him and to crave his forgiveness ere he die."

Then Sir Ewaine said: "What is this that thou wouldst do? Thou art not yet fit to undertake any journey."

But Sir Gawaine said, "I care not, for I am determined to go and find my friend." Nor would he suffer any of his companions to accompany him; but when he had summoned his esquire to bring him his horse, he mounted thereon and rode away into the forest alone, betaking his way to the westward and lamenting with great sorrow as he journeyed forward.

Now when the afternoon had fallen very late, so that the sun was sloping to its setting and the light fell as red as fire through the forest leaves, Sir Gawaine came to that hermit's cell where it stood in the silent and solitary part of the forest woodland. And he beheld that the hermit was outside of his cell digging in a little garden of lentils; and when the hermit saw the armed knight come into that lawn all in the red light of the setting sun, he stopped digging and leaned upon his trowel. Then Sir Gawaine drew nigh and, as he sat upon his horse, he told the holy man of the business whereon he had come.

Then the hermit said to Sir Gawaine: "There came a lady hither several hours ago, and she was clad all in green and was of a very singular appearance, so that it was easy to see that she was fay. And by means of certain charms of magic that lady cured thy friend, and after she had healed him they two rode away into the forest together."

Then Sir Gawaine was very much amazed and he said: "This is a very strange thing that thou tellest me, that a knight who is dying should be brought back to life again in so short a time and should so suddenly ride forth from a bed of pain. Now I prithee tell me whither they went." And the hermit said, "They went to the westward."

And when Sir Gawaine heard this he said, "I will follow them."

So he rode away and left the hermit gazing after him. And as he rode forward upon his way the twilight began to fall apace, so that the woodlands after a while grew very dark and strange all around him. But as the darkness descended a very singular miracle happened, for, lo! there appeared before Sir Gawaine a light of a pale blue color, and it went before him and showed him the way, and he followed it, much marveling.

Now after he had followed the light for a very long time he came at last, of a sudden, to where the woodland ceased and where there was a wide, open plain of very great extent. And this plain was all illuminated by a singular radiance, which was like that of a clear, full moonlight, albeit no moon was shining at that time. And in that pale and silver light Sir Gawaine could see everything with wonderful distinctness; wherefore he beheld that he was in a plain covered all over with flowers of divers sorts, the odors whereof so filled the night that it appeared to press upon the bosom with a great pleasure. And he beheld that in front of him lay a great lake, very wide and still. And all those things appeared so strange in that light that Sir Gawaine wotted that he had come into a land of faerie.

So he rode among the tall flowers toward the lake in a sort of fear, for he wist not what

was to befall him. And as he drew near the lake he perceived a knight and a lady approaching him; and when they had come nigh he beheld that the knight was Sir Pellias and that his countenance was exceedingly strange. And he beheld that the lady was she whom he had aforetime seen clad all in green apparel when he had traveled in the Forest of Adventure with Sir Ewaine and Sir Marhaus.

Now when Sir Gawaine first beheld Sir Pellias he was filled with a great fear, for he thought it was a spirit that he beheld. But when he perceived that Sir Pellias was alive there came into his bosom a joy as great as that fear had been; wherefore he made haste toward Sir Pellias, and he leaped from off his horse, crying out, "Forgive! forgive!" with great vehemence of passion, and he would have taken Sir Pellias into his arms; but Sir Pellias withdrew himself from the contact of Sir Gawaine, though not with violence or anger. And when he spake it was in a voice very thin and of a silvery clearness, as though it came from a considerable distance, and he said, "Touch me not, for I am not as I was aforetime, being not all human, but part fay. But as for what thou askest, I do forgive thee whatsoever injury I may have suffered from thee. And, more than this, I give unto thee my love and my great wishes for thy joy and happiness. But now I go away to leave thee, dear friend, and mayhap I shall not behold thee again; wherefore I do leave this with thee as my last bequest: to wit, that thou dost go back to King Arthur's court and make thy peace with the queen. So thou mayst bring them news of all that hath happened unto me."

The Lady of the Lake finds Sir Pellias wounded.

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

Then Sir Gawaine cried out in great sorrow, "Whither wouldst thou go?"

And Sir Pellias said, "I shall go to yonder wonderful city of gold and azure which lieth not far distant in that valley of flowers."

Then Sir Gawaine said, "I see no city, but only a lake of water."

Whereupon Sir Pellias replied, "Ne'theless there is a city yonder, and thither I go; wherefore I do now bid thee farewell."

Then Sir Gawaine looked into the face of Sir Pellias, and beheld again that strange light, that it was of a very singular appearance, for, behold! it was white like to ivory, and his eyes shone like to jewels set in ivory, and a smile lay upon his lips, and grew neither more nor less, but always remained the same. For those who were of that sort had always that singular appearance and smiled in that manner: to wit, the Lady of the Lake, and Sir Pellias, and Sir Launcelot of the Lake.

Then Sir Pellias and the Lady of the Lake turned and left Sir Gawaine where he stood, and they went toward the lake, which they entered, and the moment when the feet of the horse of Sir Pellias had touched the water of the lake, lo! Sir Pellias was gone, and Sir Gawaine beheld him no more, although he stood there for a long time, weeping with great passion.

So endeth the story of Sir Pellias.

But Sir Gawaine returned unto the court of King Arthur, as he had promised Sir Pellias for to do, and he made his peace with Queen Guinevere, and thereafter, though the queen loved him not so much as before, yet there was a peace betwixt them. And Sir Gawaine published these things to the court of King Arthur, and all men marveled at what he told.

And only twice thereafter was Sir Pellias ever seen of any of his aforetime companions.

And Sir Marhaus was chosen a companion of the Round Table and became one of the foremost knights thereof.

And the Lady Ettard took Sir Engamore into favor again, and that summer they were wedded and Sir Engamore became lord of Grantmesnle.

So endeth this part of the story.

(To be continued.)

LIFE ON THE WING.

By Samuel Gilmore Palmer.

Oh, the charm and the joyance of life on the wing!
Of the sparrow's quick dash and the robin's long swing,
Of the goldfinch's gallop, the swallow's swift dive,
Or the ruby-throat's humming like bees in a hive.

The meadow-lark flies 'midst a halo of wings,
While the bobolink tumbles and leaps as he sings;
The gay little bluebirds, how they hover and dance,
While the pounce of the shrike leaves its victim no chance.

There 's the highhole's lope, and the sparrow-hawk's swoop,
While the jays flutter by in a jocular troop;
Here 's the chipping-bird's slide, with recovery swift,
And the crow's steady progress, with hardly a drift.

The flight of the warbler is nervous and quick,
While a sailor-like roll is the oriole's trick;
But the eagle, majestic of flight, is a king.
Oh, the charm and the joyance of life on the wing!

AUNT TABITHA.

By Webster Duyckinck Campbell.

Aunt Tabitha is the very best aunt
That any one ever had,
And the boy who would n't be good to her
Must indeed be pretty bad!

For every summer a letter comes,
Like a fairy godmother's charm,
Inviting her "nephew to spend a month"
With his "aunt at Oakwood Farm."

It is close to a dear New England town,
Where the elms arch over the street,
And the sunbeams dance like butterflies
On the grass beneath your feet.

The house is covered with climbing vines,
And the well has a stately sweep,
With a barn behind near the daisy field
Where the cows stand half asleep.

And just beyond, at the foot of the hill,
Where the silvery willows grow,
Is the very best brook for catching trout
That a boy need wish to know.

But best of all is Aunt Tabitha,
With her quaint New England air,
And, as I love her and she loves me,
We 're a very happy pair!

A NEW MISS MUFFET.

By J. C. Meem.

Out on the mall were the girls playing ball;
Johnny sat near on a tuffit.
He said with a scowl, as a girl missed a foul:
"Just look at that little miss muff it!"

THE APPLE-TREE AND I.

By Thomas Tapper.

"Dear apple-tree, dear apple-tree,
Please throw an apple down to me;
Yours are so large and fair and round,
Please drop me one upon the ground."

"Oh, no, my child, that cannot be,"
The old tree seemed to say to me.
"My apples, large and round and fair,
Look better high up in the air."

"Oh, apple-tree, dear apple-tree!
If you mean all you say to me,
Please shake your head real hard for no,
And I 'll believe it 's really so."

And so he shook his head at me,—
That dear old, stupid apple-tree!—
Down fell the apples at my feet,
And we had all that we could eat.

"JAGER'S ROAR WAS SO LOUD THAT HE COULD BE HEARD FOR MILES AND MILES." (See page 925.)

THE LITTLE LION WITH THE BIG VOICE.

By Anna Isabel Lyman.

Once, in a great big forest, there lived a whole family of lions. Now, the oldest of the little lions — "Jager" was his name — gave his father and mother a great deal of trouble, for — what do you think? — he believed he had a musical voice, and would go out at all times of the day and night, roaming around the forest, singing, as he called it. But the fact is, he had the most awful voice you ever heard; it was a terrible roar and a howl, and it was so loud that he could be heard for miles and miles.

Now, the other animals in the forest would be so annoyed when they heard this frightful sound that they used to jump out of their dens and chase him. He would only roar the more at that; and when the other animals would howl, too, with rage, there would be the most terrible racket in that forest! All the baby animals woke up and began to cry, and, really, the confusion was most distressing.

"We can't stand it any longer," said the porcupine, one day.

"No, indeed," answered the fox. "I 'd stop his noise, if I once had a chance at him."

So they went to the den of the father and mother lion, and told them that if they did n't do something to hush up Jager, all the animals of the forest would chase out the entire family.

Now, it was most inconvenient for the family to travel, for all Jager's brothers and sisters were young and troublesome to take around to other forests. So the father lion said that night, when Jager came walking into the den, his tail up straight, and a grin on his face (he had a plan for singing by the bears' cave until they all were mad): "Jager, all the creatures have had enough of your voice." Then he told what the animals had made up their minds to do.

Jager lashed his tail and opened his mouth to give a roar (for he expressed his feelings that way), when the father lion clapped his paw over his mouth.

"Did n't I tell you the animals had said, 'One more roar, and we will chase him'?"

"Well, I shall leave this forest to-night," said Jager, "and I 'll travel and travel until I find some one who can appreciate my voice."

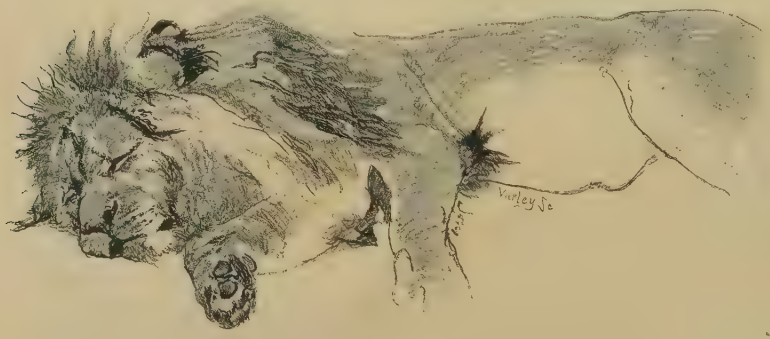
"You will have to travel on forever, then," said one of the brother lions who was listening.

Jager paid no attention to him, but marched out of the den and through the forest. When he came near to the hyenas' den, he said to himself, "I 'll give one little roar, to wake up those cross hyena babies, for they are just

too disagreeable for anything." And he opened his mouth and let out his voice, and — my! my! I tell you, he had to hurry. The animals leaped out from behind bushes and chased him, and he had to run for his very life. They all chased and chased through the forest till they came to a river.

Jager jumped in, and all the animals who could swim jumped after him. The fish were most astonished to see such a crowd of animals leap into the river in a hurry, and thought the animals had become terribly fond of swimming, all at once.

When Jager reached the other side he was about exhausted, but he scrambled out and laid



"JAGER LAID HIMSELF DOWN IN A DEN IN THE ROCKS."

himself down in a den in the rocks. Peeking out with one eye, he saw the animals hunting for him, and he heard one say:

"He must have been eaten up by a shark in the river."

They all were so afraid that they too might be eaten up by a shark on the way back that they decided to go home another way.

Jager poked his head all the way out of his hiding-place, and laughed to himself to see them all taking the longest way home, when they were so tired that they could hardly hold up their heads.

Well, Jager was so tired himself with the chase that he slept in the den that night and the next day. When he woke up, at last, he felt fine, and started out once more on his journey.

By and by he came to a big mountain, and up it he climbed. On the top was a big castle, and into it he walked to see what he could see.

Now, in this castle there lived, all alone, a giant ogre. He was not so bad an ogre as some, but still, he was frightful to look upon, and the people in the country at the bottom of the mountain were afraid of him.

Well, Jager walked right in, and there, on a table, fast asleep, was the ogre.

"My! my!" said Jager. "I 'd just like to let out my voice all at once, just for the fun of seeing him jump." So he crept up to the ogre closer and closer, and when his nose was right up to the ogre's ear, he made a most terrible roar.

Well, that ogre gave a jump, I tell you! He leaped off the table at one bound, and stood in the corner of the room, rubbing his ear.

"Did you hear that terrible noise?" said he to Jager. "It sounded like thunder, or as if all the animals in the forest were yelling at their very loudest."

"You don't say!" remarked Jager, grinning behind his paw. "Would you like to hear it again?"

"If you know what that noise was, tell me at once," said the ogre. "And who are you, anyway, and what are you doing in my castle? Tell me what was that noise, or I 'll twist your tail." And he seized it and gave it a fearful tweak.

"Let go, and I 'll tell you," said Jager. He thought he would just let that ogre know that he was no animal to be snubbed in that way, so he said:

"Put down your ear, so that I can whisper what it was."

Well, the ogre put down his ear, and Jager gave a roar into it so loud that the ogre leaped right up into the air.

"Don't do it again," shouted he, when he saw Jager open his mouth for another — "not until I am a hundred miles off!"

"Well," said Jager, "I have rather an unusual voice."

"I should think so!" said the ogre. "If you 'll promise you won't make such a noise again right away, I 'll tell you something."

Jager promised, and the ogre came and sat down beside him. "I know how your voice could be put to a most magnificent use," said he to the little lion.

"That 's just what I came traveling to find," said Jager.

The ogre began to laugh. "Well," said he, "this is a great plan. To-morrow a big army of savages are coming to kill and ravage about this country, and you and I will just go out to meet them; and if you give a roar like that, and they do not know what it is, I 'm sure they 'll turn and run as fast as they can go!"

"That is a fine idea," said Jager; "for, really, I can make a noise twice as loud and awful as the one I have just made. You listen to me, now."

But the ogre ran for the door as fast as he could go. "Wait till I get a mile or two away," said he, "before you begin."

So Jager waited, and that afternoon he practised and practised, till his voice was terrible to hear.

When the ogre came home he gave Jager, besides a good dinner, some soothing medicine for his throat, so that it would be in condition for the morning.

When the morrow came, Jager and the ogre started out. Far off, in the distance, they saw the savages coming. The savages saw the ogre and Jager, but thought they could easily finish them.

They did n't know, did they?

Well, on they came, rushing, terrible to see. The ogre he swung his club, and Jager lashed his tail, and laughed to himself.

"When I say 'three,'" said the ogre, "you roar and make the biggest noise you can, and I will rush at them, and we will see what will happen. I am going to begin now. One —" Jager took in a big breath. "Two —" Jager opened his mouth. "Three!" Jager roared — a roar so enormous and terrible the savages fell down in a heap with fright; and when they saw the ogre coming at them, swinging his club, and heard another terrible sound, more frightful than the first, they just took to their heels, and did not stop to look behind until they had reached their own homes. And, what 's more, they never tried to ravage and kill in that country again; for they believed it to be protected by some frightful monster.

As for the ogre and Jager, the people in the country near were so thankful for their protection that they gave them presents and things; and the ogre and Jager lived happy ever after in the castle on the mountain.

And every evening Jager sat on a rock on the very tiptop, and practised his voice, until it grew into something most astonishing.

A PORTRAIT OF JAGER AFTER HE WAS GROWN UP.

By Margaret Vandegrift.

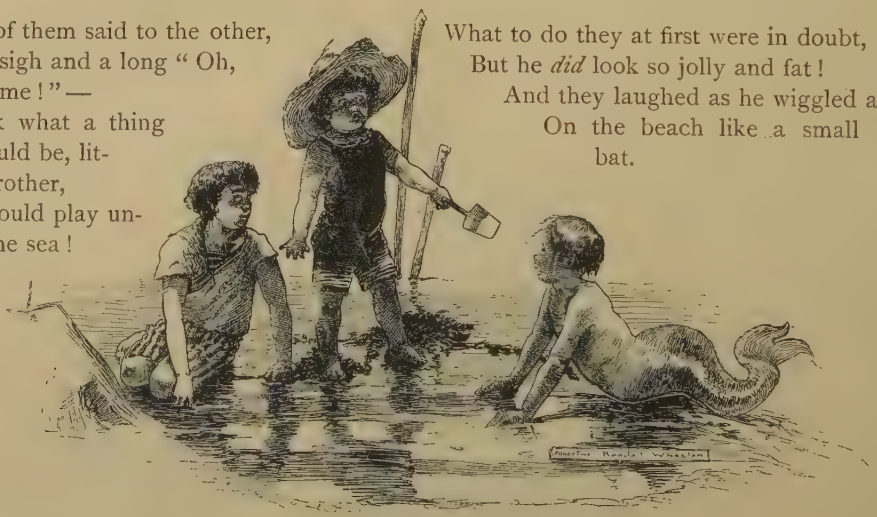
I.

The sea was as blue as the sky,
And the sky was as blue as the sea,
And gay little ripples were hurrying by,
For the west wind blew merry and free;

And two little lads were at play
On the shining white sand by the sea;
They had nothing to do for a long summer day,
But be happy as happy could be.

And that was the reason, perhaps,—
For no other one seemed in the way,—
That before many hours these two little chaps
Began to be tired of their play;

And one of them said to the other,
With a sigh and a long "Oh,
dear me!"—
"Just think what a thing
it would be, lit-
tle brother,
If we could play un-
der the sea!



"I am tired of the flowers that grow
In a common way here on the land;
It is very much prettier down there below,
Where the sea-flowers grow in the sand!

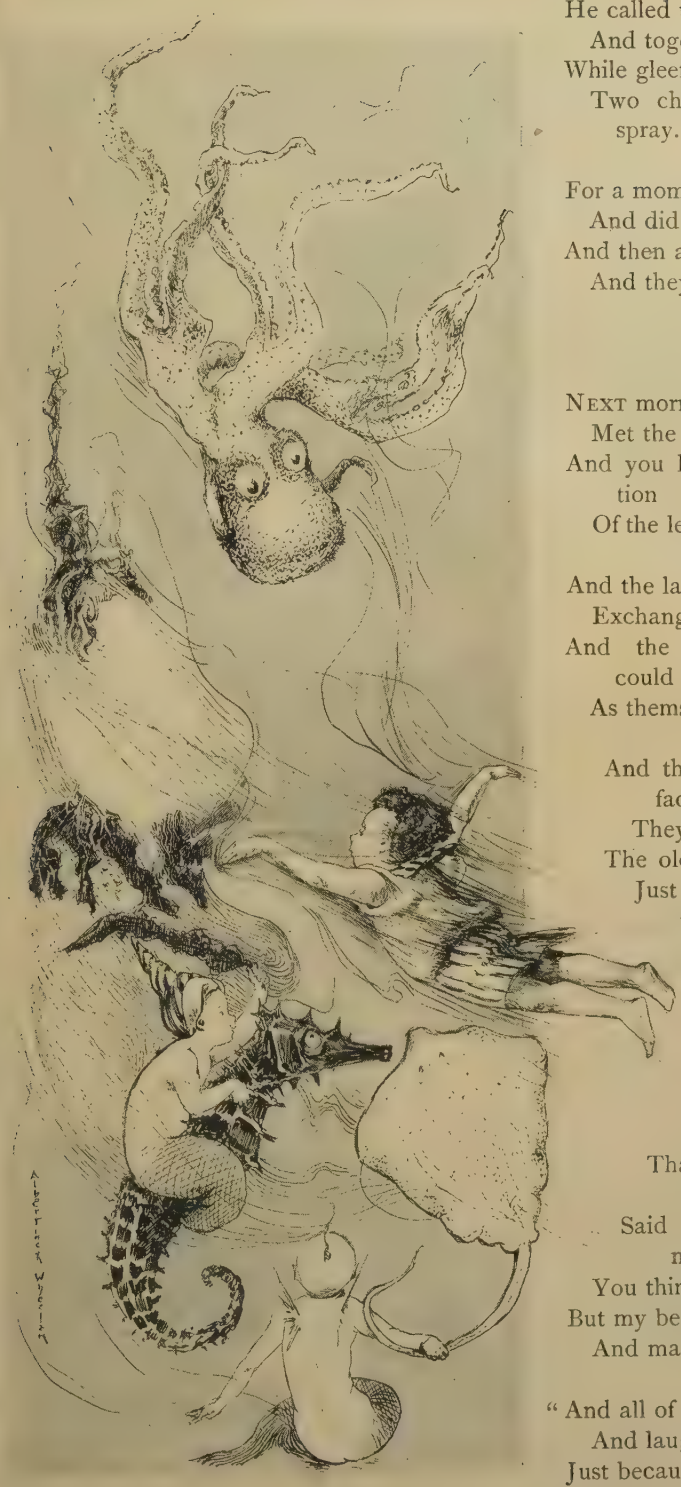
"And if we lived under the sea,
Our clothes could be short and quite plain;
And they never would call us to come in to
tea,
Or to hurry in out of the rain!"

Then a strange sound came up from the sea,
A little voice, piping and shrill;
And what was it saying but just "Oh, dear
me!"
And then: "Do not stop me! I *will!*"

And suddenly, there on the strand,
Washed up by an extra large wave,
Lay a merlad, who held out his hand,
The land-boys' acquaintance to crave.

What to do they at first were in doubt,
But he *did* look so jolly and fat!
And they laughed as he wiggled about
On the beach like a small acro-
bat.

And the land-boys, no longer affrighted,—
His face was so smiling and bright,—
Made a bargain with him, much delighted,
To exchange for a day and a night.



He called up his little twin brother,
And together they wiggled away,
While gleefully then went the other
Two chaps through the foam and the spray.

For a moment they felt rather frightened,
And did not know where they could be;
And then a green roof o'er them brightened,
And they bowed to the Queen of the Sea!

II.

NEXT morning, at dawn, by the ocean
Met the four little laddies once more;
And you have n't, I 'm sure, the least notion
Of the length of the faces they wore!

And the land-boys at once said, "I would n't
Exchange any more for the world!"
And the merlads both shouted, "We could n't!"
As themselves in the ocean they hurled.

And the smiles straight returned to their faces;
They swam back for a little more talk.
The older one said: "Of all places!
Just think! You poor people must walk!

"Those two-legged things have to do it.
And worse, too, than that, for out there
I found — and had reason to rue it —
That every one sits on a chair!"

Said one of the land-boys: "Well, maybe
You think we 've enjoyed it down here.
But my bed was too short for a baby,
And made of wet seaweed — oh, dear!

"And all of your merpeople pointed
And laughed both at me and at him,
Just because we had legs and were jointed,
And did n't know *their* way to swim!

"And one of them, while I was lying
On the side of an old sunken wreck,
Woke me up, and I found he was trying
To tie a shark's fin round my neck.

"I could n't stand that, you know — never!
So our dolphins we rode to the strand.
I am done with the ocean forever;
There 's no place for me like the land."

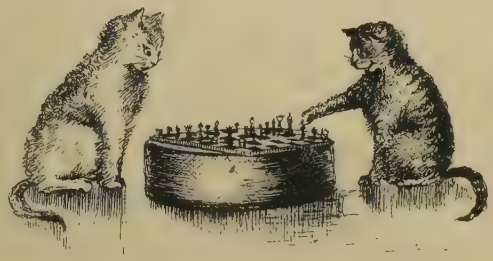
Now whether they dreamed it, or whether
It happened, I really can't say.
Do dreams ever come two together?
They might, maybe, once in a way.

But this I can tell you: no grumbling
Was evermore done by those boys.
Their baseball, their swimming, and tumbling
From that day were nothing but joys.

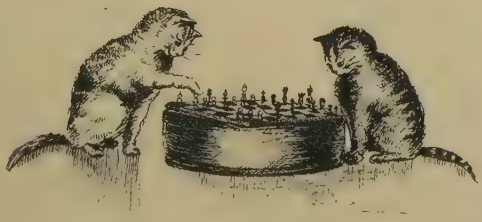
THE KITTENS' CHESS-PARTY.

(A Story in Six Words.)

I. INVITATION.

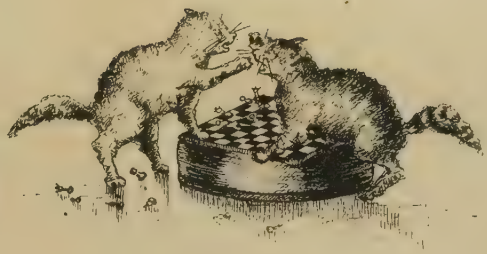


II. DELIBERATION.



III. DETERMINATION.

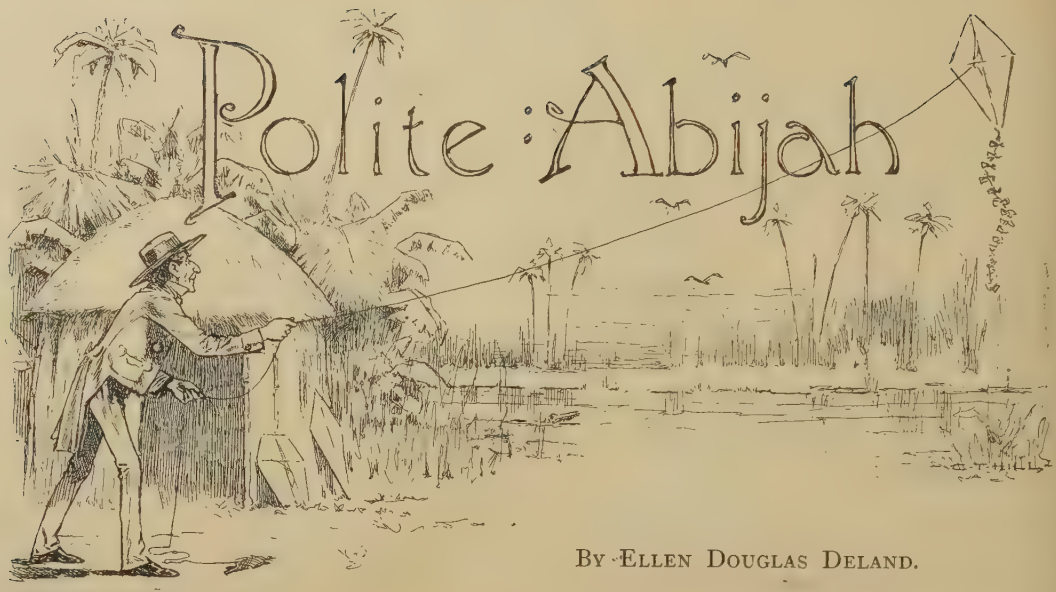
IV. ACCUSATION.



V. RETALIATION.

VI. DEVASTATION.

Polite Abijah



By Ellen Douglas Deland.

There once was a man whose name was
Abijah;
He lived all alone on the banks of the
Niger.
He was very polite
And he never would fight,
And he spent all his leisure in flying a kite,
Did this man on the banks of the Niger.

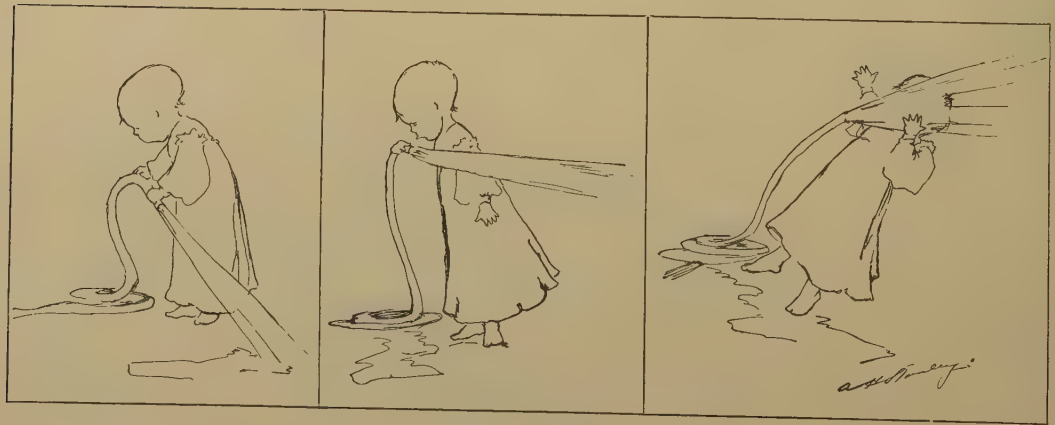
One day a young cannibal came there to
call;
He stood in the doorway and loudly did
bawl,
"Come out here, you sinner,
I want you for dinner!"
And he gave such a laugh, this terrific young
grinner,
This cannibal come there to call.

Abijah politely obeyed his request,
"But," said he, with a bow, "I must really protest
At so speedy a cooking
Without ever your looking,
Kind sir, at my kite, into which I 've been hooking
This tail," and he bowed — "I protest!"

Now just at this moment there sprang up a breeze
Which caused the young cannibal loudly to sneeze,
While Abijah, polite,
Quickly started his kite.
"I regret, sir," he cried, "that your good appetite
I really can't stay to appease."

And the first thing that hungry young cannibal knew
Away flew the kite, and Abijah went too,
And politely he said
As he passed overhead,
With a wave of his hat and a bend of his head,
"I regret, sir, I cannot afford you a stew,
And must now most respectfully bid you 'adieu!'"

"WELL, I ADVERTISED FOR TENANTS, BUT I WON'T TAKE MOSQUITOES. GO 'WAY! SHOO!"



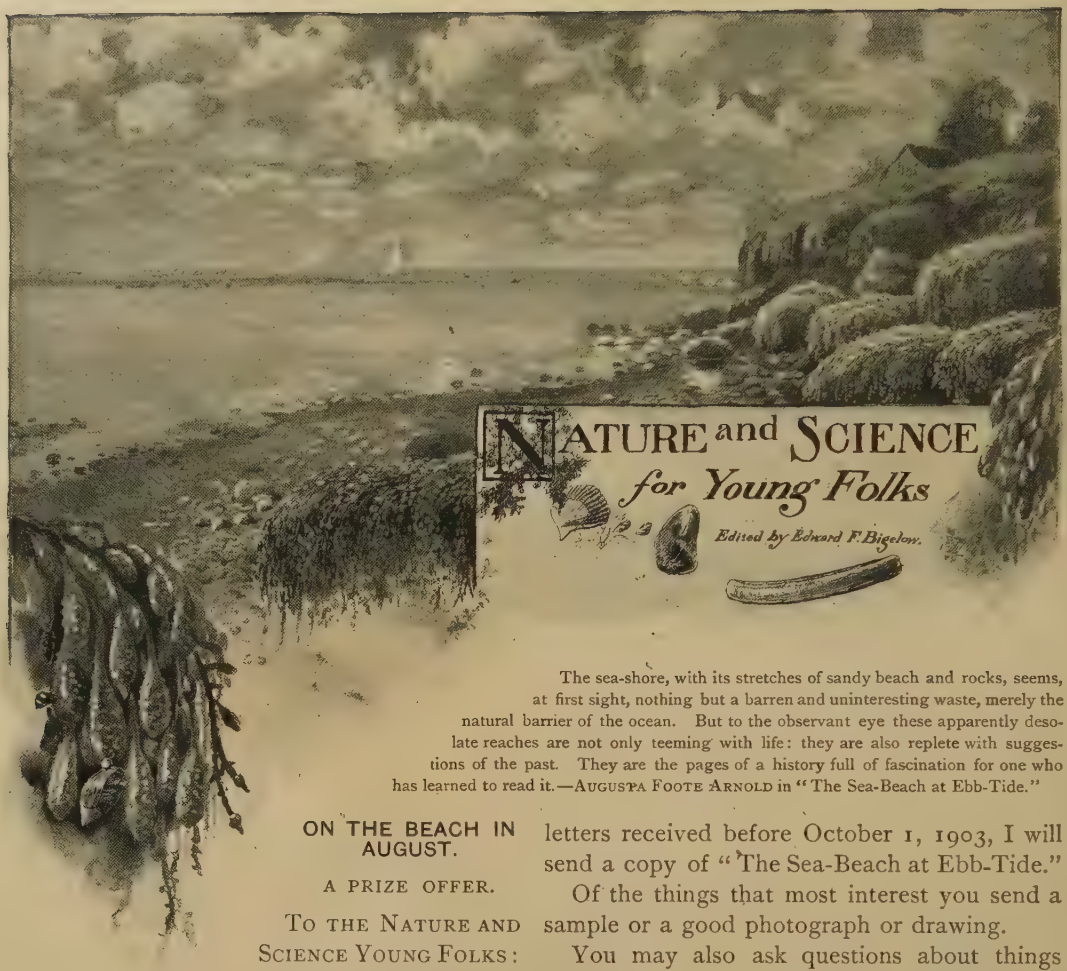
A SUDDEN SHOWER.

AUGUST

In sultry August we may see
The little busy, buzzy Bee;
A pattern he
For you and me
Of diligence and industry.

Some naughty people, we must own,
Are like the dozy, drowsy Drone;
They yawn and drawl
And creep and crawl,
And all their industry postpone.

Oh, how much better, if you please,
To be like busy, buzzy Bees!



The sea-shore, with its stretches of sandy beach and rocks, seems, at first sight, nothing but a barren and uninteresting waste, merely the natural barrier of the ocean. But to the observant eye these apparently desolate reaches are not only teeming with life: they are also replete with suggestions of the past. They are the pages of a history full of fascination for one who has learned to read it.—AUGUSTA FOOTE ARNOLD in "The Sea-Beach at Ebb-Tide."

ON THE BEACH IN AUGUST.

A PRIZE OFFER.

TO THE NATURE AND SCIENCE YOUNG FOLKS:

At this season of the year many of our young folks are at the sea-shore. To especially please this portion of the readers of Nature and Science, I have been thinking and thinking what I shall tell them of the forms of life to be found on the beach. There are so many interesting things to be seen, especially at low tide, that I hardly know what to select. So I have decided to follow the suggestion of a friend and let you help make the selections. I will tell you here of two things that have especially interested me, and some of our young folks in the Nature and Science letters this month and next will tell you all of other things that have interested them. Then I wish every young Nature and Science observer to see things on the beach and "write to ST. NICHOLAS about it." To each of the writers of the best three letters received before October 1, 1903, I will send a copy of "The Sea-Beach at Ebb-Tide."

Of the things that most interest you send a sample or a good photograph or drawing.

You may also ask questions about things you do not understand. Such of the questions, with their answers, as are of general interest, will be published in our "Because We Want to Know" department. Of the things that have especially interested me are two forms of shell animals that cling to the stones. What are your interests? We all are waiting for a reply.

EDITOR NATURE AND SCIENCE.

"DID YOU EVER TRY TO CATCH SAND-SHRIMPS? HOW THEY CAN DART!"

COMMON BARNACLES ATTACHED TO A STONE.

CLINGING TO THE STONES.

THE beach near the water's edge at low tide was pebbly, and a little farther away were smooth stones as large as your head. Near the high-water mark was a long, wide row of rounded boulders, varying from a foot to several feet in diameter. Nearly all these stones, from the smallest to the largest, were covered with barnacles—the *Balanus*, or commonest kind of barnacle. This barnacle is found firmly attached to rocks, piling, buoys, bottoms of vessels, and all kinds of submerged woodwork, as well as to the backs of lobsters and crabs and the shells of various mollusks. It is one of the commonest animals along our sea-shores, often covering boulders and timbers with a continuous coat. The long-necked barnacles, commonly known as "goose-barnacles," in allusion to the fable that geese spring from them, are usually found suspended from floating timbers, seaweed, etc.

The external similarity of barnacles to mussels and other mollusks caused them to be regarded as mollusks until the discovery of the free-swimming young showed them to be crustaceans. When first hatched the young barnacle has a rounded form, and swims about freely by means of several pairs of hairy legs. It molts several times, grows, and undergoes a change in shape, the skin becoming reduplicated to form the shell, and the antennæ giving rise to a sucking disk. After swimming about for some time, the young barnacle settles down on some foreign body, and is thereafter permanently attached, through a cement which is secreted by a special gland and hardens when in contact with water.

Farther along the beach, where there were not so many barnacles, I found several stones to which young oysters were attached.

When oysters first emerge from the egg stage they are microscopic bodies which swim freely for a number of days and then settle on some object under the water. The shell, which has been very, very thin and small, now begins to grow, and the oyster is soon firmly attached

SMALL OYSTERS ATTACHED TO A STONE.

by its lower valve. This fact is taken advantage of by oyster-farmers, who sow clean shells, gravel, or broken stone in places where the fry will settle, for if the little bodies fall on the soft bottom or on a surface coated with slime or mud, they quickly perish. Thus is obtained a "set" or "spat" of young oysters.

ON STANDING STILL.

If I were asked what thing, above all others, one must know how to do in order to get acquainted with the wild wood folk, I should answer, learn to stand still.

One night last summer I got home rather late from a drive. I had left several cocks of hay spread out in the little meadow, and after supper, though it was already pretty damp, I took the fork, went down, and cocked it up.

Returning, I climbed by a narrow path through some pines, and came out into my pasture. It was a bright moonlight night, and leaning back upon the short-handled fork, I stopped in the shadows of the pines to look out over the softly lighted field.

"A FOX TROTTED UP THE PATH BEHIND ME."

Off in the woods, a mile away, I heard the deep but mellow tones of two fox-hounds. Day and night all summer long I had heard them, and all summer long I had hurried, now here, now there, hoping for a glimpse of the fox. But he always heard me and turned aside.

The sound of the dogs was really musical. They were now crossing an open stretch leading down to the meadow behind me. As I leaned listening, I heard a low, uneasy murmuring from a covey of quail sleeping in the brush beside the path, and before I had time to ask what it meant, a fox trotted up the path behind me, and stopped in the edge of the shadows directly at my feet.

I did not move a muscle. He sniffed at my dew-wet boots, backed away, and looked me over curiously. I could have touched him. Then he sat down, with just his silver-tipped brush in the silver moonlight, to study me in earnest.

The deep baying of the hounds was coming nearer. How often I had heard it, and how often exclaimed, "Poor little fox!" But here sat poor little fox, calmly wondering what kind of a stump he had run up against this time.

I could only dimly see his eyes, but his whole body said: "I can't make it out, for it does n't move. But if it does n't move I 'm not afraid." Then he trotted to this side and to that for a better wind, half afraid, yet very curious.

But his time was up. The dogs were yelping across the meadow on his warm

trail. Giving me a last unsatisfied look, he dropped down the path directly toward the hounds, and sprang lightly off into the brush.

The din of their own voices must have deafened the dogs, or they would have heard him. Round and round they circled, giving the fox ample time for the study of another "stump" before they discovered that he had doubled down the path, and still longer time before they got across the wide scentless space of his side jump, and once more fastened upon his trail. DALLAS LORE SHARP.

AN UPSIDE-DOWN FLOWER.

THINK how funny it would be to see a long beard from the forehead of a face instead of the chin. Our calopogon, or "beautiful beard," wears its gay fungi of white, yellow, and magenta hairs in this remarkable fashion, for its lip, or odd bearded petal, is at the top of the flower, instead of being twisted so that it takes a lower place, as the lip of a flower usually does. It has its reason, however. Every fragrance, every vivid color in a flower is meant as a call to an insect, and the calopogon, with this gay beard on top, is best seen growing in the sedgy marsh by the wandering bee. The bee quickly alights, and then the lip, which is as flexible as if hinged, drops down, and the visitor is actually pushed against the wet and sticky stigma of the blossom. The bee cannot arise instantly, for two flower-wings hold him lightly in this position just long enough for his weight to open a little pocket full of grains of pollen fastened with cobwebby threads. The grains naturally stick to the body of the bee, already smeared over by contact with the stigma, the light threads break, and away flies the bee, bearing his load of pollen, which hardens as soon as exposed to the air. Again he sees a gay color-signal, drops down on the lip of another calopogon, and is adroitly and lightly again knocked into line against the new stigma, where his pollen adheres, and he is free to receive another load. How delicately the little flower pugilist delivers her thrusts, and how exactly the bee is held in position! There is hardly anything in nature more interesting than the mechanism of an orchid and its automatic and wonderful adaptation to insects.

THE CALOPOGON, OR "BEAUTIFUL BEARD."

If you wish to find this purplish-pink spike of blossoms with its single grass-like leaf, look in the cranberry-bog or in the marsh, and if there be a low wet meadow near by, do not forget to look there. One of its botanical names has the pretty meaning of "meadow-gift," but it likes the marshes best, after all.

E. F. MOSBY.

Two other very interesting rose-purple, bearded flowers are often to be found in the meadows in association with the calopogon. These are the arethusa and the pogonia.

The naturalist Thoreau tells of the abundance and beauty of these flowers in "Hubbard's Blueberry Swamp." He did not, however, like the names. He wrote in his journal:

"They are flowers, excepting the first at least, without a name. Pogonia! Calopogon! They would blush still deeper if they knew the names man has given them. . . . The pogonia has a strong, snaky odor. The first may, perhaps, retain its name, *Arethusa*, from the places in which it grows; and the other two deserve the names of nymphs."—EDITOR.

YOUNG EAGLES.

It was on July 15 that I set out with a friend to go on a ride some distance up a mountain. Upon a very large precipice we noticed a large collection of sticks, twigs, and moss. By closer investigation we discovered on top of this mass three young eagles.

THE YOUNG EAGLES IN THE NEST.

My friend suggested getting a photograph of them, but without ropes or ladders a picture was out of the question. So we tramped to a miner's cabin about a mile distant and secured what we needed. With some difficulty I managed to make three photographs. One of the best I send with this letter.

I now have the three eagles in a large cage, where they are well cared for. Of this species there are usually only two in a nest.

Fortunately for us, the parent birds did not appear while we were taking the photographs. If they had, they might have given us a very warm reception, as eagles are very devoted to their young.

In most places the chief food of eagles consists of squirrels, rabbits, and the lesser marmot. Occasionally a fish or grouse forms a delicate morsel. In this far-off northern country the lesser marmot is the most plentiful small animal, and inhabits the tops as well as the bases of the mountains. Hence it seems to be the eagles' principal diet.

Lewis P. Muirhead, Jr.

THE LEAF-MINERS.

Many leaf-eating caterpillars are so small that they can live between the upper and the lower skin of a leaf, although the leaf may not be thicker than common writing-paper. Such larvæ or caterpillars are called leaf-miners. The green color of a leaf is due to the pulp between the two transparent skins. Where this pulp has been eaten out there is a clear or whitish line. Some of these lines are straight, some coiled like a snake, and still others, as shown in the photograph, have the appearance of bits of white string tangled and knotted on the leaf. Lowell must have had these little insects in mind when he wrote:

'And there 's never a blade nor a leaf too mean
To be some happy creature's palace.

During the late summer or early autumn look for these leaf-miners in various kinds of leaves.

HOMES OF THE LEAF-MINERS.

"BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW"

St. Nicholas
Union Square
New York

A QUEER PLANT GROWTH.

BARRINGTON, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: By this mail I have sent a box which contains a specimen. It was found down in the woods back of our school. Will you please tell me what it is?

RUSSELL W. FIELD
(age 11).

THE OAK-FIG GALL.

This is a very queer form of plant growth caused by the sting of an insect, and is known as the oak-fig gall (*Cynips forticornis*).

You will remember that we explained about gall growths, and showed a few other interesting forms, on pages 268, 269, and 270 of Nature and Science for January, 1903.

THE NEST OF THE CACTUS-WREN.

REDLANDS, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few days ago I had given me a nest of the cactus-wren. This nest is very curious, as it is built in a fork of one of the most thorny and "wicked" species of cactus that we have here. The nest is pear-shaped or oval, and lies flat on its side, with the entrance at the smaller end. The nest proper occupies the inside of this, and is lined with feathers, while the walls and foundation of the nest are of small sticks, straw, etc.

This habit of building its nest in the cactus gives the bird its name. I think that it is chiefly for protection against the numerous snakes which makes the wren select this place of abode. But is this a true wren, and is there any other name for it?

I am sending a photograph of the cactus-wren's nest. It is a very good clear one, and I hope it will meet all requirements, as it was no enviable job to carry the prickly thing down to the photographer's and back.

Yours respectfully,
SAMUEL S. BERRY
(age 16).

A CACTUS-WREN.

The cactus-wren is a true wren, with a very long scientific name of *Heleodytes brunneicapillus*. Of this bird with a mouth-twisting name Florence Merriam Bailey, in her "Handbook of Birds of the Western United States," tells us as follows:

Brunneicapillus seems on first acquaintance, in a cactus and mesquit thicket, the most unwren-like of wrens. Its big size, blackish color, and grating monotonous *chut, chut, chut, chut,* have little to suggest its small brown, sweet-voiced relatives. It is a conspicuous bird in that strange land of cactus, mesquit, and yucca, and fits into its desert surroundings as well as its odd nest does in among the yucca bayonets or cactus thorns.

In New Mexico Mr. Anthony found the wrens repairing their nests in the fall, and thinks that they roost in them in winter, and use them for protection against storms. He believes that each pair of wrens keep several nests in order for this purpose.

THE NEST OF THE CACTUS-WREN.

THE BEAUTIFUL ROSE-BREASTED GROSBEAK.

FALLS VILLAGE, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a reader of the ST. NICHOLAS, and like it very much, especially the Nature and Science department. I think the grosbeaks are as pretty birds as I have seen. One morning last spring, as I stepped out of the woodhouse door, I saw one of these beautiful birds in a cherry-tree near by. I called my parents out to see it, and it is no wonder that they exclaimed, for these birds have such a beautiful rose-colored spot on the breast. And this bright spot looked more beautiful because the morning sun shone on it. They are useful birds, because they eat potato-bugs.

THE ROSE-BREASTED GROSBEAK.

Yours truly,

WINIFRED DEAN (age 13).

In some places the farmers apply the nick-name "the potato-bug bird." It also eats other insects, but potato-bugs are evidently the favorite diet.

The bird is remarkably beautiful and the song a great delight, so much so that these birds are sometimes caged as song-birds. Florence Merriam refers to the song as "the rich, rounded pendulum song. Except perhaps the oriole's, it is the loudest and most musical of all songs."

BIRDS AT A SUMMER RESIDENCE.

ITHACA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the summer I have great opportunities to study birds. We live on a knoll quite a distance back from the village street, with a cherry grove and berry thicket on one side, an apple orchard on another, fields and streams below us, and a hillside covered with trees and shrubs on the other side. From October to July few people visit our hill, and so when we come there in summer there are birds' nests in the vines about our cottage, and the orchards and trees are full of birds and nests. Last summer we saw close beside us a great many varieties. For this reason it is much easier for me to find and study birds in winter than in summer, for in the winter I shall have to take long walks to see them, as I live in the heart of a city, where not very many birds will come. Beginning next fall, I hope to note all the birds that I see from November to April.

I think it queer that some of our smallest birds prefer cold weather to warm. The chickadee is a great favorite with the children. The ruffled grouse puts on his "snow-shoes" late in autumn to be ready for the first December snow. For several winters I have watched a hoot-owl — I think it is the same one — who makes his home in a church roof near by, and goes out in the twilight.

MORGAN ST. JOHN.

The true observer and naturalist makes plans for the future, and so is ready to carry them out when the time comes.

GLOW-WORMS.

LONDON, S. W., ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to send you a drawing of what I supposed to be a glow-worm; but I asked a lady here, and she said that, although she thought it must belong to that family, it was not an American glow-worm, and whether it might be a European one or not I do not know. So I am writing to you for an explanation of it. It is scaly, brown on the top and pink underneath, and in its last three scales is the "glow," which is so strong that it gives quite a little light, even through a leaf.

A DRAWING BY THE WRITER OF THIS LETTER.

Yours sincerely,

CAROLINE Z. WATTS (age 14).

Various insects have the power to give out light. On the ground we call them glow-worms, therefore you may call your insect a glow-worm; in the air fireflies or lightning-bugs.

OUR ARTIST'S DRAWING OF A GLOW-WORM FOUND IN THE GRASS AT NIGHT. It is the larval form of the common firefly or lightning-bug.

A FOUR-FOOTED ANIMAL WITH A BEAK LIKE A DUCK.

YANGAN, QUEENSLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Queensland, near the town of Warwich. Last Sunday we went for a walk

THE PLATYPUS.

along the bank of Swan Creek. When we were very nearly home, father signaled to me to come along quickly. I knew at once there was a platypus, and started to run to the place where they all stood. There was a platypus swimming about in the shallow water. After we had been watching it for about a quarter of an hour, one of us made a noise and frightened it away. Father and mother were going home then, but one of my sisters and I followed it. It swam straight till it reached a clump of willows, where it stopped and got up on one of the limbs that were touching the water, and started cleaning itself. I don't know how long it would have stopped, only we frightened it away. The platypus is very timid and is rarely seen, but lately several have been seen. They have a duck's bill and webbed feet and a short, broad tail. Its body is something like a mole's; it is sometimes called a duck-mole. For a nest it burrows into the bank of a creek. Its skin, which is very beautiful, is used for making muffs and rugs.

I am your loving reader,

PEARL ADAM.

SEA-SHORE MEMORIES.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The day had dawned in beauty when I set forth for adventure. I walked down to the shore and gathered some seaweed, detaching the long, lovely olive-green sprays from the wet rocks. These fronds make a graceful bouquet if arranged and kept moist. After I had carried them upstairs and placed them in a wide bowl, I began to study their shapes. I discovered on one of the bulbous glands a dainty little organism carrying his substantial shell house on his back. His simulation of color, a beautiful olive, was complete, and only his motion revealed his presence. I took him from the algæ and laid him on a sheet of paper. He immediately moved back his shield of cartilage and extended his tiny tentacles. He became so active that I thought it well to secure him in a glass which I had filled with *fresh* water. He at once drew in. I suppose his sense of smell was offended by the kind of water that I offered, and he showed his disgust at my want of discrimination toward a guest of his sensitive temperament. This, at the time, I did not realize, but, thinking him sulky, emptied out the water, put him on the shelf, and inverted the tumbler over him. On the day following I observed him in apparently the same mood, and it suggested itself to my mind that perhaps he desired *salt* to his nourishment. I carried a glass to the water's edge, half filled it, returned, and conveyed his Fastidious Majesty to its depths. In an instant he was awake, and showed his great joy by immediately climbing up the side of the tumbler. So nimble had he become that I felt astonished, as I supposed his most rapid pace would be a crawl. It seems to me that what are called the lower orders are wonderfully designed. I asked some one who looked wise if he could tell the name of my new friend. He said: "Only a periwinkle, my boy, and very common." How little he understood the matter! And so I had to introduce Master *Littorina palliata*, of the distinguished family of *Gasteropoda*. Of course there is something impressive in a name of note, for at once he was shown profound respect by all, including my mortified friend, who had at first confused him with an ordinary connection.

THE SHELL OF LITTORINA PALLIATA.

LUCIUS A. BIGELOW, JR.
(age 11 years).

In many places on the beach the littorinas (there are several varieties) are as plentiful as are the common barnacles described on page 937 of this number of Nature and Science. Often the rocks at low tide are black with them.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BULBOUS GLANDS OF ROCKWEED.

The sun burns bright on field and stream,
In pastures cool the cattle graze,
By shaded brook we drowse and dream:
For these are dim vacation days.

It seems almost too bad to ask League members to give any part of their playtime, and especially the hazy, lazy playtime of August, to writing and drawing and puzzle-making for the League. August is such a good month in which to do nothing at all. It is so hard, for instance, after a day's boating on the lake, a day's fishing in the stream, or an afternoon of swimming in the surf, to sit down and make, or work out, a puzzle, or even to sketch; while as for writing a story or a poem, unless a genuine inspiration happens to come along, the very thought is likely to sadden at least one of our sweet vacation days.

And yet magazines must be printed and edited, and the League department must be filled, "whether school keeps or not." And looking back through the years that have passed since the League began, we find that, worktime or playtime, our members always have been faithful, and even in drowsy August have given us of their best. Perhaps, after all, a little work breaks the monotony, and becomes really a recreation instead of a duty when the days of school are far enough behind to be forgotten and far enough ahead not to disturb our dreams.

Considering the season when this month's contributions were prepared, they are remarkably good. When the last days of school are coming and examinations are at hand, the editor does not expect the best things. Yet our August prize contributions are well up to the standard, and if we received fewer contributions of the highest order, there were, at least, a goodly number "worthy of encouragement." Vacation-time will be the proper season for wild-animal photographs, and a good wild-animal or bird photograph is far more likely to be a prize-winner than any other sort of contribution.

"A SKETCH FROM NATURE." BY HELEN GYRNELL ROGERS, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 44.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Ellen Dunwoody** (age 16), 1522 31st St., Georgetown, D. C., and **Neill C. Wilson** (age 13), 1415 Clinton Ave., Alameda, Cal.

Silver badges, **Lottie Chalmers** (age 11), 332 E. 88th St., New York City, **Julia Doyle Walker** (age 16), Dyersburg, Tenn., and **Elsa Clark** (age 8), 24 St. Mary's St., Southampton, England.

Prose. Gold badges, **Flora H. Boggs** (age 15), 460 Broadway, Saratoga, N.Y., and **Tula Latzke** (age 17), 2 Rue St. Louis, Montpellier, France.

Silver badges, **Grace Leadingham** (age 13), P. O. Box 638, Honolulu, H. I., and **Elizabeth F. Alsop** (age 14), The Osborne, 57th St. and 7th Ave., New York City.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Helen Gyrnell Rogers** (age 17), Baird, Shasta Co., Cal., and **W. B. Physioc** (age 13), McDonogh, Md.

Silver badges, **Florence Mason** (age 13), 92 South St., Bristol, Conn., and **Bessie Stockton** (age 14), 169 Summer St., Bristol, Conn.

Photography. Gold badges, **Ruth Helen Brierley** (age 14), "Briar Cottage," 316 Main St., Easthampton, Mass., and **Catherine Delano** (age 13), 1844 Wellington Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Silver badges, **Fred Graf** (age 12), 4545 N. Market St., St. Louis, Mo., and **Donald F. Cranor** (age 13), Conshohocken, Pa.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Partridge," by **Karl M. Mann** (age 14), 124 Farwell Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. Second prize, "Squirrel," by **Edward Howard Townsend II** (age 13), 318 W. 75th St., New York City. Third prize, "Lizards," by **P. A. Burton** (age 15), Highfield, Leicester, Gainsborough, England.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Amelia S. Ferguson** (age 16), San Angelo, Tex., and **Grace Hawthorne Bliss** (age 16), 3281 Briggs Ave., Alameda, Cal.

Silver badges, **Douglas Trowbridge** (age 14), 58 Valentine St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and **Ruth Bartlett** (age 9), Hampton Falls, N. H.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badge, **George T. Colman** (age 15), 198 Franklin St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Silver badge, **Lillian Jackson** (age 12), 1301 Franklin St., Wilmington, Del.

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

BY NEILL C. WILSON (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

LISTEN! 't is the melody of old and olden music,
Chiming with the sweetness of the bells of Monterey;
Can it be the booming of the waves upon the ocean,
Or is it just the stillness in the twilight of the day?

Once it was the chiming of the bells
whose distant murmur
Broke upon the stillness of some old, forgotten lore,
When the evening sun had faded and had dropped into the ocean;
But on the coast of Monterey the bells are heard no more.

Will we outlive the memories of the mission's faded glory
When time completes its ravages and the crumbling walls decay?
The fathers have departed, and their work has been completed—
But the breakers still are booming on the coast of Monterey.

OUR ATTIC.

BY FLORA H. BOGGS (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)

IN the tiptop of a house is the place for everything, but nothing is ever to be found in its place.

Most people call this room the attic, but we have named it "Our Den." The roof has four gabled windows, one for each of the cardinal points of the compass. From them we can see the old mill, and a little white church with its square-towered belfry, in the background of which there is a pine wood.

To the west the mountains rise, purple and blue in the summer, but so white and cloudlike in the winter, one can scarcely tell where the earth and sky meet. "We" are four girls.

Jo, who should have been a boy, has the north window.

On the shelves of her cabinet there are marbles and tops, a jack-knife and whistle; in the corner a box of angleworms and a fishing-rod.

Her books tell the same story—"By Camp and Fireside," "Treasure Island," and "Tales of West Point." By the low window, on rainy days, you can usually find Jo with a book in her lap and a torn dress.

The south window Grace owns. She likes to sew, and here we find dolls and their wardrobes, and sometimes Jo: for torn dresses must be mended, and Jo goes to Grace when in trouble.

Over the little sewing-table are her canary-birds, "Cherry" and "Robin," and on the window-seat Miss Alcott's books and fairy-stories.

May's east window is bright with flags and pictures of the Puritan maidens, Captain Miles Standish, and famous colonial statesmen. May is nothing if not patriotic, from the tips of her dainty slippers to the top of the quaint old bonnet our great-grandmother wore and May wears when in her den.

I have the west window, and my dear ST. NICHOLAS, music, and writing material. I like everything, but most of all horses and dogs. Here on my book-rack are "Black Beauty," "Rab and his Friends," "A Dog of Flanders," and "Bell of Atri." They are all dear to me, for where could I find friends so changeless as my books? Thus through the long year the laughter of the girls, the song of the canaries, or the music of an Æolian harp in the west window tells of the constant joyous life in the quaint old attic.

"A SKETCH FROM NATURE." BY W. B. PHYSIOC, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

BY ELLEN DUNWOODY (AGE 16).

(*Gold Badge.*)

WHEN the long, hot day is over,
And the harvest moon hangs low,
When the night is full of fragrance,
And the summer breezes blow,

In the track of golden glory,
Crossing o'er the restless sea,
Gleams a sail of wondrous texture,
Moving silently toward me.

And adown that glorious pathway,
From the land where hopes begin,
Comes a vessel proudly sailing,
And I dream "my ship 's come in."

THE GARRET AT SCHŒNBRUNN.

BY TULA LATZKE (AGE 17).

(*Gold Badge.*)

FRANTZ, Duke of Reichstadt, was ten years old. He was a beautiful child; heavy golden curls clustered around his lovely, sad, but childish face.

One day he was roaming listlessly about the park, paying no attention to the military salutes of the stiff sentinels. He wandered carelessly from his usual playing-grounds, and came to a side of the palace of Schœnbrunn unknown to him.

A door was open. The child duke looked in curiously, and seeing no one in the deserted hallway, he ventured in.

He ascended the stairs and came to a landing; a heavy, unpainted door stood open.

The imperial child entered into the immense garret of the palace. A small place was partitioned off as a workroom. Hung up carefully against the wall were two or three uniforms with rusty gold braid; in a heap in the corner a lot of papers with pictures of soldiers in flaring colors; here and there on the wall a rusty weapon.

The little duke examined curiously these things, which were new to him. He entered farther into the room, where a strange sight met his eyes.

On a little table were pots of different-colored paints, pieces of wood, knives, and a pot of glue—in fact, a regular wood-carver's outfit. A tall old man was sitting before the table and delicately painting in a beautiful red the cap of an infantry soldier.

The child recognized him to be one of the gardeners. The workman and the child were watching so intently the progress made on the little soldier's clothes that they took no notice of each other.

But a deep sigh heaved by the child caused the man to look up. To his surprise, he saw the little Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon, in the garret of Schœnbrunn.

Instantly he rose and gave the astonished child a military salute, and said in a respectful tone, "What is your Majesty doing up here?"

"Watching you paint soldiers," replied the young duke, as he took up a soldier and looked at it closely.

Tears mounted to the old man's eyes while he said: "I am making these soldiers for your Majesty. They are images of the soldiers of your great father's regiments. I served as a grenadier in his body-guard. Once, when I was wounded, the emperor came and visited me and gave me this."

As he finished talking he showed the child gazing on him with wide-open eyes a cross of the Legion of Honor.

"Oh, I have one also!" the child said, "but it is put away where I cannot touch it!"

"As these toys will be," muttered the old soldier.

"Oh, no! I will hide them in the park and only play with them there," laughed the young duke.

"You shall have more when these are gone," replied the ex-grenadier, as he led Napoleon's little son fondly but deferentially out of the garret.

"MAYTIME." BY RUTH HELEN BRIERLEY, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

BY ELSA CLARK (AGE 8).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE wavelets play upon the shore,
And little foamy fountains frisk,
Because to-day the breeze is brisk.
They say "I wish," and o'er and o'er.

But what they wish they never say;
It cannot always be the same.
Sometimes they play a cruel game,
And drown the sailors in the bay.

Now do they wish it was not so?
And are they sobbing for the wrong?
And is there sorrow in their song?
The plaintive music is so low.

Perhaps they wish that baby feet
Would come and tread them swiftly down;
That laughing children from the town
The merry little waves would greet.

Perhaps they wish the sun would go
Right over to the fiery west,
And paint upon their waiting breast
A picture of his afterglow.

It may be that they wish for night,
When down into the water clear
The moon and stars all peaceful peer
To see the image of their light.

PAUL DU CHAILLU IN AN ATTIC.

(*A True Story.*)

BY ELIZABETH F. ALSOP (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

"DID you say Paul du Chaillu was coming to-day?" asked a small child.

"Yes."

"Why was he asked to the meeting of the Daughters of the Revolution?"

"Because we thought it would be nice to have him."

Silence for a while, then:

"That train stopped, did n't it, aunty? Yes; there come some people. What a shame it is raining! All our pretty tables have to be inside. I wonder when Du Chaillu will come?"

The guest of honor arrived just then, and after spending some time with the grown-ups he went to his hostess and asked if he could not have the children somewhere alone.

"Why, yes; you might go to the barn"; then turning and seeing that it was pouring, she said, laughing:

"No, I am afraid that won't do; but you could go to the attic."

"The attic, by all means," cried M. du Chaillu.

So they all ran upstairs to the big, old-fashioned attic, full of dark, mysterious shadows, enticing the braver spirits to exploration and sending the timid ones over by the low half-moon-shaped window made of tiny panes of glass.

They sat down on trunks, old chairs, or anything that came handy, and settled themselves for stories.

The first thing he told them was to call him "Friend Paul," and then he told them stories — such interesting stories about the countries he had visited, the customs of the people, their dress, their language, their manner of treating strangers, and their different ways of traveling.

He taught the boys some war-dances, while the girls looked on delighted.

When at last they went downstairs the children were simply devoted to him and felt as if they owned him, and meant it indeed when they called him "Friend Paul."

"MAYTIME." BY FRED GRAF, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

"MAYTIME." BY CATHERINE DELANO, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

BY JULIA DOYLE WALKER (AGE 16).

(*Silver Badge.*)

ONE day as I sat at my window
A vision came to me,
Called up by my heart's deep longing—
A day-dream of the sea.

For those who have heard it calling
May wander for many years,
And wander far, but its mighty voice
Sounds ever in their ears.

So it seemed, as I sat there dreaming,
That the restless, sun-kissed sea
And the countless, foam-capped breakers
Were beckoning to me.

And the sails against the sky-line
Showed white as drifted snow,
Or, distant, gleamed like priceless pearls
On the sapphire sea below.

From the white and level stretches
Of the sandy, shell-strewn shore
I stooped to take a pebble,
And lo! my dream was o'er.

The sea changed to a wheat-field
That rippled in the breeze,
And the murmur of the breakers
To the whispering of the trees.

NOTICE.

Every reader of ST. NICHOLAS is entitled to League membership and badge, free.

"PARTRIDGE." BY KARL M. MANN, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

BY LOTTIE CHALMERS (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

As I sat 'neath the pines and rested,
A thought stole over me;
And I floated away to dreamland,
To the edge of the fairy sea.

The moon shone over the water,
And her sparkling rays touched me;
The silver wavelets rippled
To the edge of the fairy sea.

I stood on the shore in the moonlight
And watched that crystal sea;
The little waves were singing
A fairy song to me.

The wind blew over me gently,
And I woke to find the sea
Changed to a bough of hemlock,
Singing its song to me.

"SQUIRREL." BY EDWARD HOWARD TOWNSEND II, AGE 13. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

MY GRANDMOTHER'S ATTIC.

BY GRACE LEADINGHAM (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

My grandmother's attic is the best place in the world to play in, even if the floor and sloping ceiling *are* brown with age and the windows covered with dust.

Everything here has a story, and the old blue chest in the corner has the most wonderful story of all. For long ago, when the Indians lived in this part of the country (and very wild Red Indians they were), my great-grandfather was hidden in the chest.

He was only a little, little baby then, but the story was told to him when he grew older.

It was one Sunday morning in the spring.

Every one had gone to "meeting" except great-grandfather and his sister Charity, who stayed at home. She stepped to the window for a moment, when she caught sight of dusky forms gliding from tree to tree. Nearer and nearer they came. What should she do? If she left the baby she could slip out the back way and run to the church for help. But she could n't leave the child, for fear the savages might steal him; if she took him, she could not make any speed.

She glanced around the room, and her eye rested on the chest. She could put him in there. But he might smother! No; the second drawer had a large knot-hole, and air would come through that. In a moment she had wrapped the sleeping baby in a blanket and laid him gently in the wide, deep drawer. Then she sped across the fields like a flash.

The men came from church in time to save the village. The baby grew up and told this story to my grandmother, who tells it to me.

Down under the pines Aunt Charity has lain for eighty years. But when we think of her she is never a lady in the twilight of her life: she is always smiling and fresh, as she is in her picture in the hall. Her hair is never white and her face is never faded, for in our thoughts she has perpetual youth.

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

BY MARJORIE CLEVELAND (AGE 10).

The mermaids were playing
Far down in the sea,
And I was among them.
Strange sights did I see.

A queer little sea-nymph
Came, led me away,
For fear in the ocean
So deep I might stray.

The large coral arches
Were looming on high,
With lovely sea flowers,
Some blue as the sky,

Some yellow, some purple,
Some red, and some white,
All twisting about them
And looking so bright.

But then I awakened
In my trundle-bed,
With only the ceiling,
Alas! o'er my head.

"LIZARDS." BY P. A. BURTON, AGE 15. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

"MAYTIME." BY GERTRUDE HOWLAND, AGE 10.

THE FARM-HOUSE ATTIC.

BY MILTON CROUCH (AGE 15).

THREE summers ago I determined to take my vacation in search of certain rare stamps that I had long wished for for my collection. Stamp-collecting has always been my pet hobby. I started out with a friend for a visit to an old town in the eastern part of Massachusetts.

We arrived there at six o'clock on a Tuesday night, and were driven to the farm-house of a Mr. Kline. Immediately after supper we started in with our hoost for a search of the old trunks that were lying covered with dust in the attic.

We went through everything that we saw, but found nothing but a lot of the more common stamps that were of no use to us.

We had no luck for over a week. During that time we visited house after house, but found nothing of much value.

Thursday of the following week we went to the small drug-store, run by a little red-haired old man. He told us that he thought he had a few old stamps in his attic, and that these were on bottles that had been discarded from the store. It began to look as if our luck had turned. We went with the proprietor to the little dust-covered attic in his home, and began to search for stamps.

We were careful to see that no stamp of value escaped us. I had gone through all the trunks, and at last went over to a small chest which stood in the corner.

We found more of value in this than in anything we had yet found. On a small bottle in the lower corner of the chest was the very stamp we had looked for. Our friend refused any pay for it, and we went away with the much-coveted stamp.

This stamp, the six-cent orange proprietary, is my most treasured possession. I will never forget the long hunt my friend and I had before we found it.

"MAYTIME." BY T. BEACH PLATT, AGE 16.

"MAYTIME." BY REXFORD KING, AGE 16.

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

BY LOUISE S. MILLER (AGE 14).

THE sun is gently sinking in the west,
And as it sinks it turns the sea to gold.
The little birds are settling in their nest,
The air, at close of day, is growing cold.

And as each ripple, with its nightcap white,
Rolls gently toward the beach and back once more,
It seems to whisper drowsily, "Good night,"
And bring you visions of the farther shore.

The sinking sun turns all to red and gold,
The little clouds are sailing in the sky;
And out beyond the lighthouse, firm and bold,
A ship goes sailing by.

'T is moonlight now, and in the gloom it throws
A soft, pale path upon the sighing deep;
The lighthouse, too, its warning lantern shows;
The little waves are murmuring in their sleep.

"HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY FLORENCE MASON, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

A SNAKE IN THE ATTIC.

BY T. L. BAYNE, JR. (AGE 11).

Our home is in the mountains of East Tennessee. The house stands on a high hill in the midst of a cedar grove. There are also large walnut, chestnut, and hickory-nut trees, which give us boys lots of fun in the fall. It is very pretty, but sometimes we have queer visitors. Once, while we were away from home, a black-snake took up his abode in our attic. He must have known it was a good place for rats; he caught many rats and mice and ate them. One day my father saw him with a mouse in his mouth; at night we could hear him moving around and catching them. My mother did not like this kind of rat-trap; so she asked father to kill him, which he did.

"HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY MURIEL C. EVANS, AGE 15.

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

BY HAROLD R. NORRIS (AGE 10).

The breakers rolled upon the beach
To meet the drifting sand;
The light winds blew, and August suns
Beat down on every hand.

Upon the water, calm and green,
A tiny vessel flew;
Was it a bark of fairy queen,
With sails of golden hue?

No pennant from its masthead flew;
Its mast was somber brown;
A leaf it was of yellow hue
That with the waves came down.

THE GARRET I HAVE KNOWN.

BY ZENOBIA CAMPRUBI AYMAR (AGE 15), VALENCIA, SPAIN.

The garret I have known is quite different from those I read of in stories. Far from looking upon it as a delightful recess in which to examine quaint relics of days gone by, I cannot think of it without recalling the awe it inspired in me when, at the age of four, I would hear my elder brothers tell each other of the blood-curdling sounds which came from the garret or of the bones strewn about on its floor. I was never allowed to enter the attic, as, unless you walked on the beams which (set apart at distances of about a foot) formed the flooring, you were in imminent danger of falling through the plaster into the apartment beneath. At any rate, I never felt the adventurous desire of entering the gloomy dwelling of my imaginary monster, and if I ever heard a scampering overhead I hurried away.

For the benefit of any reader who may be curious to know the cause of the mysterious sounds in the deserted room or how bones came to be strewn on its floor, I add the following saying of the people of my town:

"The house 'en Sibi' will lose its luck the day that the owl which roosts in the attic is chased away."

"HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY M. S. WYETH, AGE 14.

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

BY MABEL HOWE (AGE 9).

When the soft blue waves are still,
And the moon is shining bright,
Then is the time I would like to be
Out on the sea at night.

When the katydids have begun to sing,
And the flowers have closed up tight,
Then is the time I would like to be
Out on the sea at night.

When the birds have stopped their twitter
And the butterflies taken their flight,
Then is the time I would like to be
Out on the sea at night.

"HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY MARJORIE BETTS, AGE 14.

WHAT HAPPENED IN OUR GARRET.

(*A True Story.*)

BY LOUISE SEYMOUR (AGE 13).

I AM going to tell you something very interesting that happened in our garret.

Not long ago queer noises were heard every night, and after they had continued for a while the maids began to think they were ghosts. But though we know there are no such things, it was an unpleasant feeling to have nevertheless.

As the noises still continued, we thought it might be rats, and so it was decided to set a trap and find out.

About midnight a noise was heard, as if some one was caught and was struggling to get free. But in the morning, when search was made, what was our surprise to see, not a rat, as we had expected, but a beautiful little flying-squirrel lying dead, with its head caught in the trap.

It was a beautiful little thing indeed. Its fur was soft and gray, and looked very much like chinchilla. Its little body had hardly any bones in it, and the few that it had enabled it to lie almost as a mat on the floor.

The mystery of the noises had been solved, and though we heard them that night and the next, as if the mother was searching for her lost baby, the nights after that were perfectly quiet.

We were very sorry about what had happened, but as it was all a mistake, and we did not know what the noises were, I tell you this story, because if you ever hear strange noises in your garret, as if men were walking around, you need not be afraid, because it may be some little flying-squirrels come in from the cold to the shelter.

"HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY JOSEPH B. MAZAUNO, AGE 15.

LOST IN THE ATTIC.

BY MILDRED STANLEY FLECK (AGE 8).

MARGERY was nowhere to be found. Only a few minutes before she had been playing under the lilac-bushes with her doll. She had been told not to go out of the garden, and being a very obedient little girl, her disappearance caused surprise and some alarm. After looking in every room, grandma opened the attic door. There was nothing to be seen but Margery's baby-carriage and the line of trunks and boxes at the other end. Mama looked first in the jam-closet. Then she peeped into the laundry, thinking to see the little doll-mother there, washing tiny clothes. At last, feeling sure that Margery was not in the house, mother and Annie made a tour among the neighbors, but returned with anxious faces and no little girl. Mother had just stepped to the telephone to call the police department, when a little footstep was heard on the stairs, and Margery appeared, hugging her dolly, and all rosy from her nap behind the big trunks at the end of the attic, where grandma had never thought of looking.

"HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY BESSIE STOCKTON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

BY GLADYS KNIGHT (AGE 16).

THE moonlight danced on the waters blue, and the great round shining face
Of the golden moon smiled merrily upon the desolate place;
And the deep-blue sky bejeweled was with myriad worlds above,
And the planet of war in the east shone bright, in the west the planet of love.

On the shores of the murmuring, rolling sea, in the light of the kindly moon,
I dreamed a dream of another world, from which I awoke too soon.
I thought that the voice of the deep dark sea was calling for me to come
And rest in its depths and live for aye in the fairy mermaids' home.

I saw the wonderful, fair sea-folk with their tresses of shining hue,
Which shone and sparkled like strands of gold in the dark of the water's blue;
And they beckoned for me to go with them and sport in the great blue sea,
And they sang of the joys of their ocean home as they stretched out their arms to me.

And I followed them down to the sea-god's realm, in the depths of the dark blue sea,
And everything there seemed so wonderful and so beautiful to me.

Alas! soon the vision vanished from before my enchanted sight,
And faded away as the light of day fades into the dark of night.

The moon shone high in the starlit sky and the planet of lovewas gone;
The vision had vanished for ever and aye, and left me there with the sea and sky
To think and to dream alone.

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

BY MABEL FLETCHER (AGE 16).

(*A Former Prize-Winner.*)

A LONE lighthouse with a fiery eye,
And the wave-lash on the shore,
From the storm and dark a sea-gull's cry,
And the green-frothed breaker's roar—
Child of the inland though I be,
I have my dream of the wonderful sea.

A dim white crag in the dimmer west,
And the lightning in the sky,
The wild, wild fear in the sailor's breast,
As the great white ship shoots by—
Child of the inland though I be,
This is my dream of the wonderful sea.

"MAYTIME." BY DONALD F. CRANOR, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE STORY IN THE ATTIC.

BY ADA H. CASE (AGE 16).

THE club was holding one of its regular weekly meetings in the old attic, and when the strictly business part was over they decided to tell stories, as it was very hot, instead of romping.

"You begin, Antoinette," said the president.

Little Antoinette clasped her hands about her knees.

"Let me fink," she said; and then, "Oh, yes, I know! I 'm going to tell you a very 'riginal story, 'bout why dogs wag their tails!"

Applause, and then an attentive silence as the story began.

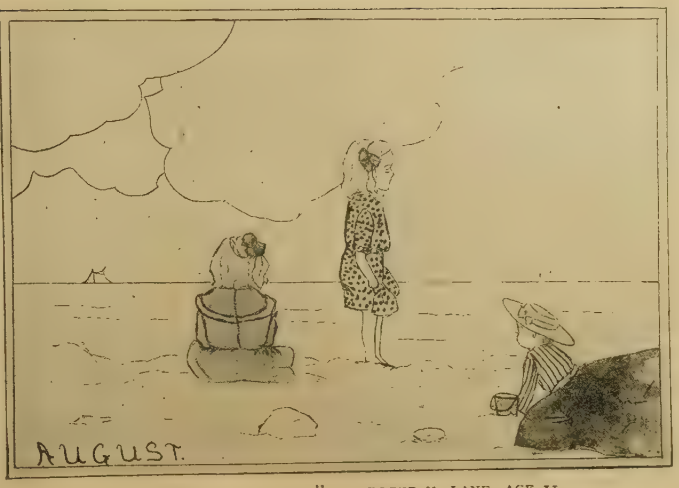
"Once upon a time, long, long ago, there lived in a sort of hut Old Witch and Brown Dog. Now these two were very fond of each other, so Brown Dog felt very badly indeed when Old Witch became so very sullen one day

that she would not even pat him. When he found that she would n't be cheered up, he went outside a sort of curtain, and, backing up against it, sat down to fink.

"Before long Brown Dog began to wiggle his whole body back and forth, just as he had seen Old Witch do when she worked charms. The next minute Old Witch began to laugh. Brown Dog stopped still and thought to himself, 'What could have made Old Witch laugh?' Soon he was wiggling to and fro again, finking harder than ever. Old Witch laughed again. Brown Dog stopped—Old Witch stopped. Suddenly an idea struck Brown Dog. He looked around, and, sure enough, his tail was not there: it was on the other side of the curtain, and Old Witch had laughed to see it moving back and forth. Then Brown Dog began to wag his tail alone, and the feeling pleased him very much, because it made ticklish things run up his bones and out of the ends of his hairs. When he got his tail real waggy he ran in to Old Witch, and was so glad that he had cheered her up that he kept his tail wagging the whole day. Even to the end of his life, he wagged his tail whenever he was pleased at something.

"Now you know that Brown Dog was the great-great-great-grandparent of all dogs, so that 'Fido,' 'Rover,' and all the rest of 'em wag their tails whenever they feel good till this day."

A whistle was heard. The president rushed away, shouting, "Papa!" then called back over her shoulder, "Meeting 's adjourned."



"HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY ROGER K. LANE, AGE 11.

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

BY HARVEY DESCHERE (AGE 14).

THE sun is high in the soft blue sky,
And wavelets simmer upon the beach;
The dune-weed's rustle and fieldfare's bustle
Are all of nature's audible speech.

The air is fragrant with flowers from land,
And mingles with balm on either hand,
While I in the midst of it all recline,
A-list'ning to tales of the salt sea-brine.

The sun shines high in the soft blue sky,
And wavelets simmer and break in foam,
And scurry around, then down with a bound
They carry me into their coral home.

The polyps tarry and rest for a while,
And dogfish come with their constant smile,
While I in the midst of it all recline,
And rest in the grasp of the salt sea-brine.

The sun is low in the sea below,
And wavelets simmer far over me;
And I wake from sleep by the briny deep,
And find it, alas! but a dream of the sea.

A DREAM OF THE SEA

Illustrated Poem.

BY CATHERINE LEE CARTER (AGE 15).
(*A Former Prize-Winner.*)

THE meadow-daisies were drooping down,
The meadow-lark lurked in the dying grass.
A tiny breeze once seemed to pass
Across the wheat-field's yellowing brown.

Along the fence, in a dismal row,
The fading poplars shivering stood;
Low on the rocks beside the wood
The ivy parched in the hot sun's glow.

And I remembered another lark
That out across the waves had flown,
And then flown back, as I sat alone,
Watching the light on the waters dark.

No more from home, the meadows o'er,
The white ship's sails shall rise and fall;
No more the white-winged sea-gull's call
Shall mingle with the ocean's roar.

Hard earth and stern, unyielding rock
Must take the place of sand and pine;
And ne'er on this horizon line
Shall sea-cliff martins rise and flock.

Lost or destroyed League badges will be replaced, free. This does not mean prize badges.

"HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY HELEN RUSSELL, AGE 16.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

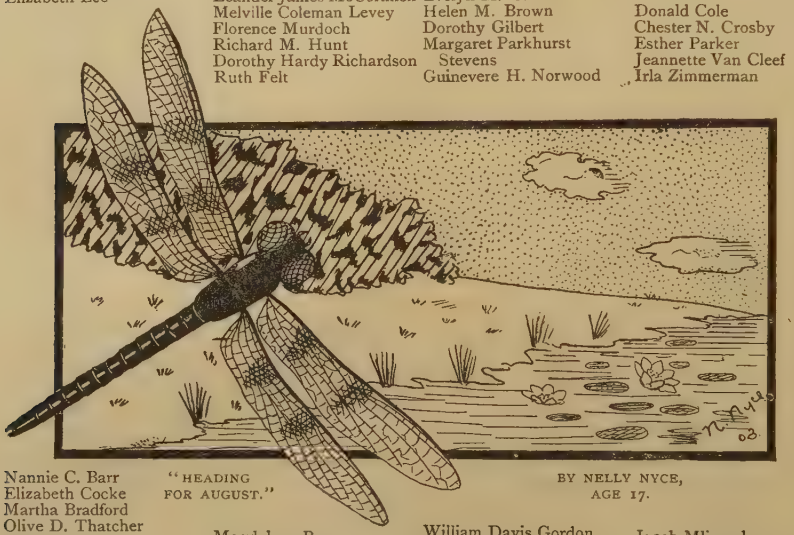
Conrad P. Aiken
Katherine E. Maloon
Alice Mary Ogden
Mabel B. Ellis
W. N. Coupland
Roswell Thornton Pearl
Helen A. Scribner
Helen Stetson Jewell
Marguerite Stuart
Mabel C. Stark
A. Elizabeth Goldberg
Wynonah Breazeale
Enza Alton Zeller
Marguerite Aspinwall
Maud Dudley Shackelford
Miriam A. De Ford
Helen Chandler Willis
Fay Marie Hartley
Elizabeth Lee
Julia Ford Fiebeger
Grace Paxson
Grace Lavinia Barber
Ethelwyn Harris
Edith McLaughlin
H. Mabel Sawyer
Mary Blossom Bloss
Adelaide Lucile Flagler
Marguerite Jacque
Michael Heidelberger
Minnie Boutelle
Herbert Martini
Lolah Jenks
Katherine Maxwell

DRAWINGS 1.

Mildred Curran-Smith
M. Frances Keeline
Mabel Whitehead
Leander James McCormick
Melville Coleman Levey
Florence Murdoch
Richard M. Hunt
Dorothy Hardy Richardson
Ruth Felt
Margaret Wynn Yancey
Mary Hazeltine Fewsmith
Florence Wilkinson
Enid Allen
Beverley Lambe
Eleanor Hinton
Julia Wilder Kurtz
Harriet Newell Donaldson
Dorothy Burton Heward
Letty S. McDonald
Edith Emerson
Louise Oudin
Elizabeth Chapin
Edana Burgess
Cecil Crowe
Margaret Peckham
Elizabeth Osborne
Grace Lakin
Marion Osgood Chapin
Mary P. Damon
Barbara Vandegrift
Helen Lombaert Scobey
Gertrude Russell
Sidney Edward Dickinson
Ralph I. Balcom
Alice Porter Miller
Dorothy F. Howry
Evelyn M. Clare
Helen M. Brown
Dorothy Gilbert
Margaret Parkhurst Stevens
Guinevere H. Norwood
Jane A. Walter
Robert Y. Hayne
Eugene White, Jr.
Florence R. T. Smith
Patty Phillips
Dorothy G. Thayer
George Schobinger
C. B. Andrews
George D. Robinson
Henry Ormsby Phillips
John L. Hopper
Ruth Londoner
Jane Barker Wheeler
Charles Stevens Crouse
Emma C. Hickman
Charlotte L. Tuttle
Hardenia R. Fletcher
Morgan Hebard
Samuel D. Robbins
Lillie Reynolds
Albert E. Stockin
Tracy S. Voorhees
Thomas G. Samworth
Thad R. Goldsberry
Paul H. Prausnitz

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Donald Cole
Chester N. Crosby
Esther Parker
Jeannette Van Cleef
Irla Zimmerman



"HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY NELLY NYCE, AGE 17.

Nannie C. Barr
Elizabeth Cocke
Martha Bradford
Olive D. Thatcher
Pauline Croll
Millie Hess

VERSE 2.

Alice Braunlich
Emma Swezey
Senereta Robinson
Sue Dorothy Keeney
Gertrude Folts
Emily Rose Burt
Edith M. Clark
Lula M. Larrabee
Frances A. Angevine
Aristine Field
Charlotte E. Hudnut
E. Margaret Brown
Emily Barber
"Sirius"
Ileta Lee Gilmer
N. Mae Suter
Elsie F. Weil
Annie Sabra Ramsey
Katherine Smellie
Edward L. Goodwin
Katherine E. Butler
Mary Alison Janeway
Mae Bossert
Charles D. Budd, Jr.
Mary C. Tucker
Thornton Avery
Elizabeth Toof
Blanche H. Leeming
Magdalene Barry
Margery Bradshaw
Margaret McKeon
Ethel Messervy
Katherine Barbour
William Stanley Dell
Pearl Stockton

DRAWINGS 2.

Mildred C. Jones
Edith G. Clarkson
Jean Herbet
Gladys Young
Elizabeth Otis
Phœbe Wilkinson
Alice Josephine Goss
Dorothy Richardson
Ernest J. Clare
Margaret Wright
Dorothea Clapp
Sally W. Palmer
Henry Seligman
Walter Swindell Davis
Hazel Chadwick
Sarah McDavitt
Allen P. Salmon
Cordner H. Smith
Kathrine Forbes Liddell
Paul Micon
Edith G. Daggett
Mark Curtis Kinney
Beatrice Andrews
William Davis Gordon
Helen Huntington
Chrissie Niven
Helen Wilson
Dorothy Crawford
Harry Tedlie
Sadie Stabern
Mary Argall Arthur
Lisbeth Harlan
Charlotte Stark
Horace Barnard Earle
Katharine Thompson
Margaret B. Dornin
Marjory Chase
David B. Campbell
Elfreda Noble
Sarah Yale Carey
Marjorie Newcomb Wilson
Elizabeth Pearsall Dallas
Rose T. Briggs
Winifred Hutchings
Ned Goodell
Jack Newsom
William M. Bayne
Philip Souers
Lawrence B. Johnson

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

W. Caldwell Webb
Philip H. Bunker
Gertrude W. Smith
Joseph Rogers Swindell
Jacob Mlinarsky
Dorothy Bourne
Arthur M. McClure
Jean Boyle
Cameron Squires
Alice L. Cousens
Joe Chase
Abbott L. Norris
Dudley Clapp
W. F. Harold Braun
Joseph S. Webb
Ruth Stowell
Marguerite Graham
Mildred Eastey
Allen Frank Brewer
Rosalie Day
Beatrice Howson
Cora Edith Wellman
Wallace Dunn
Gordon B. Fisher
Mary P. Jacob
Harold Egan
Arthur Drummond
Curtis Tuttle

PROSE 1.

Ona Ringwood
Harriet Jackson
Mildred S. Huntington
Phyllis Dunboyne de Kay
Eleanor C. Hamill
Estelle E. Barnes
Abram Nicholls Jones
Jeanette E. Perkins
Isabel Hinton
Priscilla G. Goodwyn, Jr.
Lucile Ramona Byrne
Allene Gregory
Dorothy Russell Lewis
Anna Marguerite Neuburger
Dorothy Eyre Robinson
Annie Laurie McBirney
Agnes Dorothy Campbell
Marie V. Scanlan
Elizabeth Heath Rice
Eveline A. Thomson
Kenneth Sinclair Purdie
Marjorie Heath Baine
Helen F. Barham

PROSE 2.

Muriel M. K. E. Douglas
Sadie E. Rust
Elizabeth R. Eastman
Rita Wanninger
Mary R. Hutchinson
Mary How Pope
Ethel May Price
Marjorie Judy
Lawrence Grey Evans
Mary McGuin
Donald McNeale
Marguerite M. Cree
Ann Drew
Margaret Minaker
Helen Madeline Hogg
Clara Stinson
Elinor L. Franklin
Mabel M. Harrington
Ruth McNamee
Mary Alice Allen
Marion S. Almy
Charlotte Katharine Gannett
Waller Levis
Jessie Ricard
Bertha Porter
Frederick D. Seward
Mary Yeula Wescott
Dorothy Felt
Helen W. Kennedy
Ethel Steinhiller
Joe McCune
Alice Bacon Barnes
Hilda Mengel
Ruby Eimer
Marjorie Macy
Esther Hills
Harold L. Burrows
Ethel Berrian
Dorothy Flint
H. S. Andrews
Mary L. Thornton
Nell Kerr
Mary Alice Shaw
Mary Bayne
Sidney Levinson
Gertrude V. Trumplette
Dolores de Arozarena
Helen Hunter
Joseph Rosenstein
Robert Hanson
Helen Froeligh
Ruth Bamberger
Ray Randall
Miriam Abbot
Florence Hanawalt
Mary Cromer
Dorothy McKee
Leila H. Dunkin
Margaret M. Sherwood
Madelaine Bunzl
Greta Wetherill Kernan
Hilda M. Ryan
Alice Darrow
Natalie Hallock
Margaret Gordon
Carolyn Bulley
Dorothy Brooks
E. Adelaide Hahn
Edith Minaker
John Martin
Ruth E. Cornell

PUZZLES 1.

Minton M. Warren
Margaret Stevens
William Ellis Keysor
Rosalie B. Hayden
Marguerite E. Stephens
Frances Coon Dudley
Margaret Abbott
James Brewster
Florence Hoyte
Helen Searight
Mary Dorothy Musser
Walter I. Barton
Rosalie A. Sampson
Jennie Fairman

PUZZLES 2.

Conway D. Helman
Katherine Kurz
Annie C. Smith
Abraham Gross
Morrison N. Stiles
Gerald Kaufman
Ella L. Baer
Elizabeth Palmer Loper
Edward Gay
Elsie W. Dignor
Fanny Gardner Selden
Gerald Pyle
Grace St. J. Magee
Kathleen Haig

Helen L. Stevens

LETTERS.

DENVER, COLO.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: At last, after almost six years of traveling, I have settled down for a year at least in Denver, and am able to take you regularly, as I did when I was a little girl. Around my room, too, are ranged sixteen volumes of ST. NICK, representing the first eight years of my life. Since then I have taken you whenever I have had a chance, as often we were out of the range of even ST. NICK. Only last year I discovered and joined your League, and since then have only sent in two contributions, both of which I was glad to find on the roll of honor.

As this is the last year of my membership I intend to make "strenuous" efforts to depart with flying colors, and intend to contribute every month, although I will not again be guilty of a long letter.

Dear old ST. NICK, you seem just like a real friend, and since I was a tot it has been my ambition to enter the ranks of your writers. When I was only nine or ten I sent a "contribution" to you, and it was returned with such a sweet letter. I declared then that I would never give up till I succeeded. I wonder if there is any hope? Your loving reader, S. F. PRESTON.

DURANTWALD, NOTTINGHAM.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: They say that misfortunes never come singly, and so it is with good luck. Here I have been sending drawings and poems to you for a whole year, and have never had the happiness to see my name among the prize-winners, and now not only has Pearline awarded me five dollars for a drawing sent to its competition, but also you have sent me a silver badge. It is *very* pretty, and I thank you so much for it. But more still I thank you for all the practice you have given me in making my contributions. Looking back over the past year, I can see that I have improved ever so much, and I know that it is largely you to whom I must be grateful.

When I am grown up, if I am ever able to do anything that 's worth while, I'll say, "I began in ST. NICHOLAS."

Gratefully, MARIE MARGARET KIRKEWOOD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I always look at the League first of all when I get my ST. NICHOLAS. It is the nicest organization I ever knew of. I have been a member for almost three years, and I don't believe that I could get along without it.

Your interested reader and League member, LAURA S. DOW.

OLIVET, MICH.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE LEAGUE: With this number of the ST. NICHOLAS my right to contribute will cease, and before the gates swing quite shut I want to thank you for all the League has meant to me, for the gold badge which I prize so highly, for all the encouragement which I have received. I shall still watch the League work with great interest.

Would n't it be a pleasant thing for some of us who are approaching eighteen to keep in touch with each other by correspondence after our League work is finished? I should like a few correspondents, especially from some foreign country, and would be willing at least to attempt to write in French or German.

Let me thank you again, and wish long life and prosperity to the League. Very sincerely your friend,

MABEL BROWN ELLIS.

Other interesting letters have been received from Florence Charlotte Reid, Sarah Hammond, Grayce B. Shanks, Philip Stark, Vera Charlton, Maud Dudley Shackelford, Frances Forman, Edith Emerson, Clarence Macy, Marie Blucher, Minnie Florence Cook, Minnie Belle Walker, Homer C. Miller, Mildred Curran-Smith, Florence Murdoch, Willamette Partridge, Edna Wise, William Doty Maynard, Richmond Hill, Mabel C. Stark, E. Adelaide Hahn, May Lewis Close, Gerald Jackson Pyle, Atala T. Scudder, Calista Rogers, Mabel Fletcher, Dorothy F. Howry, Dorothy Kern, Marguerite Jacque, Katharine H. Wead, Olive S. Brush, Herbert Andrews, Katharine B. Emmick. Thyra M. Jeremiassen, Ruth P. Wood, Margaret Garthwaite, Robert L. Ferguson, Marta Cardenal, Eugene S. Correll, Phyllis McVickar, and Alice Carlisle.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 662. "Neetasta." Rosalie Day, President; Fanny Selden, Secretary; four members. Address, 271 Main St., Catskill, N. Y.

No. 663. Robert Hanson, President; three members. Address, 4534 Colfax Ave., So. Minneapolis, Minn.

No. 664. "Three Hayseeds." Jean Boyle, President; Hazel Surtzer, Secretary; three members. Address, Richmond Hill, Ontario, Canada.

No. 665. "We Ten." Isador Douglas, President; Florence R. Smith, Secretary; ten members. Address, 6 Elm St., Newton, N. J.

No. 666. "Little Women." Dorothy Potter, President; Elsie Weil, Secretary; five members. Address, 4595 Oakenwald Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 47.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A Special Cash Prize. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, *a cash prize of five dollars* will be awarded, *instead of another gold badge.*

Competition No. 47 will close **August 20** (for foreign members **August 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for November.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Title, "A Memory of Vacation."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Title to contain the word "Invention."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Deep Woods."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "A Field Sketch" and "A Heading for November."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild-animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

EVERY contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the *margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

A CORRECTION. AMONG the prize-winners which were announced in the May ST. NICHOLAS Books and Reading the name Emma Dundon was given. The prize-winner was ROBERT E. DUNDON, the name given being that signed to the indorsement of originality. We regret the mistake, and make this correction at the first opportunity.

HARD FACTS. ARE there still enough Mr. Gradgrinds to excuse a word or two pointing out to young thinkers that there are two kinds of *facts* in the world, and that the facts especially beloved by the Gradgrinds are the less important? Let us see if there is not an illustration that will make this plain. You all know something about the great National Cemetery at Gettysburg; but any of you who may visit the field of that battle will find, either in guide-books or upon the monuments that dot the hills and valley, thousands of facts about the soldiers who died there — about their regiments, the advances, the retreats, the deaths of generals, the stations of this or that command: all excellent, useful, historical facts worthy of presentation. Then read and re-read Lincoln's great speech at the dedication of the ground. In that there are fewer "facts," merely general statements. And yet, which is the more important, the guide-books or the speech? Which, think you, has the more value to this nation? The works of poets and romancers of the highest class are full of such facts — facts eternally true, eternally useful, eternally fruitful of other facts.

You remember, perhaps, the statement that "Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away." This, though said by a poet, yet has received the indorsement of grave historians, who date the decline of Spain as a great world-power from the time that Don Quixote set out, in the pages of Cervantes, to tilt against windmills, and to bring discredit and cast ridicule upon the gallant spirit that had made the Spanish hidalgos masters of sea and land. Is not the romance of "Don Quixote" a fact — and one of the hardest of facts? Then there is that other well-known quotation: "Let me write the people's songs, and I care not who makes their laws." Does this not seem to show that even a bit of verse is often a very hard fact? The world moves in the direction in which men push it, and men's minds are moved by imagination; so whatever touches the imagination may move the world.

A REFERENCE LIBRARY. WE print this letter from an Ohio librarian who kindly prepared a list of reference-books for our readers. We omit a few that seemed of less general utility.

CIRCLEVILLE, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: These books, with the exception of three or four, I have had in constant use for several years, and I have selected them from our rather expensive reference-library as being the best selection for about $50 that I can think of, representing, as they do, a great variety of subjects, and all being, as my experience shows, books to which one will wish to refer constantly. If a good encyclopædia were added to the list, I believe that any young person or ordinary reader will find this list sufficient to his needs.

Very truly yours, MAY LOWE.

REFERENCE-BOOKS FOR A SMALL LIBRARY.

A good dictionary.
Harper. Crabb's English Synonymes.
Lippincott. Brewer, E. C., Reader's Handbook.
Bartlett, J. Familiar Quotations.
Rand-McNally's Popular Atlas of the World, cl.
The "World" Almanac.
Marquis & Co. Who 's Who in America.
Houghton. Adams, O. F. Brief Handbook of English Authors.
Adams, O. F. Brief Handbook of American Authors.
Lippincott. Chambers' Book of Days, 2 vols., cl.
Holt & Co. Champlin, J. D. Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Common Things.
Dodd. Cruden's Complete Concordance.
Cassell's Biographical Dictionary.
Bartlett, W. H. Facts I Ought to Know about the Government of my Country.
Edu. Pub. Co. Popular Question Book.
Hinds. Craig. Pros and Cons.
Harper. Lossing. Cyclopædia of United States History, 2 vols.
Killikelly. Curious Questions, 2 vols.
Heath. Hodgkins. Guide to Study of Nineteenth Century Authors.

"WAIT-A-BIT." Do you remember that there is a thorny plant in Africa which is called the "wait-a-bit"? The name will be understood by any one who attempts to hurry through a patch where this plant lies in ambush with its hooked thorns! The hasty traveler will be sure to heed the warning in the plant's name, no matter what reason he may have for hurrying by. It is a pity that there

is n't a similar plant growing along the pleasant ways of literature. The habit of lazy skipping is so easy to acquire, and so hard to abandon!

We are too likely, when young, to think that the only advantage gained from one book finished is the delightful liberty of choosing another, and when we hear certain authors praised as the greatest, we charge upon them with a velocity that defeats its own purpose. It is an old saying that the Kingdom of Heaven is not to be taken by violence; and the Kingdom of Literature is equally safe from capture by assault. You cannot read a good book by simply running your eyes along its lines. The brain must travel with the eyes, and the brain cannot do its work until it has been trained. In the lists sent to this department there are many books named which are simply out of the reach, over the heads, and beyond the depth of the brightest of you young readers. Thackeray's novels, for instance, are too deep, too wide, too high for youngsters in their teens. When you think you will read "Henry Esmond," for instance, take another thought, and remember the "wait-a-bit." You are spoiling one of your great pleasures. Because you find a book interesting, do not make up your mind that you have seen all there is in it. A little boy might witness the play "Hamlet," or see the "Winged Victory," and find pleasure in both; yet he could n't really appreciate either. There are books and to spare for every age. Do not be in a hurry. In short, "wait a bit."

PRIZE AWARDS. The three essays selected as the best submitted in the "Storied Flower" competition are by the authors named below:

Marguerite Beatrice Child, Oneonta, N. Y.
Mabel Fletcher, Decatur, Ill.
Elizabeth Crane Porter, Stockbridge, Mass.

Besides the prize-winners, commendation should be bestowed upon the creditable work of four other young authors:

Katharine Monica Burton, Gainsborough, England.
Frances Cecilia Reed, Sausalito, California.
Katherine Kurz, Lakewood, Ohio.
Muriel Douglas, London, England.

THE JUNE COMPETITION. The usual three prizes, under the usual conditions, will be awarded for the best three articles of not more than 300 words received before August 25, 1903, on: "Some Recent Books for Young People." The object is to learn what books published in the last two or three years have been enjoyed by young readers. Please do not mention those that everybody knows, but name those that should be better known. Address, Books and Reading Department, St. Nicholas Magazine. Tell in your essay something that will give an idea of the nature of the books, and of their merits. Two or three books will be enough to name.

A Storied Flower.

Many poets have praised the rose; many have loved the violet best; many have found most to admire in the simple field-daisy: few have written of the pansy; but when Shakspere said, "There is pansies, that 's for thoughts," he comprehended all there is to say, for pansies are, indeed, thought-flowers.

Here 's a golden pansy — that 's for a glad, joyous thought; this white one is the pure fancy of a child; the one glowing in red-and-golden bronze might be a beautiful, rich thought of Shakspere's; the blue blossom with ruffled edges suggests a bar of low, rippling music; this bit of velvety black brings before me the dark shadows that lie upon the hills at night; this strange pansy, with the lavender-gray edge and purple-brown markings, is a twilight thought; the one beside it, all dull blue and black, with oddly twisted petals, is a thought-portrait of sweet Grizel with her "crooked smile."

And what of the dainty purple pansies, with their hearts of gold? They are the dearest and most companionable of all, so they stand for my best and dearest friends. Each time I look at them they suggest some quaint and beautiful thought to me.

Poe calls them "the beautiful Puritan pansies," and there is truly something pure and spiritual in their beauty.

And there 's never a pansy — no matter how unworthy of notice it may seem to others — that is not dear to me; for every one is a thought-flower, with a deep and lovely meaning hidden in the fragrant petals.

Marguerite Child.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their manuscripts until after the last-named date.

UNION MILLS, MD.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old. Your magazine was given to me for a Christmas gift by my aunt. I like to read it very much, especially the nice letters from the boys and girls; besides, my four grown sisters also took it when they were small, which really makes it seem like an old friend come back to our home.

I live in a very beautiful country place in the western part of Maryland, near the Mason and Dixon's Line, and seventeen miles from Gettysburg.

We have beautiful green lawns and shade-trees, where robins, blackbirds, and orioles hop about all day and build their pretty nests.

My brother has a fine little Porto Rico pony. His name is "Tony," and I take long rides on him. We named him after the blue heron in the story of "Lady Jane," which papa was reading to us at the time we got him.

We have another pet, a dear little black dog which we call "Brownie," and he does some very funny things.

I remain, Your little reader,

MARIAN SHRIVER.

SALEM, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your magazine very much, and have taken you for five years. I liked your story called "The Story of Betty." When I saw in the prize competition for photograph you wanted a picture subject "Waiting for Spring," papa said he knew a good thing. When he was down in the meadow the other day gunning for ducks, he saw a little empty bird's nest which, he said, was waiting for spring. I never got down there to take the picture, so I did not get anything in that month, but want to send something in soon. Your loving reader,

BESSIE A. HARRIS.

JEFFERSON, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for about ten years, and I have taken you myself for the last three. I enjoy you very much, and thought I would like to write to you. Last year our family made a visit to California. While we were there a neighbor's dog used to stay at our house a good deal. I am going to tell you a funny thing he did.

The railroad ran directly in front of our house, and when a train came along the dog would rush at it and race along beside it. One day he thought he would "tackle" it from in front. He sat down on the track, and as the track crossed a road right there, he was right in front of a ditch that the train passed over. As the train came nearer he still sat there, until it got so close to him that he could not possibly get off; so he half dropped, half jumped down into the gutter, and the train passed over him. Every time the end of a car came he would stick up his head, probably thinking it was the end of the train. When the train got by he got out of the ditch. He got a bad fright, and never tried to fight trains again. Whenever one came by after that, he put his tail between his legs and ran for the house. He did many other funny things I would like to tell you about.

I am a member of the League.

With best of wishes, I am your devoted reader,

LUCY M. ARNER.

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This vacation I teased my father to let me experiment with housekeeping. So, as our housekeeper got married, he consented to let me try it through vacation. I find it lots of fun, but I do not know whether the other members of the family find it so much fun as I do. My only regret is that it will end so soon.

I make my papa and brother eat all the things I cook, and sometimes they find it pretty hard work.

One day my chum came over, and we decided to make a bread-pudding. When it was done it looked very inviting, and we set it away to cool until dinner-time. When dessert-time came I heaped up a large dish for papa and one for Forrest, my brother, and carried them triumphantly in. But pride had a fall. Papa tasted his, and looked rather startled. Forrest gingerly swallowed some of his, and he, too, made a face. Then I knew something was the matter, for as a rule Forrest can eat almost anything. So I went out in the kitchen and tasted it.

It turned out that my chum had put two cups of sugar and I had put one cup in it. I think we must have been so interested in what we were talking about that we did not know what we were doing. The receipt only called for one cup of sugar, and we had put three cups in it. I presume I shall never hear the last of that pudding.

In May my brother walked from Placerville to Carson City, Nevada, on a scientific expedition. He never rides if he can walk. He is much interested in ornithology, and got one bird of almost every species in Nevada. He stuffs them. He never kills more than one bird of each kind, and is very loath to do that. He got a pelican that stretches seven feet two inches from tip to tip, and a large horned owl. The owl looks very natural.

I am afraid you will get tired of my correspondence, so, with many good wishes for your prosperity, I am,

Your little reader, IRMA C. HANDFORT.

P.S. I am not so very little, as I am fourteen, and people say large for my age.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will send you a riddle. As I have not been sending any riddles or doing anything of the sort, I hope this will be printed in ST. NICHOLAS. It runs as follows: What is blacker than a crow? The answer is: Its feathers.

Yours sincerely, ADOLPH N. STRUCK.

Interesting letters have also been received from George Warren Walker, Stanley and Chester Wader, Constance Pendleton, Helen S. Benner, Dorothea Tingley, Alden Bridge, Harold M. Wright, and Marguerite A. Mosman.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. From 1 to 2, and from 3 to 4, United States. Cross-words: 1. Second. 2. Degree. 3. Little. 4. Friary. 5. Enmity. 6. Upsets.

BEHEADED ZIGZAG. Independence Day. 1. M-ink. 2. B-end. 3. A-cid. 4. F-lee. 5. E-pic. 6. A-men. 7. E-ben. 8. M-ode. 9. D-ell. 10. C-one. 11. M-arc. 12. F-lea. 13. E-den. 14. G-lad. 15. A-way.

NOVEL ZIGZAG. From 1 to 9, Porto Rico; from 10 to 14, sugar. Cross-words: 1. Poise. 2. Sound. 3. Siren. 4. Musty. 5. Negro. 6. Fairy. 7. Ruins. 8. Ocean. 9. Order.

ZIGZAG. Elena's Captive. Cross-words: 1. Elderly. 2. Alcohol. 3. Enemies. 4. Earnest. 5. Brocade. 6. License. 7. Nomadic. 8. Kinsman. 9. Slipper. 10. Century. 11. Grimace. 12. Evident. 13. Emperor.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Fire-crackers. 1. Fish. 2. Ivy. 3. Rolling-pin. 4. Egg. 5. Candle. 6. Radish. 7. Acorn. 8. Cherries. 9. Knife. 10. Envelope. 11. Rake. 12. Spade.

DOUBLE CURTAILINGS. Friedrich Froebel. 1. Caft-an, fact. 2. Arni-ca, rain. 3. Chin-ch, inch. 4. Levi-te, evil. 5. Deci-de, dice. 6. Dren-ch, rend. 7. Coin-ed, icon. 8. Chas-te, cash. 9. Hele-na, heel. 10. Armf-ul, farm. 11. Arre-st, rear. 12. Tou-ch, out. 13. Reve-al, ever. 14. Blotte-rs, bottle. 15. Sleev-es, elves. 16. Leni-ty, line.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Scott; finals, Dumas. Cross-words: 1. Schemed. 2. Caribou. 3. Opossum. 4. Taffeta. 5. Tedious.

ARROW PUZZLE. From 1 to 2, Hiawatha. 1. H. 2. Sip. 3. Stale. 4. Sower. 5. Tar. 6. Sty. 7. She. 8. Tan. 9. Lily. 10. Is.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Disk. 2. Iron. 3. Solo. 4. Knob.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Independence. Cross-words: 1. Iron. 2. Need. 3. Dire. 4. Equip. 5. Pile. 6. Even. 7. Named. 8. Dare. 9. Earn. 10. Narcotic. 11. Cave. 12. East.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from "M. McG."—Daniel Milton Miller—Joe Carlada—"Marcapan"—Florence Guida Steel—Alice T. Huyler—"Allil and Adi"—C. C. A. and F. H. A.—Sidney F. Kimball—Christine Graham—"Johnny Bear"—Lillian Jackson—Osmond Kessler Fraenkel—Paul F. Shontal—"Chuck"—Catharine B. Hooper—George T. Colman.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from R. L. Moss, 1—A. F. Hubbard, 1—F. C. Hall, 1—M. Russel, 1—I. Beir, 1—G. D. Ferguson, 1—M. Ellinwood, 1—No name, Kenilworth, 1—G. Frank, 1—Shelton Smith, 2—D. Andrews, 1—G. Fiske, 1—H. S. Jones, 1—G. Tuthill, 1—G. Bothum, 1—J. Koontz, 1—L. Cooper, 1—C. Campbell, 1—H. P. Isham, 1—M. L. Carpenter, 1—F. R. Spring, 1—C. Jernegan, 1—J. M. Beck, 1—H. H. Wood, 1—B. Boyd, 1—D. Hungerford, 1—A. P. Redding, 1—K. Leonard, 1—H. Pethick, 1—J. Metcalf, 1—Nellie D. Taylor, 2—M. W. Pound, 1—E. S. Bentley, 1—G. H. Henry, 1—P. Swyny, 1—Orian Dyer, 5—A. G. Gordon, 1—Esther M. Walker, 5—B. Browning, 1—"Get," 6—F. Hosford, 1—Howard Rushton, 4—Evelyn G. Patch, 4—Sadie Rust and Olive Brush, 8—B. S. Jones, 1—Ruth MacNaughton, 4—M. A. Shaw, 1—Wm. G. Rice, Jr., 3—Margaret Wilby, 8—L. Ring, 1—M. Copland, 1—M. P. Hastings, 1—M. L. Steel, 1—M. Dockstader, 1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My primals spell a famous colonial settlement, and my finals spell what its first settlers were to the Indians.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Precious treasures. 2. Agreement. 3. A parent. 4. A puzzle. 5. A Chinese boat. 6. A crowd. 7. A wise sentence or decision of great authority. 8. A victor. 9. Those who care for young children.

RUTH BARTLETT (age 9).

DIAGONAL.

ALL the words contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell the surname of a popular writer.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To bestow. 2. A large city of the United States. 3. Weapons of war. 4. A spice. 5. A small table or flat surface. 6. To coincide.

EATON EDWARDS (League Member).

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

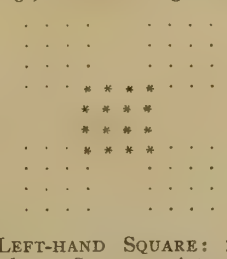
WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of an honored President.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. An animal valued for its fur. 2. Idle talk. 3. A red crystal often used in jewelry. 4. To commend. 5. To act. 6. A musical term meaning "slow." 7. To mourn. 8. A strip of lowland between hills. 9. A structure erected over a river. 10. A slow, graceful dance. 11. A physician. 12. A breastpin. 13. A young hen. 14. Roams.

GRACE HAWTHORNE BLISS.

CONNECTED SQUARES.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition).



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A luminous body. 2. Sound. 3. Soon. 4. A tear.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A large quadruped. 2. Comfort. 3. Requests. 4. Repose.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Row. 2. Notion. 3. Snake-like fishes. 4. A coarse file.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Alarm. 2. A margin. 3. A chill. 4. A pastoral pipe.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Distress. 2. The agave. 3. A jot. 4. Tidy.

DOUGLAS TROWBRIDGE.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

When the above objects have been rightly named and written one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the name of a pretty blossom.

JAMES W. COX, JR. (League Member).

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

1 4
. * . . * .
. . * * . .
. . * * . .
. * . . * .
3 2

Cross-words: 1. To express sorrow. 2. To place. 3. A familiar expression. 4. To go beyond. 5. Moderately. 6. Yearly.

From 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4 each spell the surname of a New England writer.

MARY E. DUNBAR (League Member).

A NOVEL ZIGZAG.

The words described are of unequal length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, take the first letter of the first word, the last letter of the second word, the first letter of the third word, etc. This zigzag will spell the name of a great poet. A second similar zigzag, beginning with the last letter of the first word, will spell the name of one of his poems.

Cross-words: 1. To perform. 2. Part of the foot. 3. Destiny. 4. Stratum. 5. To reverberate. 6. Sunburned. 7. A pronoun. 8. Rock. 9. A number. 10. Foreign. 11. A pleasure-boat. 12. The act of going out. 13. A command. 14. To faint.

WILLIAM STIX WEISS (League Member).

WORD-SQUARE.

1. To fetter. 2. A thought. 3. Close at hand. 4. To venture.

GEOFFREY GILBERT (League Member).

NOVEL DIAGONALS.

1 . . . . . 3 . . . . . .
. * . . . . * * . . . . .
. . * . . . * . * . . . .
. . . * . . * . . * . . .
. . . . * . * . . . * . .
. . . . . * * . . . . * .
. . . . . 2 4

From 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4, a celebrated novelist; from 3 to 2, arrays.

Cross-words (left-hand side): 1. Deceived. 2. Not so long. 3. To surprise suddenly. 4. A feminine stage-player. 5. Shrubs that the ancients considered sacred to Venus. 6. An umpire. 7. One of the titles of the late Queen Victoria.

Cross-words (right-hand side): 1. One whose thoughts often wander. 2. Having the faculty or power of laughing. 3. To cover with a hard case. 4. Becomes ill. 5. A substance which will dissolve another. 6. To charm by sorcery. 7. Certain near relations.

FLORENCE HOYTE (League Member).

PI.

Het kys si a esa fo rasphipe
Pladped hwit plurep dan glod;
Twihe thase romf het thare fo gusuta
Vore eht dlan era doller;
Thewi teash form eht trahe fo tugsua
Tino eht slilie flod.

TREE AND ZIGZAG PUZZLE.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1 3 17 15
. . 5 19 . .
. . . 7 21 . . .
. . . . 9 23 . . . .
. . . . . 11 25 . . . . .
. . . . . 13 27 . . . . . .
2 4 6 8 10 12 14 . . 28 26 24 22 20 18 16
. .
. .
. .
. .
. .
29 30
. . . . . * * . . . . .

From 1 to 2, an elegiac poem commemorating the death of Keats; from 3 to 4, sea robbers; from 5 to 6, a certain opera; from 7 to 8, flowers which bloom in the early summer; from 9 to 10, a famous city; from 11 to 12, an affirmative; 13 and 14, thus.

From 15 to 16, a bird which always brings to mind a famous poem; from 17 to 18, the same as from 1 to 2; from 19 to 20, an annual church festival; from 21 to 22, a famous English poet; from 23 to 24, one of his dramatic poems; from 25 to 26, a lyric poem; 27 and 28, a verb.

The zigzag (3-19-7-23 and so on down to 29) will spell the name of a poet born in August, 1792. The zigzag (17-5-21-9 and so on down to 30) will spell the name of a French composer born in August, 1811. He composed the opera named from 5 to 6.

The lowest line will spell the Latin epitaph written by Leigh Hunt for the poet named in the zigzag.

AMELIA S. FERGUSON.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

AT THE SPINET.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

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BREWSTER'S DÉBUT.

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR.

I.

THE gong clanged, the last man sprang aboard, and the car trundled away to the accompaniment of a final lusty cheer from the crowd which still lingered in front of the hotel. Then a corner was turned, and the last long-drawn "*Er-r-rskine!*" was cut short by intercepting walls. The throngs were streaming out to the field where, on the smooth green diamond, the rival nines of Robinson and Erskine were to meet in the deciding game of the season. For a while the car with its dozen or so passengers followed the crowds, but presently it swung eastward toward the railroad, and then made its way through a portion of Collegetown which, to one passenger at least, looked far from attractive.

Ned Brewster shared one of the last seats with a big leather bat-bag, and gave himself over to his thoughts. The mere fact of his presence there in the special trolley car as a substitute on the Erskine varsity nine was alone wonderful enough to keep his thoughts busy for a week. Even yet he had not altogether recovered from his surprise.

Ned had played the season through at center field on the freshman nine, and had made a

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name for himself as a batsman. On Thursday the freshman team had played its last game, had met with defeat, and had disbanded. Ned, trotting off the field, his heart bitter with disappointment at the outcome of the final contest, had heard his name called, and had turned to confront "Big Jim" Milford, the varsity captain.

"I wish you would report at the varsity table to-night, Brewster," Milford had said. Then he had turned abruptly away, perhaps to avoid smiling outright at the expression of bewilderment on the freshman's countenance. Ned never was certain whether he had made any verbal response; but he remembered the way in which his heart had leaped into his throat and stuck there, as well as the narrow escape he had had from dashing his brains out against the locker-house, owing to the fact that he had covered most of the way thither at top speed. That had been on Thursday; to-day, which was Saturday, he was a substitute on the varsity, with a possibility — just that and no more — of playing for a minute or two against Robinson and so winning his E in his freshman year, a feat accomplished but seldom!

Ned had been the only member of the freshman nine taken on the varsity that spring. At first this had bothered him; there were two or three others — notably Barrett, the freshman captain — who were, in his estimation, more deserving of the good fortune than he. But, strange to say, it had been just those two or three who had shown themselves honestly glad at his luck, while the poorest player on the nine had loudly hinted at favoritism. Since Thursday night Ned had, of course, made the acquaintance of all the varsity men, and they had treated him as one of themselves. But they were all, with the single exception of Stilson, seniors and juniors, and Ned knew that a freshman is still a freshman, even if he does happen to be a varsity substitute. Hence he avoided all appearance of trying to force himself upon the others, and so it was that on his journey to the grounds he had only a bat-bag for companion.

The closely settled part of town was left behind now, and the car was speeding over a smooth, elm-lined avenue. Windows held the brown banners of Robinson, but not often did a dash of purple meet the gaze of the Erskine players. At the farther end of the car McLimmont and Housel and Lester were gathered about "Baldy" Simson, the trainer, and their laughter arose above the talk and whistling of the rest. Nearer at hand, across the aisle, sat "Lady" Levett, the big first-baseman. Ned wondered why he was called "Lady." There was nothing ladylike apparent about him. He was fully six feet one, broad of shoulder, mighty of chest, deep of voice, and dark of complexion — a jovial, bellowing giant whom everybody liked. Beside Levett sat Page, the head coach, and Hovey, the manager. Then there were Greene and Captain Milford beyond, and across from them Hill and Kesner, both substitutes. In the seat in front of Ned two big chaps were talking together. They were Billings and Stilson, the latter a sophomore.

"I 'll tell you what I 'll do," Billings was saying. "If we lose I 'll buy you a dinner at the Elm Tree Monday night; if we win you do the same for me."

"Oh, I don't bet!"

"Get out! That 's fair, is n't it, Brownie?"

A little round-faced chap across the aisle nodded laughingly. His name was Browne and he played short-stop. He wrote his name with an *e*, and so his friends gave him the full benefit of it.

"Yes, that 's fair," said Browne. "We 're bound to lose."

"Oh, what are you afraid of?" said Stilson.

"No; that 's straight! We have n't much show; we can't hit Dithman."

"*You* can't, maybe," jeered Stilson.

"I 'll bet you can't either, my chipper young friend!"

"I 'll bet I get a hit off him!"

"Oh, *one!*"

"Well, two, then. Come, now!"

"No; I won't bet," answered Browne, grinning. "If there 's a prize ahead, there 's no telling what you 'll do; is there, Pete?"

"No; he might even make a run," responded Billings. "But it 's going to take more than two hits to win this game," he went on, dropping his voice, "for I 'll just tell you they 're going to pound Hugh all over the field."

"Well, what if they do get a dozen runs or so?" said Stilson. "Have n't we got a mighty batter, imported especially for the occasion, to win out for us?"

"Whom do you mean?" asked Billings.

"I mean the redoubtable Mr. Brewster, of course,— the freshman Joan of Arc who is to lead us to vict—"

"Not so loud," whispered Browne, glancing at Ned's crimsoning cheeks.

Stilson swung around and shot a look at the substitute, then turned back grinning.

"Cleared off nicely, has n't it?" he observed with elaborate nonchalance.

Ned said to himself, "He 's got it in for me because he knows that if I play it will be in his place."

The car slowed down with much clanging of gong, and pushed its way through the crowd before the entrance to the field. Then, with a final jerk, it came to a stop. "All out, fellows!" cried Hovey; and Ned followed the others through the throng, noisy with the shouts of ticket and score-card venders, to the gate and dressing-room.

II.

Ned sat on the bench. With him were Hovey, the manager, who was keeping score, Hill and Kesner, substitutes like himself, and, at the farther end, Simson, the trainer, and Page, the head coach. Page had pulled his straw hat far over his eyes, but from under the brim he was watching sharply every incident of the diamond, the while he talked with expressionless countenance to "Baldy." Back of them the grand stand was purple with flags and ribbons, but at a little distance on either side the purple gave place to the brown of Robinson. Back of third base, at the west end of the stand, the Robinson College band held forth brazenly at intervals, making up in vigor what it lacked in tunefulness. In front of the spectators the diamond spread deeply green, save where the base-lines left the dusty red-brown earth exposed, and marked with lines and angles of lime, which gleamed snow-white in the afternoon sunlight. Beyond the diamond the field stretched, as smooth and even as a great velvet carpet, to a distant fence and a line of trees above whose tops a turret or tower here and there indicated the whereabouts of town and college.

Ned had sat there on the bench during six innings, the sun burning his neck and the dust from the batsman's box floating into his face. In those six innings he had seen Erskine struggle pluckily against defeat — a defeat which now, with the score 12–6 in Robinson's favor, hovered, dark and ominous, above her. Yet he had not lost hope; perhaps his optimism was largely due to the fact that he found it difficult to believe that Fate could be so cruel as to make the occasion of his first appearance with the varsity team one of sorrow. He was only seventeen, and his idea of Fate was a kind-hearted, motherly old soul with a watchful interest in his welfare. Yet he was forced to acknowledge that Fate, or somebody, was treating him rather shabbily. The first half of the seventh was as good as over, and still he kicked his heels idly beneath the bench. Page did n't seem to be even aware of his presence. To be sure, there were Hill and Kesner in the same box, but that did n't bring much comfort. Besides, any one with half an eye could see that Stilson should have been taken off long ago; he had n't made a single hit and already had three errors marked against him. Ned wondered how his name would look in the column instead of Stilson's, and edged along the bench until he could look over Hovey's shoulder. The manager glanced up, smiled in a perfunctory way, and credited the Robinson runner with a stolen base. Ned read the batting list again:

Billings, r. f.
Greene, l. f.
Milford, 2b., Capt.
Lester, p.
Browne, ss.
Housel, c.
McLimmont, 3b.
Levett, 1b.
Stilson, c. f.

There was a sudden burst of applause from the seats behind, and a red-faced senior with a wilted collar balanced himself upon the railing and begged for "one more good one, fellows!" The first of the seventh was at an end, and the

Erskine players, perspiring and streaked with dust, trotted in. "Lady" Levett sank down on the bench beside Ned with a sigh, and fell to examining the little finger of his left hand, which looked very red and which refused to work in unison with its companions.

"Hurt?" asked Ned.

"'MY BALL!' HE SHOUTED."

"Blame thing 's bust, I guess," said "Lady," disgustedly. "Oh, Baldy, got some tape there?"

The trainer, wearing the anxious air of a hen with one chicken, bustled up with his black bag, and Ned watched the bandaging of the damaged finger until the sudden calling of his name by the head coach sent his heart into his throat and brought him leaping to his feet with visions of hopes fulfilled. But his heart subsided again in the instant, for what Page said was merely:

"Brewster, you go over there and catch for Greene, will you?" And then, turning again to the bench, "Kesner, you play left field next half."

Ned picked up a catcher's mitt, and for the rest of the half caught the balls that the substitute pitcher sent him as he warmed up to take Lester's place. Greene did n't keep him so busy, however, that he could n't watch the game. Milford had hit safely to right field and had reached second on a slow bunt by Lester. The wavers of the purple flags implored little Browne to "smash it out!" But the short-stop never found the ball, and Housel took his place and lifted the sphere just over second-baseman's head into the out field. The bases were full. The red-faced senior was working his arms heroically and begging in husky tones for more noise. And when, a minute later, McLimmont took up his bat and faced the Robinson pitcher, the supporters of the purple went mad up there on the sun-smitten stand and drowned the discordant efforts of the Robinson band.

McLimmont rubbed his hands in the dust, rubbed the dust off on his trousers, and swung his bat. Dithman, who had puzzled Erskine batters all day and had pitched a magnificent game for six innings, shook himself together. McLimmont waited. No, thank you, he did n't care for that out-shoot; nor for that drop; nor for — What? A strike, did he say? Well, perhaps it did go somewhere near the plate, though to see it coming you 'd have thought it was going to be a passed ball! One and two, was n't it? Thanks; there was no hurry then, so he 'd just let that in-curve alone, wait until something worth while came along, and — *Eh!* what was that? Strike two! Well, well, well, of all the umpires this fellow must be a be-

ginner! Never mind that, though. But he 'd have to look sharp now or else —

Crack!

Off sped the ball, and off sped McLimmont. The former went over first-baseman's head; the latter swung around the bag like an automobile taking a corner, and raced for second, reaching it on his stomach a second before the ball. There was rejoicing where the purple flags fluttered, for Captain Milford and Lester had scored.

But Erskine's good fortune ended there. McLimmont was thrown out while trying to steal third, and Levett popped a short fly into the hands of the pitcher. Greene trotted off to the box, and Ned walked dejectedly back to the bench. Page stared at him in surprise. Then, "Did n't I tell you to play center field?" he ejaculated.

Ned's heart turned a somersault and landed in his throat. He stared dumbly back at the head coach and shook his head. As he did so he became aware of Stilson's presence on the bench.

"What? Well, get a move on!" said Page.

Get a move on! Ned went out to center as though he had knocked a three-bagger and wanted to get home on it. Little Browne grinned at him as he sped by.

"Good work, Brewster!" he called softly.

Over at left, Kesner, happy over his own good fortune, waved congratulations. In the Erskine section the desultory hand-clapping which had accompanied Ned's departure for center field died away, and the eighth inning began with the score 12 – 8.

III.

From center field the grand stands are very far away. Ned was glad of it. He felt particularly happy and wanted to have a good comfortable grin all to himself. He had won his E. Nothing else mattered very much now. So grin he did to his heart's content, and even jumped up and down on his toes a few times; he would have liked to sing or whistle, but that was out of the question. And then suddenly he began to wonder whether he had not, after all, secured the coveted symbol under false pretense; would he be able to do any better than Stilson had done? Robinson's clever pitcher had fooled man after man; was it likely that he would succeed where the best batsmen of the varsity nine had virtually failed? Or, worse, supposing he showed up no better here in the out-field than had Stilson! The sun was low in the west and the atmosphere was filled with a golden haze; it seemed to him that it might be very easy to misjudge a ball in that queer glow. Of a sudden his heart began to hammer at his ribs sickeningly. He was afraid — afraid that he would fail, when the trial came, there with the whole college looking on! Little shivers ran up his back, and he clenched his hands till they hurt. He wished, oh, how he wished it was over! Then there came the sharp sound of bat against ball, and in an instant he was racing in toward second, his thoughts intent upon the brown speck that sailed high in air, his fears all forgotten.

Back sped second-baseman, and on went Ned. "My ball!" he shouted. Milford hesitated an instant, then gave up the attempt. "All yours, Brewster!" he shouted back. "Steady!" Ned finished his run and glanced up, stepped a little to the left, put up his hands, and felt the ball thud against his glove. Then he fielded it to second and trotted back; and as he went he heard the applause, loud and hearty, from the stands. After that there was no more fear. Robinson failed to get a man past first, and presently he was trotting in to the bench side by side with Kesner.

"Brewster at bat!" called Hovey, and, with a sudden throb at his heart, Ned selected a stick and went to the plate. He stood there swinging his bat easily, confidently, as one who is not to be fooled by the ordinary wiles of the pitcher, a well-built, curly-haired youngster with blue eyes, and cheeks in which the red showed through the liberal coating of tan.

"The best batter the freshmen had," fellows whispered one to another.

"Looks as though he knew how, too, eh? Just you watch him, now!"

And the red-faced senior once more demanded three long Erskines, three times three, and three long Erskines for Brewster! And Ned heard them,— he could n't very well have helped it! — and felt very grateful and proud.

And five minutes later he was back on the bench, frowning miserably at his knuckles, having been struck out without the least difficulty by the long-legged Dithman. The pride was all gone. "But," he repeated silently, "wait until next time! Just wait until next time!"

Billings found the Robinson pitcher for a two-bagger, stole third, and came home on a hit by Greene. Erskine's spirits rose another notch. Three more runs to tie the score in this inning, and then — why, it would be strange indeed if the purple could n't win out! Captain Milford went to bat in a veritable tempest of cheers. He looked determined; but so did his adversary, the redoubtable Dithman.

"We 've got to tie it this inning," said Levett anxiously. "We 'll never do it next, when the tail-enders come up."

"There 's one tail-ender who 's going to hit that chap in the box next time," answered Ned.

"Lady" looked amused.

"You 'll be in luck if it comes around to you," he said. "We all will. Oh, thunder! Another strike!"

A moment later they were on their feet, and the ball was arching into left field; and "Big Jim" was plowing his way around first. But the eighth inning ended right there, for the ball plumped into left-fielder's hands. "Lady" groaned, picked up his big mitt, and ambled to first, and the ninth inning began with the score 12 to 9.

Greene was determined that Robinson should not increase her tally, even to the extent of making it a baker's dozen. And he pitched wonderful ball, striking out the first two batsmen, allowing the next to make first on a hit past short-stop, and then bringing the half to an end by sending three glorious balls over the corner of the plate one after another, amid the frantic cheers of the Erskine contingent and the dismay of the puzzled batsman. Then the rival nines changed places for the last time, and Robinson set grimly and determinedly about the task of keeping Erskine's players from crossing the plate again.

And Milford, leaning above Hovey's shoulder, viewed the list of batting candidates and ruefully concluded that she would not have much trouble doing it.

The stands were emptying and the spectators were ranging themselves along the base-lines. The Robinson band had broken out afresh, and the Robinson cheerers were confident. The sun was low in the west, and the shadows of the stands stretched far across the diamond. Kesner, who had taken Lester's place in the batting list, stepped to the plate and faced Dithman, and the final struggle was on.

Dithman looked as calmly confident as at any time during the game, and yet, after pitching eight innings of excellent ball, it scarcely seemed likely that he could still command perfect form. Kesner proved a foeman worthy of his steel; the most seductive drops and shoots failed to entice him, and with three balls against him Dithman was forced to put the ball over the plate. The second time he did it, Kesner found it and went to first on a clean hit into the out-field past third, and the purple banners flaunted exultantly. Milford's face took on an expression of hopefulness as he dashed to first and whispered his instructions in Kesner's ear. Then he retired to the coaches' box and put every effort into getting the runner down to second. But Fate came to his assistance and saved him some breath. Dithman lost command of the dirty brown sphere for one little moment, and it went wild, striking Greene on the thigh. And when he limped to first Kesner went on to second, and there were two on bases, and Erskine was mad with joy. Milford and Billings were coaching from opposite corners, Milford's bellowing being plainly heard a quarter of a mile away; he had a good, hearty voice, and for the first time that day it bothered the Robinson pitcher. For Housel, waiting for a chance to make a bunt, was kept busy getting out of the way of the balls, and after four of them was given his base.

Erskine's delight was now of the sort best expressed by turning somersaults. As somersaults were out of the question owing to the density of the throng, her supporters were forced to content themselves with jumping up and down and shouting the last breaths from their bodies. Bases full and none out! Three runs would tie the score! Four runs would win! And they 'd get them, of course; there was no doubt about that — at least, not until McLim-

mont had struck out and had turned back to the bench with miserable face. Then it was Robinson's turn to cheer. Erskine looked doubtful for a moment, then began her husky shouting again; after all, there was only one out. But Dithman, rather pale of face, had himself in hand once more. To the knowing ones, Levett, who followed McLimmont, was already as good as out; the way in which he stood, the manner in which he "went down" for the balls, proved him nervous and over-anxious. With two strikes and three balls called on him, he swung at a wretched out-shoot. A low groan ran along the bench. Levett himself did n't groan; he placed his bat carefully on the ground, kicked it ten yards away, and said "Confound the luck!" very forcibly.

"NED TROTTED OVER THE PLATE INTO THE ARMS OF 'BIG JIM' MILFORD." (SEE PAGE 970.)

"You 're up, Brewster," called Hovey.

"Two gone! Last man, fellows!" shouted the Robinson catcher, as Ned tapped the plate.

"Last man!" echoed the second-baseman. "He 's easy!"

"Make him pitch 'em, Brewster!" called Milford. The rest was drowned in the sudden surge of cheers from the Robinson side. Ned faced the pitcher with an uncomfortable empty feeling inside of him. He meant to hit that ball, but he greatly feared he would n't; he scarcely dared think what a hit meant. For a moment he wished himself well out of it — wished that he was back on the bench and that another had his place and his chance to win or lose the game. Then the first delivery sped toward him, and much of his nervousness vanished.

"Ball!" droned the umpire.

Milford and Levett were coaching again; it was hard to say whose voice was the loudest. Down at first Housel was dancing back and

forth on his toes, and back of him Milford, kneeling on the turf, was roaring: "Two gone, Jack, remember. Run on anything! Look out for a passed ball! Now you 're off! Hi, hi, hi! *Look out!* He won't throw! Take a lead — go on! Watch his arm; go down with his arm! Now you 're off! *Now, now, now!*"

But if this was meant to rattle the pitcher it failed of its effect. Dithman swung his arm out, danced forward on his left foot, and shot the ball away.

"Strike!" said the umpire.

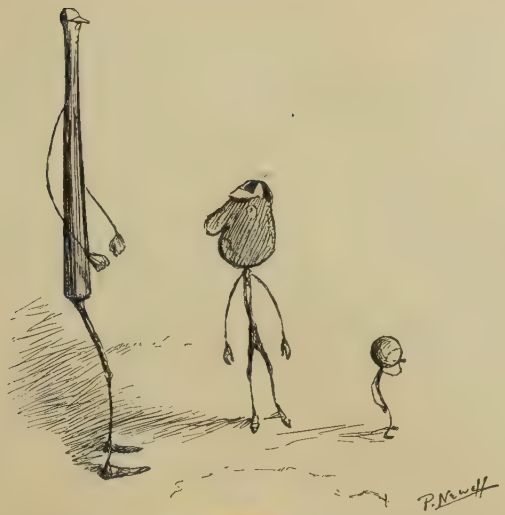
Ned wondered why he had let that ball go by; he had been sure that it was going to cut the plate, and yet he had stood by undecided until it was too late. Well! He gripped his bat a little tighter, shifted his feet a few inches, and waited again. Dithman's expression of calm unconcern aroused his ire; just let him get one whack at that ball and he would show that long-legged pitcher something to surprise him! A palpable in-shoot followed, and Ned staggered out of its way. Then came what was so undoubtedly a ball that Ned merely smiled at it. Unfortunately at the last instant it dropped down below his shoulder, and he waited anxiously for the verdict.

"Strike two!" called the umpire.

Two and two! Ned's heart sank. He shot a glance toward first. Milford was staring over at him imploringly. Ned gave a gasp and set his jaws together firmly. The pitcher had the ball again, and was signaling to the catcher. Then out shot his arm, the little one-legged hop followed, and the ball sped toward the boy at the plate. And his heart gave a leap, for the delivery was a straight ball, swift, to be sure, but straight and true for the plate. Ned took one step forward, and ball and bat met with a sound like a pistol-shot, and a pair of purple-stockinged legs were flashing toward first.

Up, up against the gray-blue sky went the sphere, and then it seemed to hang for a moment there, neither rising nor falling. And all the time the bases were emptying themselves. Kesner was in ere the ball was well away, Greene was close behind him, and now Housel, slower because of his size, was swinging by third; and from second sped a smaller, lithe figure with down-bent head and legs fairly flying. Coaches were shouting wild, useless words, and none but themselves heard them; for four thousand voices were shrieking frenziedly, and four thousand pairs of eyes were either watching the flight of the far-off ball, or were fixed anxiously upon the figure of left-fielder, who, away up near the fence and the row of trees, was running desperately back.

Ned reached second, and, for the first time since he had started around, looked for the ball. And, as he did so, afar off across the turf a figure stooped and picked something from the ground and threw it to center-fielder. And center-fielder threw it to third-baseman. And meanwhile Ned trotted over the plate into the arms of "Big Jim" Milford, and Hovey made four big black tallies in the score-book. Three minutes later and it was all over, Billings flying out to center field, and the final score stood 13–12. Erskine owned the field, and Ned, swaying and slipping dizzily about on the shoulders of three temporary lunatics, looked down upon a surging sea of shouting, distorted faces, and tried his hardest to appear unconcerned — and was secretly very, very happy. He had his E; best of all, he had honestly earned it.



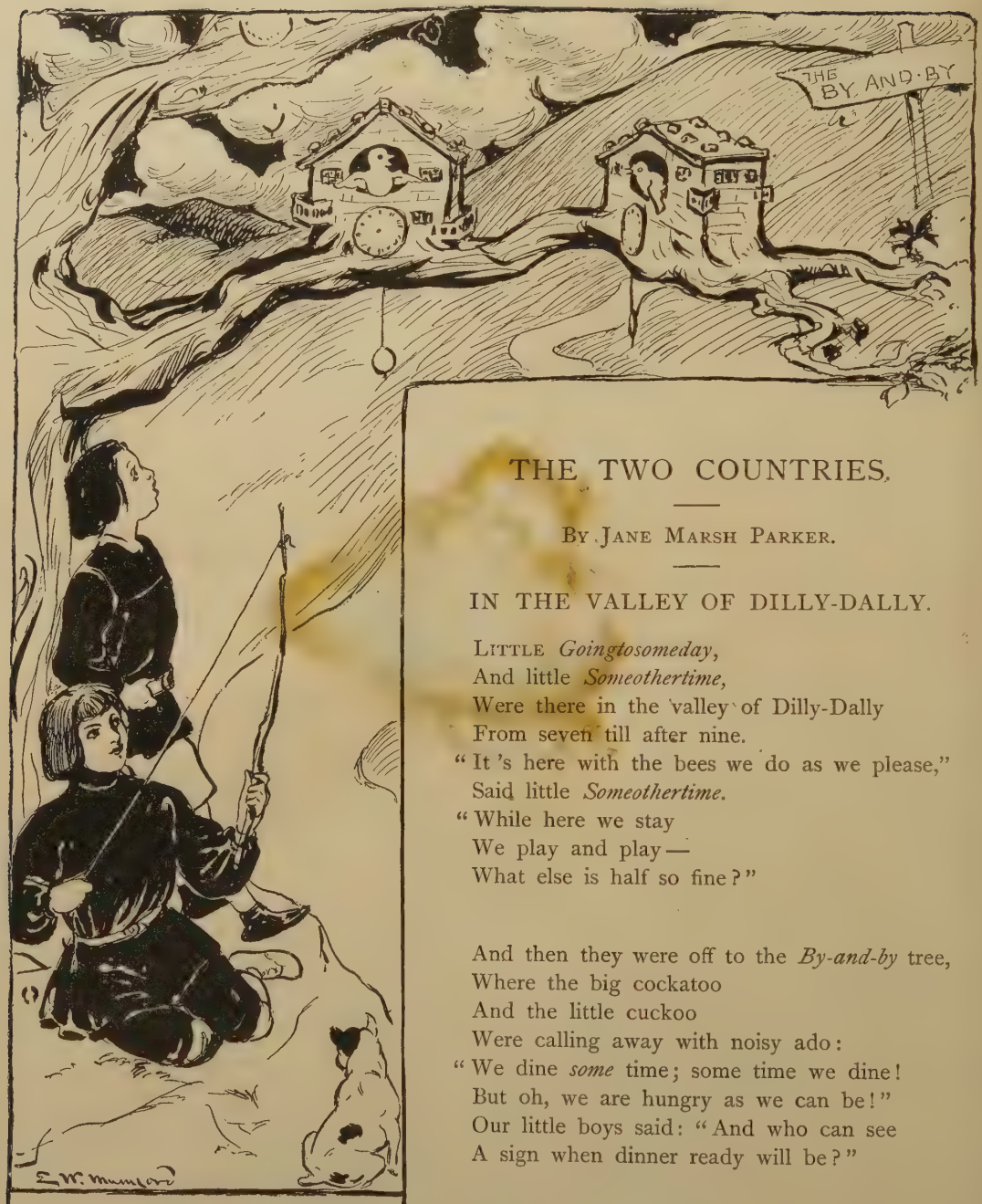
CATCHER'S MITT, TO THE BAT: "YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF, STRIKING A LITTLE FELLOW LIKE THAT."

IGNORANT SUSIE.

By G. G. Wiederseim.

This is little Susie
Riding into town,
Reading her A B C's
Upside down.

This is little Tommy
Sitting 'cross the way,
Laughing at her ignorance,
As well he may.



"Our clocks never strike;
They drawl but one chime:
'Some other day!
Some other time!'"

THE TWO COUNTRIES.

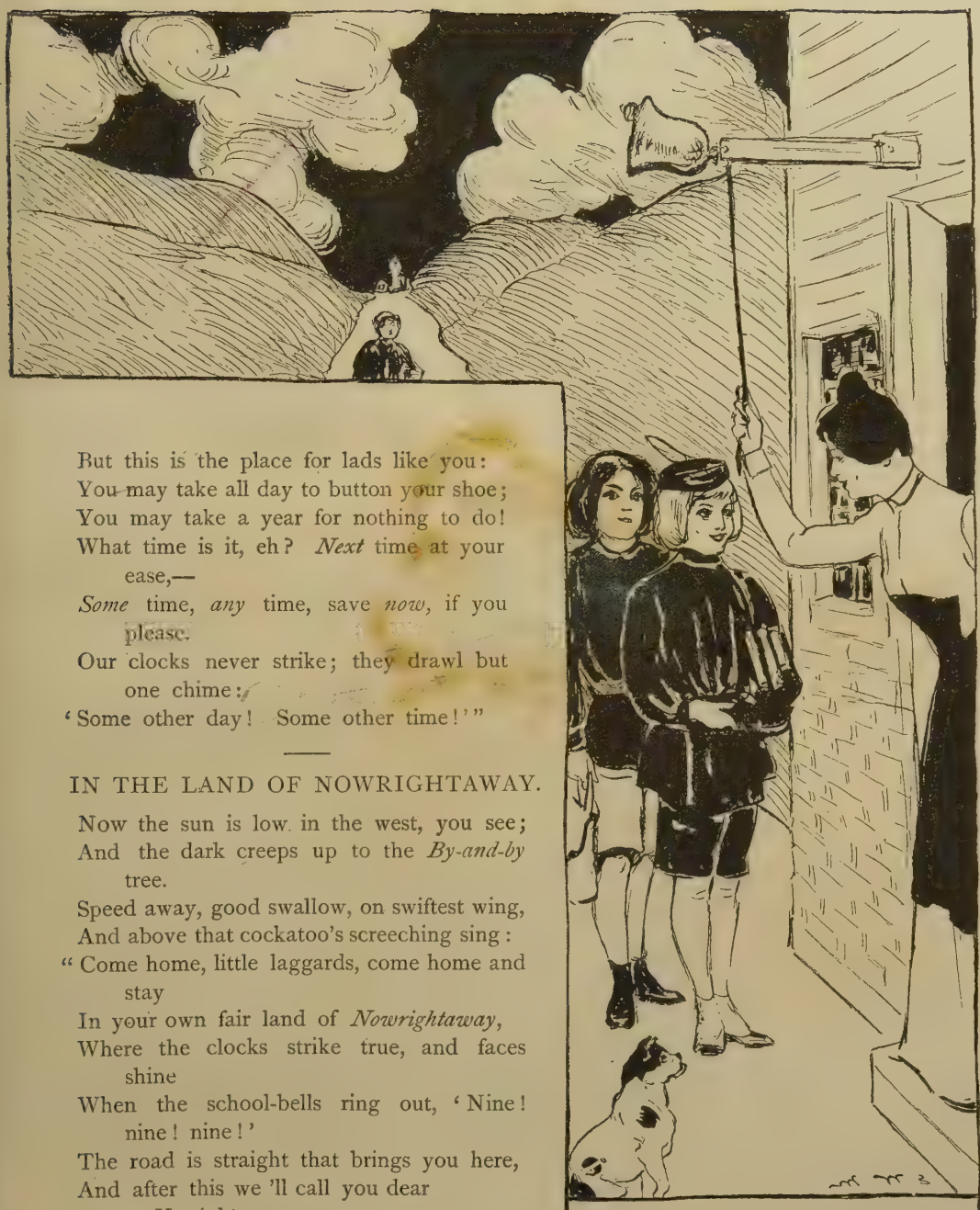
By Jane Marsh Parker.

IN THE VALLEY OF DILLY-DALLY.

Little *Goingtosomeday*,
And little *Someothertime*,
Were there in the valley of Dilly-Dally
From seven till after nine.
"It 's here with the bees we do as we please,"
Said little *Someothertime*.
"While here we stay
We play and play —
What else is half so fine?"

And then they were off to the *By-and-by* tree,
Where the big cockatoo
And the little cuckoo
Were calling away with noisy ado:
"We dine *some* time; some time we dine!
But oh, we are hungry as we can be!"
Our little boys said: "And who can see
A sign when dinner ready will be?"

Then the cockatoo winked at the little cuckoo:
"*Some* time, *some* time we 'll wait on you.
This, boys, is the land of *We'regoingto*;
It 's a long ways off from *Nowrightaway*,
Where even the cooks are on time, they say.



But this is the place for lads like you:
You may take all day to button your shoe;
You may take a year for nothing to do!
What time is it, eh? *Next* time at your ease,—
Some time, *any* time, save *now*, if you please.
Our clocks never strike; they drawl but one chime:
'Some other day! Some other time!'"

IN THE LAND OF NOWRIGHTAWAY.

Now the sun is low in the west, you see;
And the dark creeps up to the *By-and-by* tree.
Speed away, good swallow, on swiftest wing,
And above that cockatoo's screeching sing:
"Come home, little laggards, come home and stay
In your own fair land of *Nowrightaway*,
Where the clocks strike true, and faces shine
When the school-bells ring out, 'Nine! nine! nine!'
The road is straight that brings you here,
And after this we 'll call you dear
Yesrightaway,
Dear *Justontime*,
And forget the day you ran away
To the dreary valley of Dilly-Dally,—
Poor little *Goingtosomeday*,
And little *Someothertime!*"

"The clocks strike true,
And faces shine
When the school-bells ring out,
'Nine! nine! nine!'"

THE HOME OF "BUFF" AND "BOUNCER."

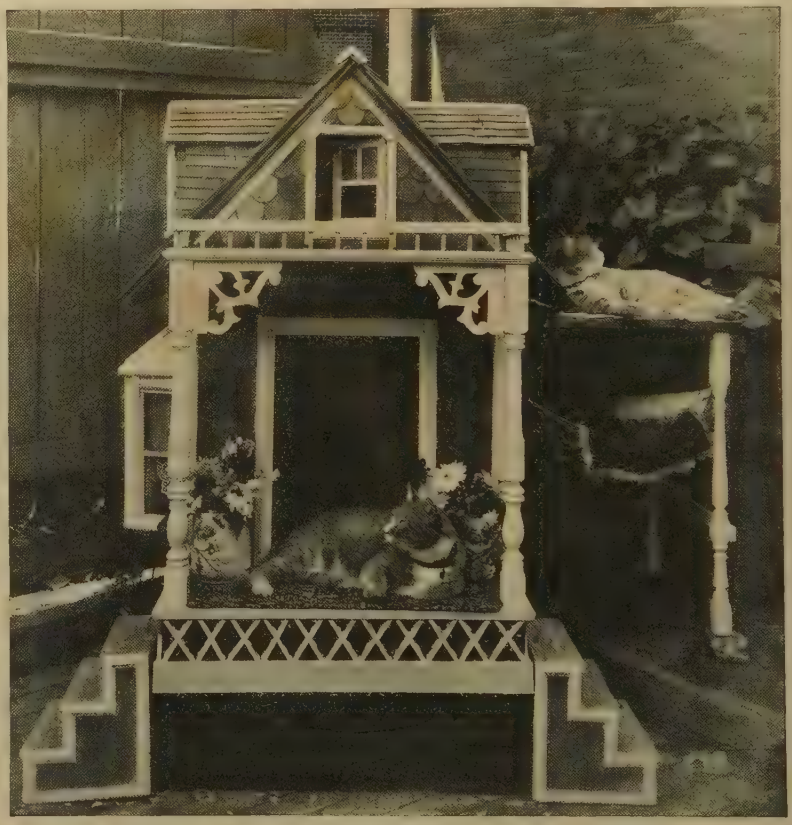
By Annie Willis McCullough.

The quaint old city of Boston has many interesting sights, but a spectacle that would astonish boys and girls as much as anything is a glimpse at the home of "Buff" and "Bouncer."

Now, Buff and Bouncer are cats, not of fine breed, like the Maltese, nor especially beautiful, like the Angoras. They are just common, every-day cats. Bouncer is a tortoise-shell with a white triangle on his nose, and Buff — I dislike to tell it, but he is nothing in the world but an ordinary yellow cat. Somehow, yellow cats and dogs are counted among the offscourings of their kind, but Buff — well, I have changed my opinion of yellow cats since meeting him!

These Boston cats live — that is, their master and mistress live — in a brick house on a street in Boston near a railroad. But Buff and Bouncer have a house all their own. It stands in the little square homely city yard, which extends out to the tracks.

You will understand that what with noise, soot, cinders, and cramped quarters, these city cats need some compensation for that lack of freedom which their country brothers enjoy. Their mistress is so fond of them and so afraid of losing them that they are even deprived of the city cat's chief pleasure, back-fence promenades, by reason of a wire netting stretched flat along the top of the fence, so that they cannot climb up. As consolation for these privations, the mistress of Buff and Bouncer has built them a house that no carpenter need be ashamed of. She began it as a sort of shelter for her pets when they wanted to be in the yard in bad weather. But once her fingers and her hammer got started, the rough kennel grew and grew. It reached up until it became four feet two inches high, and spread to two and a half feet wide. It took on some fancy shingles and a cunning gable window. The work then became so fascinating to the builder that she just could not help adding a piazza and then a bay-window. She is a very small woman, so she devised a way to get inside in



WHERE "BUFF" AND "BOUNCER" LIKE TO LIE AND SUN THEMSELVES.

order to fasten in windows, to tack up curtains, and to complete various other arrangements for the comfort of her cats. Nearly the whole side of the house is swung on hinges, so it can be pulled out, and as it comes out, like a shelf-table, some long, slender-jointed legs unfold, and lo! a sort of porte-cochère, on the roof of which the cats like to lie and sun themselves, and underneath which their hammock can be hung.

One day, when the cats' mistress was inside the tiny house, sitting on the floor and hard at work, Buff came in, jumped up on a cross-beam high in his house, and stretched his head up as if to look out of the little gable window.

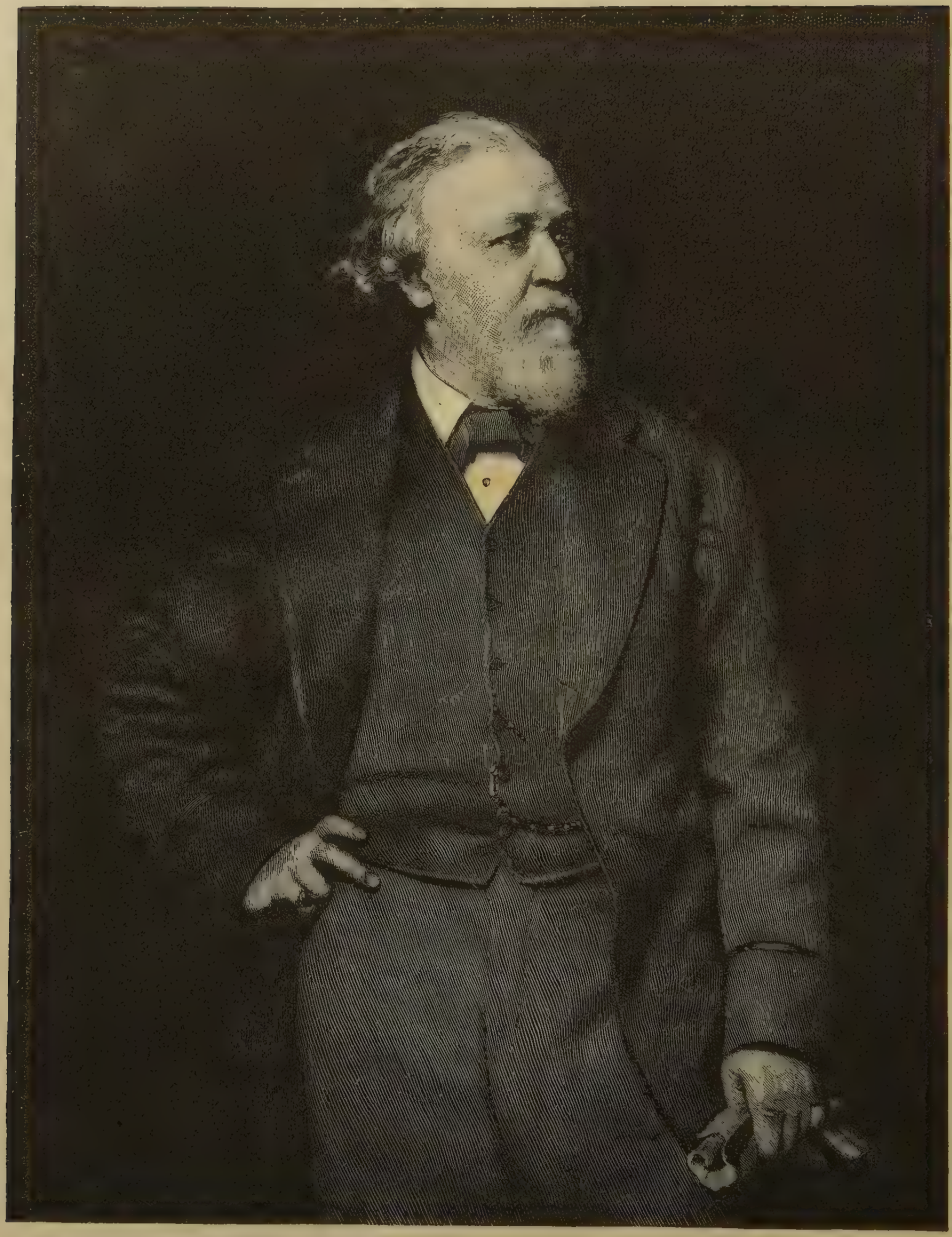
"Well, Buff," said his mistress, "you shall have an upstairs, since you want it so badly." So she put in a sort of floor up there, leaving an opening, of course, with a shelf half-way up, at the back of the first-floor room, to serve as a cat stairway. When Buff and Bouncer go to their second story, they jump up on this shelf-stair, then easily spring through the opening into their attic room. There is a piece of thick carpet for them to lie on, and there they love to stay, dozing or looking lazily out of their little front window.

The little house is further fitted up with a movable flight of steps, which stand sometimes at the front, sometimes at the side of the piazza, but which, you may be sure, Buff and Bouncer do not stop to use. It also has a hammock and a bedstead for each cat. And Buff and Bouncer will lie in the hammock, allow themselves to be tucked up in bed, or ride in their carriage,—a doll-carriage,—and seem to enjoy themselves hugely. They will also sit up in little chairs at a small table and eat, though they much prefer their customary way. One has his dish set on the floor of the piazza, and generally dines there; the other has his dish on the upper balcony or roof of the piazza.

"THEY WILL ALSO SIT UP IN LITTLE CHAIRS AT A SMALL TABLE AND EAT."

They seem to like to lie and sleep in or take a ride in their carriage, though, of course, they have to take turns. And they like to lie in their hammock when their mistress puts them there—that is, they will lie still and pretend to sleep, and have never said they did n't like it, which is a pretty sure sign that it is agreeable to them, don't you think so?

In the winter this home of Buff and Bouncer is closed, and covered with canvas and oil-cloth to keep it from being spoiled by storms and snowdrifts. At that inclement season these wise Boston cats prefer to live in the warm, cozy kitchen of the big house; so you see what aristocrats they are. They not only have a home all their own, but it is their summer home, their resort, to which they go as soon as the spring weather begins, and which is kept open until the fall rains make their abode too damp and chilly for them. Happy Buff and Bouncer, two very lucky cats!



Robert Browning.

FROM THE PAINTING BY RUDOLF LEHMANN.

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT A GREAT POET.

KLYDA RICHARDSON STEEGE.

HERE was once a girl who was very fond of poetry. She pored over all the books of poems she could find, until many a sweet verse and singing rhyme stored themselves in her brain, to be often repeated and lingered over with the keenest enjoyment. As she grew older, her ability to understand and enjoy one poet after another grew with her, and she widened her range of reading until she was fairly familiar with the best poetry in our language, and had her own strong preferences. She could recognize the varied styles of our American poets, and she loved the poems of Whittier and Longfellow and Lowell. Later, the songs of Keats, Byron, Shelley, and Tennyson, and Milton's stately verse, became dear to her, and she could repeat poems of these and other master minds of English literature.

She then began to read Mrs. Browning, and enjoyed her thoroughly, in spite of obscure lines and references to things unknown to her limited experience. She was delighted to see how many of these poems she could understand and enjoy. She never attempted to read Robert Browning at all until she was past being a little girl, and then she regretted that she had waited so long.

Of course no very young person could appreciate or understand properly the larger part of Browning's writings, but, still, he has written many things simple enough to give real pleasure even to young folks. A glimpse into a beautiful country is often worth while, even if one can explore only a very little way into its wonders. It seems to me, then, that you young people might enjoy beginning to read and study the great poems of Browning now, just as you study the musical compositions of Bach and Beethoven, only taking the easiest and simplest of them. By doing this you will, after a while, be able to enjoy the more subtle poems, just as in music you will later appreciate symphonies and concertos that at present are too difficult for you.

Robert Browning is undoubtedly a writer difficult and obscure in perhaps the greater number of his poems. But, for all that, he has sung — sometimes in a complete poem, and more often in single verses or even a line or two — wonderful and beautiful things within the reach of every one, young or old. Some of his poems are even full of humor. Who of you does not know the story of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin"?

But really to appreciate Browning you will have to *study* him, for so much lies behind the mere words of his poems. Some of the most beautiful things in the world are the simplest, and we see their beauty at a glance; but others require time and thought to make us appreciate them. You know that this is true in music, and you will find it so in all reading and study. What we have to work for we generally value the most.

When we try to form an opinion of a man's work, we are interested to know something of the man himself, and how and where he lived. Probably many of you already know about Robert Browning, and have read sketches of his life. He was born at Camberwell, near London, England, in 1812, and was educated at Balliol College at Oxford. He began to write when quite young, and his poetry, so different from that of any other writer, appealed at first to a small but appreciative circle of readers. Fame did not come to him early, for the public did not understand him. But long before he died his place in literature was assured, and at his death the British nation paid him the high honor of giving his body a resting-place in Westminster Abbey.

You know, of course, of his happy marriage to Miss Elizabeth Barrett, a poet like himself, and how they lived in Italy, making their home in the country they both loved. Some day, when

you go to Florence, you will see the house, known as Casa Guidi, where Mrs. Browning died, and over whose door the Italians have placed a beautiful and touching inscription. Then, when you are in Venice, you will ride in your gondola past one of the fine old palaces on the Grand Canal, and on its wall you will see written that it was there that Robert Browning spent the last years of his life, and there he died.

Critics say that a distinguishing feature of Browning's work is what they call his optimism, or desire to be contented with things as they are. He thoroughly believed that good is stronger than evil. This trait makes his poems stimulating, helpful, and encouraging. He is always teaching that there is compensation for sorrow and for suffering patiently borne, and that wrong will one day be conquered by right.

In beginning to read Browning it will be better not to attempt the very long poems or the plays. The shorter, simpler things will be the best for you to try.

I think, however, it is safe to say that your blood will be stirred by the story of Hervé Riel and the way in which it is told. He describes how, when the French fleet at The Hague, in 1692, were so hotly pursued by the English that Admiral Damfreville, finding no pilot brave enough to steer through a dangerous and rocky channel, proposed to beach and burn the ships. Then he said:

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate,—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

Then how he shames every other pilot and sailor!

"Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
. . . . . .
Make the others follow mine,
. . . . . .
And if one ship misbehave,
—Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life,—here 's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

Then read on how

. . . the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
. . . . . .
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as fate,
Up the English come—too late.

But you must finish this for yourselves.

And Browning wrote many poems of this class. Most of you probably know "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," with its hurrying, thrilling verse, and very likely some of you have recited it at school. Perhaps, too, you know the touching "Incident of the French Camp," the story of the little aide who, unmindful of severe wounds, hurried to tell Napoleon of victory. And when at the emperor's words,

"You 're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I 'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

Browning was a man of such wide and deep learning that he was able to choose his subjects from the history and traditions of many times and peoples. His poetry seems to touch almost everything, from early Greek characters or Bible heroes, down to our own day—Persians, Arabs, and Jews, medieval warriors, monks and martyrs, philosophers, and the great masters of painting and music.

A great poet is almost always a close student of nature, and Browning was that. He is constantly telling us of many things which our own eyes and ears have not been sharp enough to discover. As he makes the painter-monk of Florence say,

. . . Art was given for that;
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out.

Which is as true of one form of art as of another, poetry as well as painting.

I have tried to say a little to you first of Browning's poems of heroism, because, if you care for the music of words and the beauty of

ideas, you will be more interested in a story, especially if it is told in a dramatic, original way. But, without doubt, there are among the young folk a number to whom the beauty of rhythm and the melody of poetry appeal, and these might begin their study of Browning in a different fashion. What do you think of such a verse as this, for example?

> Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles
> Miles and miles
> On the solitary pastures where our sheep
> Half-asleep
> Tinkle homeward through the twilight, stray or stop
> As they crop —
> Was the site once of a city great and gay
> (So they say)
> Of our country's very capital, its prince
> Ages since
> Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far
> Peace or war.

This comes from "Love among the Ruins," one of the most musical, most haunting things that Browning ever wrote. You will not, and need not understand it all now, but the swing and the song of it will please you. How often have these verses come into my mind as I have walked through the twilight fields of France or Italy, with a flock of sheep sleepily wandering home near by!

Then there is this, from "Home-thoughts from Abroad":

> And after April, when May follows,
> And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!

Read this poem through, and then when you have finished, look up another poem, not very much longer, called "De Gustibus," which means Concerning Tastes. In this poem Browning goes on to speak, by way of contrast, of his beloved "land of lands," Italy, and to give a vivid picture of

> . . . a seaside house to the farther South,

where

> . . . one sharp tree — 't is a cypress — stands,
> By the many hundred years red-rusted,
> . . . . . .
> My sentinel to guard the sands
> To the water's edge. For, what expands
> Before the house, but the great opaque
> Blue breadth of sea without a break?

When you have lived for a time on the southern Italian shore, as I have, and looked away over the shining sea, you will appreciate this picture. Perhaps you might even, in some moods, come to say, as Browning says:

> Italy, my Italy!
> . . . . . .
> Open my heart, and you will see
> Graved inside of it "Italy."

Browning may be said to have written for scholars, and it is true that much of his work requires a wide general knowledge to help one's proper understanding of it. His subjects and characters are often unfamiliar and out-of-the-way. You will be struck more and more, as your study leads you on, with his familiarity with different sciences and arts.

No poet has written of music more sympathetically or intelligently than he. There are three poems especially on music which some day you will enjoy better than you could at present, and their titles are "A Toccata of Galuppi's," "Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha," and one of his greatest and noblest poems, "Abt Vogler."

He has written very often and very delightfully on painting and sculpture, and the masters in these arts. Turn to these poems when you can. If you never read any other, beautiful though they all are, read at least "Old Pictures in Florence." I have said how helpful and stimulating Browning is. In this poem there are certain verses that are wonderfully cheering and encouraging, and they are worth learning by heart.

They begin:

> So you saw yourself as you wished you were,
> As you might have been, as you cannot be.

Then read on to the lines:

> The Artificer's hand is not arrested
> With us; we are rough-hewn, nowise polished:
> They stand for our copy, and, once invested
> With all they can teach, we shall see them abolished.

Another time, if you want a tonic, remember the lines in "Apparent Failure":

> It 's wiser being good than bad;
> It 's safer being meek than fierce;
> It 's fitter being sane than mad.
> My own hope is, a sun will pierce
> The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
> . . . . . .
> That what began best can't end worst,
> Nor what God blessed once prove accurst.

"THE GUARDIAN ANGEL."

FROM THE PAINTING BY GUERCINO, IN THE CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTINE AT FANO, ITALY.

See what a cheerful thought this is for a morning waking:

> The year 's at the spring
> And day 's at the morn;
> Morning 's at seven;
> The hillside 's dew-pearled;
> The lark 's on the wing;
> The snail 's on the thorn;
> God 's in his heaven —
> All 's right with the world!

This ought to send you along ready for anything.

There is just one more of the many beautiful things which your search will show you, that I would like to mention particularly, though it is not a poem for young people. It is the poem called "Prospice," and I hope you will have an opportunity of hearing it read aloud, after a while, by some one who understands and appreciates Browning.

When you are old enough, you should be sure, whatever else of Browning's you fail to read, not to neglect becoming familiar with these, at least, of his shorter poems: "The Last Ride Together," "By the Fireside," "Two in the Campagna," "Meeting at Night — Parting at Morning," "The Statue and the Bust," "Andrea del Sarto," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "The Italian in England," "Saul," "One Word More," "Evelyn Hope."

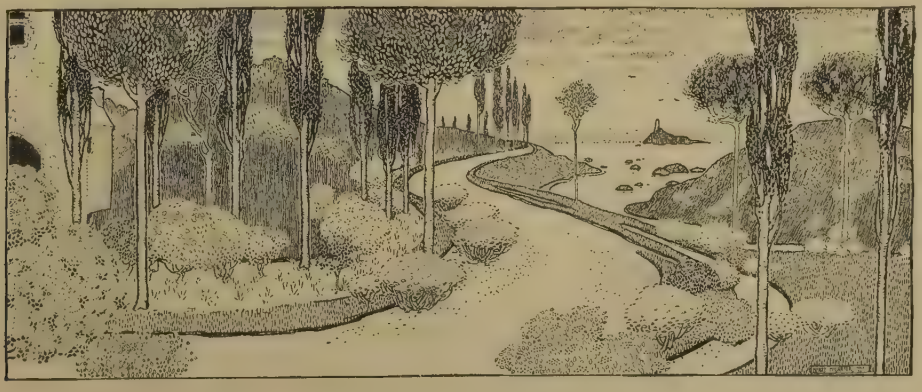
In your study of this great poet you may notice that he was not always careful that his rhythm should be absolutely perfect, and sometimes, when his idea was greatest, his expression of it was rugged and strong, rather than merely beautiful. The singing melody of Swinburne, Tennyson, or Longfellow is not always his; but he has always something worth saying, and says it in a way that we cannot forget. Musical enough he can be if he wishes, but strength is his most decided characteristic.

Now, after talking about the poems of adventure and heroism, those of nature and art, and of Browning's noble trait of encouraging and helping his readers, open your books for just a moment and turn to the sweet, restful, quieting poem of "The Guardian Angel."

Its subject is a picture by an old Italian artist named Guercino, who died more than three hundred years ago. He left the picture over an altar in a church at Fano, a little out-of-the-way place on the Adriatic Sea. You remember the pretty idea of the guardian angel who attends each child and watches over him to keep him from harm and evil. So the speaker in the poem, sitting and looking at the picture in the dim old church, says:

> Dear and great Angel, wouldst thou only leave
> That child, when thou hast done with him, for me!
> Let me sit all the day here, that when eve
> Shall find performed thy special ministry,
> And time come for departure, thou, suspending
> Thy flight, may'st see another child for tending,
> Another still, to quiet and retrieve.
>
> Then I shall feel thee step one step, no more,
> From where thou standest now, to where I gaze,
> — And suddenly my head is covered o'er
> With those wings, white above the child who prays
> Now on that tomb — and I shall feel thee guarding
> Me, out of all the world; for me, discarding
> Yon heaven thy home, that waits and opes its door.

It seems to me that you could not have more restful thoughts than these and other verses of the poem suggest, and they are good thoughts with which to leave you.



A NEW GAME.

By Charles Battell Loomis.

Percy Saunders had come up to Perryville to spend a week. He had been there just twelve hours, having come the night before, and he had already been classified and pigeonholed by the Goodrich twins, his country cousins, whom he was visiting. He could n't climb a tree; he could n't swim; he threw a ball like a girl; the delights of using a sling were unknown to him; and—he had to go to bed at half-past seven. As he was a year older than the twins, who were eight, this last stamped him as a molly-coddle.

After breakfast the three boys went out to the barn, where the twins ran up ladders and walked the narrow cross-beams thirty feet above the floor as unconcernedly as if they were on the ground.

Percy caught his breath. "Oh, I wish I could do that! I 'd love to do all those things, but mama won't let me because it makes me dizzy."

"Oh, it 's as easy as pie. See me fly." And Albert took a flying leap of fifteen feet into the hay, followed by his brother.

Then they compared muscles, and found that Percy's were "awfully flabby." Their own were like iron. But showing off soon palled on all three boys, and they began to wonder what they could play.

"I made up a game the other day," said Percy, in the slow, sober tones that had struck the twins as so curious. They chattered as fast and as shrilly as monkeys themselves, in spite of their mother's hourly protests.

"Did you?" said Albert.

"Out of your own head?" said Herbert.

"Oh, it 's easy. I often make 'em up," said Percy, delighted to have made an impression on these athletic boys, who could do so many things which he could not, although he was so much older.

"Tell us how you play it," said the twins, together, eager for some novelty.

"Well, it 's a kind of tag. I 'll be it, and I 'll start to run after you just the same as I would in tag." As he spoke, the twins, who had been lying in the hay, jumped to their feet and ran out of the barn. "Hold on," said Percy. "I must tell you something about it first. As I run after you I holler out a letter of the alphabet, like C, and then if you think of an animal whose name begins with C, and shout it, I can't tag you; but if you don't shout, then I tag you, and you 're it, and must run after the others and holler out a letter. It must be some animal, or if you choose you can call out flowers. But it must be either animals or flowers or countries or fruits; you must n't mix 'em up in the same game. Now you start and I 'll follow."

"I hope he says the same letter again, because I 've got a tiptop animal all ready," said Herbert to Albert.

The boys had not run fifty feet before they found that, whatever else Percy could not do, he certainly could run. He was almost upon Herbert before he shouted, and then he yelled, "C!" as before.

Herbert waited until Percy reached out his hand to tag, and then he shouted, "Seal!"

"Tag!" said Percy, with a burst of laughter.

"That 's no fair," said Herbert. "I said 'seal' before you touched me."

"But seal does n't begin with a C; it begins with an S," said Percy, soberly.

"How about sealing? Is n't that c-e-i-l-i-n-g?"

"The plaster one is, but hunting the animal is n't," said Percy, with authority.

"He 's right, Bert," said Al, who had run up. "You 're it fast enough."

"Very well," said Bert. "Ready!" And the two fled before him. He pursued Percy, who ran fleetly out into the road. After a long chase, Percy stubbed his toe and Herbert gained enough on him to call out, "G!"

"Gnu," yelled Percy. But, with a derisive laugh, Herbert closed on him and tagged him.

"I did n't say N; I said G."

"And I said gnu—g-n-u," said Percy, simply.

"Say, a fellow need n't ever get caught if he spells that way," said Bert, angrily. "G-p-o-n-y, pony. That 's dead easy." But again Al came up and declared that Percy was right.

They played the game for over an hour. Sometimes even Percy did not think fast enough or run fast enough to avoid being it, and after a while they gave variety to the game by changing to flowers; and there they rather got the best of Percy, who was not familiar with as many varieties as the country boys were. Bert made many laughable mistakes in spelling, and Al gave "phlox" as an F flower.

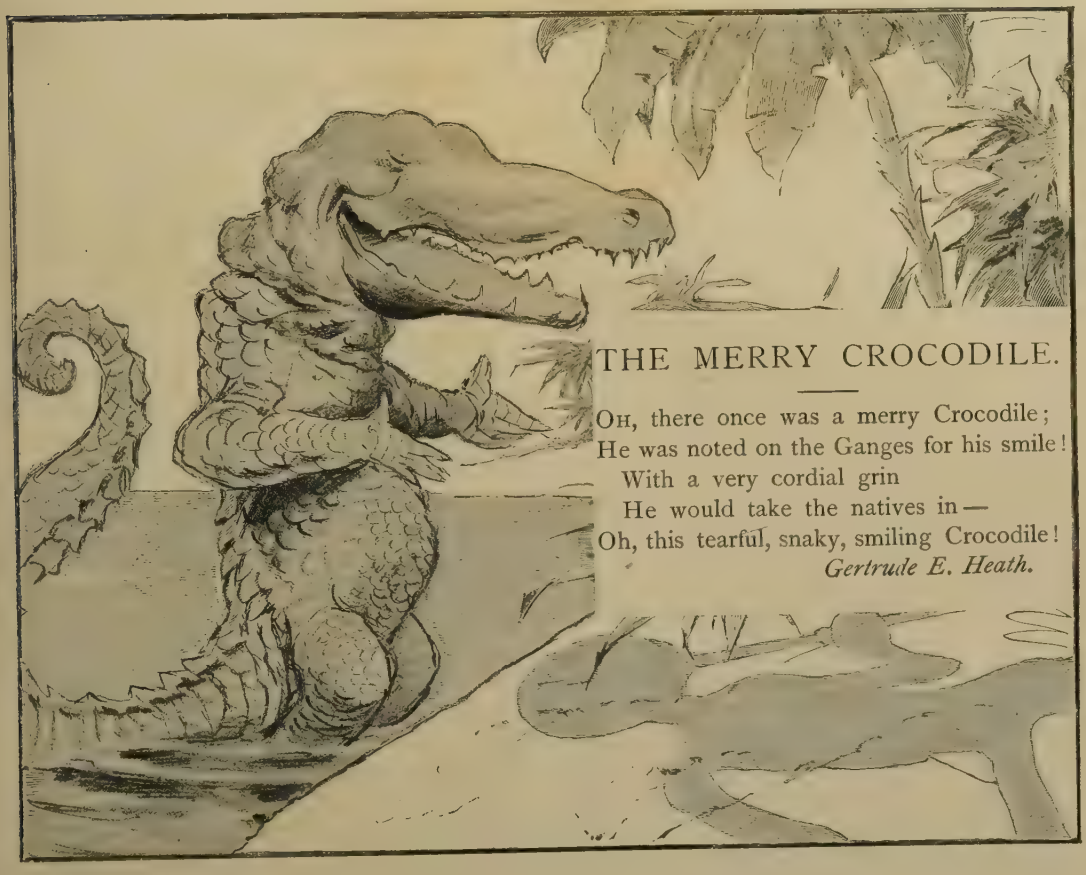
At last, when they grew tired of the sport, they all went up in the hay-loft together. The twins helped Percy up the ladder. They tumbled into the hay.

"You 're all right," said Al. "You can run fine, and that 's a great game."

"And you can spell 'out of sight,'" said Bert.

"I 'd rather be able to climb a tree like you fellows than spell any word I ever saw," said Percy, modestly.

"Come on out then and we 'll teach you," said the twins, in unison.



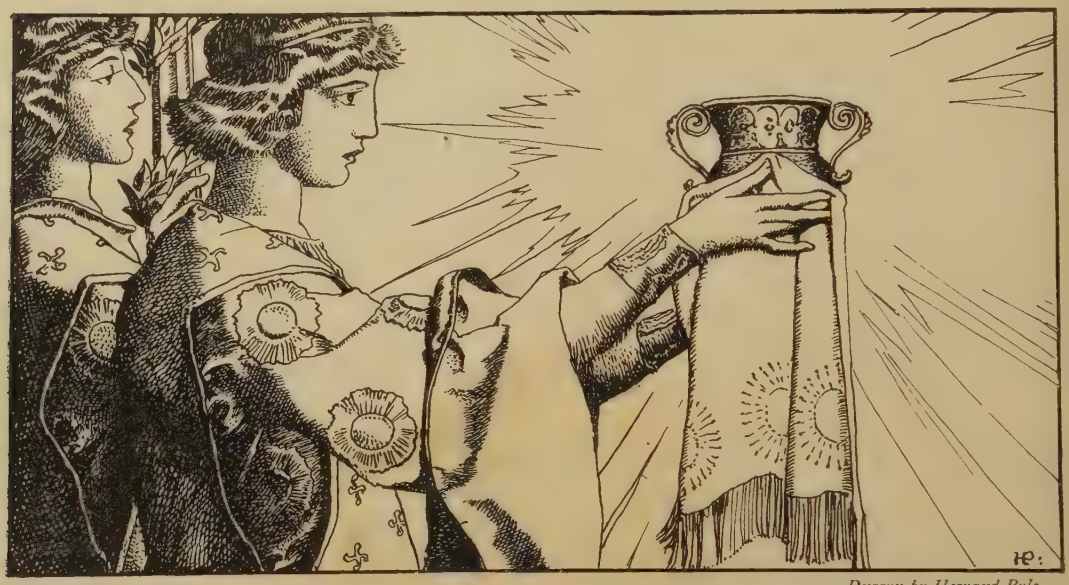
THE MERRY CROCODILE.

Oh, there once was a merry Crocodile;
He was noted on the Ganges for his smile!
With a very cordial grin
He would take the natives in—
Oh, this tearful, snaky, smiling Crocodile!

Gertrude E. Heath.

THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.*

By Howard Pyle.



Drawn by Howard Pyle.

Chapter XIII.

THE STORY OF SIR PERCIVAL.

HOW YOUNG PERCIVAL DWELT IN SOLITUDE ALL THE DAYS OF HIS CHILDHOOD — LIKEWISE HOW HE LEFT HIS MOTHER AND SET FORTH INTO THE WORLD TO SEEK HIS FATHER.

The father of Sir Percival was that king named Pellinore, who, while he was known as the Black Knight, fought so terrible a battle with King Arthur that King Arthur nigh died of the hurt which he received in that encounter.

When King Pellinore had been hunted into the forest wilderness it was a very great hardship for that lady who was his wife; and, likewise, it was greatly to the peril of the young child Percival.

Now Percival was extraordinarily beautiful and his mother loved him above all her other sons, for he was like the apple of her eye to her. Wherefore, when she perceived into what a pass their fortunes had come, she greatly feared lest the young child should die of hardships in the wilderness. Wherefore she spake to King Pellinore in this wise: "Sire, here is a very perplexing matter; for, though I would be altogether unwilling for to leave you in such times of danger and tribulation as these, yet is this small child too tender in his little body to endure such hardships as all of us are like to be called upon to suffer. And should thine enemies overtake thee in thy retreat, what ill might not befall this precious little one?"

Then King Pellinore considered this saying very seriously in his mind for a considerable time, and after a while he said: "Dear love, thou speakest with great wisdom and altogether to the point. For I am in no wise prepared for to defend you who are so dependent upon me. Wherefore, for a while I shall put you away from me, so that ye may remain in secret hiding until such time as the child is grown in years and stature to the estate of manhood and so may defend himself.

"Now of all my one-time possessions I have

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only two left to me. One of these is a lonely castle in this forest unto which I am now betaking my way, and the other is a solitary tower at a great distance from this and in a very lonely part of the world where there are many mountains. Unto that place I shall send you, for it will not be likely that mine enemies will ever find you there.

"So my will is this: that if this child groweth in that lonely place to manhood, and if he be weak in body or timid in spirit, thou shalt make of him a clerk of holy orders. But if when he groweth he shall prove to be strong and lusty of frame and high of spirit, and shall desire to undertake deeds of knighthood, then thou shalt not stay him from his desires, but shalt let him go forth into the world as he shall have a mind to do.

"Now if that time should come when he desireth to go thus into the world, behold! here is a ring set with a very precious ruby. Let him bring that ring to me wheresoever he may find me, and by that ring I shall know that he is my son and I will receive him with great gladness."

And King Pellinore's lady wife said: "It shall be done as thou dost ordain."

So it was that King Pellinore betook himself to that lonely castle where King Arthur found him and fought with him; and Percival's mother betook her way to that lonely place in the mountains of which King Pellinore had spoken — where was a single tower that reached up into the sky like unto a finger of stone.

There she abided with Percival for sixteen years, and in all that time Percival knew naught of the world nor of what sort it was, but was altogether wild and innocent like a little child.

Now Percival had a small Scots spear (which same is a sort of javelin), and he would play with this spear every day of his life, so that he grew so cunning in handling it that he could pierce with it a bird upon the wing in the air. And that was all the weapon he was acquainted with.

Nor did Percival ever see any one from the outer world, saving only an old man who was a deaf-mute. And this old man came and went betwixt that tower where Percival and his mother lived, and the outer world. And from the world he would come back with clothing and provisions loaded upon an old sumpter-horse for Percival and his mother. Yet Percival marveled many times whence those things came, but no one told him, and so he lived in entire innocence of the world.

Now it chanced upon a time, when Percival was nineteen years of age, that he stood upon a pinnacle of rock and looked down into a certain valley. And it was very early in the springtime, so that the valley appeared as it were carpeted all with clear, thin green. And a shining stream of water ran down through the midst of the valley, and it was a very fair and peaceful place. And as Percival gazed, lo, a knight rode up through that valley, and the sun shone out from behind a cloud of rain and smote upon his armor, so that it appeared to be all ablaze as with pure light. And Percival beheld that knight, and wist not what it was he saw. So after the knight had gone away from the valley, Percival went straightway to his mother, all filled with a great wonder, and he said: "Mother, mother! I have beheld a very wonderful thing." And she said: "What was it thou didst see?" And Percival said: "I beheld somewhat that was like a man, and he rode upon a horse, and he shone very brightly and with exceeding splendor. Now, I prithee, tell me what it was I saw."

Then Percival's mother knew very well what it was he had seen, and she was greatly troubled at heart that any one should have come into that solitude where she and Percival had dwelt together so peacefully for all those years. Wherefore she said to herself: "How is this? Shall my one lamb be taken away from me, and nothing left to me of all my flock?" So she dissembled and said to Percival: "My son, that which thou didst behold was doubtless an angel." And Percival said: "I would that I too were an angel!" And at that speech the lady his mother sighed very deeply.

Now when the next day had come, it chanced that Percival and his mother went down into the forest that lay at the foot of the mountain whereon that tower stood, and they had intent to gather such early flowers of the springtime as were then a-bloom. And whilst they were there, lo, there came five knights riding through the forest, and the leaves being thin like to a

mist of green, Percival perceived them a great way off. So he cried out in a loud voice: "Behold, mother! Yonder is a whole company of angels such as I saw yesterday! Now I will go and give them greeting."

But his mother said: "How now! How now! Wouldst thou make address unto angels?" And Percival said: "Yea; for they appear to be both mild of face and gentle of mien." So he went forward for to greet those knights.

Now the foremost of that party of knights was Sir Ewaine, who was always both gentle and courteous to everybody. Wherefore, when Sir Ewaine could see Percival nigh at hand, he gave him greeting and said, "Fair youth, what is thy name?" And Percival replied, "My name is Percival." And Sir Ewaine said: "That is a very good name, and thy face, likewise, is so extraordinarily comely that I take thee to be of some very high lineage. Now tell me, I prithee, who is thy father?" To the which Percival replied, "I cannot tell thee, for I do not know"; and at that Sir Ewaine marveled a very great deal. And after a little while he said, "I prithee tell me, didst thou see a knight pass this way to-day or yesterday?" To which Percival made reply, "I know not what sort of a thing is a knight." And Sir Ewaine said, "A knight is such a sort of man as I am."

Upon this Percival understood many things, and he willed with all his might to know more than those. Wherefore he said, "If thou wilt answer my questions, I will gladly answer thine." Upon this Sir Ewaine smiled very cheerfully, for he liked Percival exceedingly, and he said, "Ask what thou wilt, and I will answer thee in so far as I am able."

So Percival said, "I prithee tell me what is this thing?" And he laid his hand thereon. And Sir Ewaine said, "That is a saddle." And Percival said, "What is this thing?" And Sir Ewaine said, "That is a sword." And Percival said, "What is this thing?" And Sir Ewaine said, "That is a shield." And so Percival asked him concerning all things that appertained to the accoutrements of a knight, and Sir Ewaine answered all his questions. Then Percival said, "Now I will answer thy question: I saw a knight ride past this way yesterday, and he rode up yonder valley to the westward."

Upon this Sir Ewaine gave gramercy to Percival and saluted him, and so did the other knights, and then they rode their way. And after they had gone Percival returned to his mother, and he beheld that she sat exactly where he had left her, for she was in great anxiety because she perceived that Percival would not now stay with her very much longer. And when Percival came to where she sat, he said to her, "Mother, those were not angels, but very good and excellent knights." And upon this the lady his mother burst into a great passion of weeping, so that Percival stood before her all abashed, not knowing why she wept. So by and by he said, "Mother, why dost thou weep?" But she could not answer him for a while, and presently she said, "Let us return homeward." And so they walked in silence.

Now when they had come to the tower where they dwelt, the lady turned of a sudden unto Percival, and she said to him, "Percival, what is in thy heart?" And he said, "Mother, thou knowest very well what is there." And she said, "Is it that thou wouldst be a knight also?" And he said, "Thou sayst it." Whereupon she said, "Thou shalt have thy will; come with me."

So Percival's mother led him to the stable, and to where was that poor pack-horse that brought provisions to that place. And Percival's mother said, "This is a sorry horse, but I have no other for thee. Now let us make a saddle for him." So Percival and his mother twisted sundry cloths and wisps of hay, and made a sort of saddle thereof. And Percival's mother brought him a scrip with bread and cheese for his refreshment, and she hung it about his shoulder. And she brought him his javelin, which he took in his hand. And then she gave him the ring with that precious ruby jewel inset into it, and she said, "Take thou this, Percival, and put it upon thy finger, for it is a royal ring. Now when thou leavest me, go unto the court of King Arthur and make diligent inquiry for King Pellinore. And when thou hast found him show him that ring, and he will see that thou art made a very worthy knight; for, Percival, King Pellinore is thy father."

Then she gave Percival advice concerning

the duty of one who would make himself worthy of knighthood. And that advice was as follows:

"In thy journeyings thou art to observe these sundry things: When thou comest to a church or a shrine forget not thy devotions; and if thou hearest a cry of any one in trouble, hasten to lend thine aid — especially if it be a woman or a child who hath need of it; and if thou meetest a lady or a demoiselle, salute her in seemly fashion; and if thou have to do with a man, be both civil and courageous unto him; and if thou art anhungered or athirst and findest food and wine, eat and drink enough to satisfy thee, but no more; and if thou findest a treasure or a jewel of price, and canst obtain it without doing injustice unto others, take that thing for thine own, but give that which thou hast with equal freedom unto others. So by obeying these precepts thou shalt become worthy to be a true knight, and haply be also worthy of thy father, who was a true knight before thee."

And Percival said: "All these things will I remember and observe to do; and when I have got me power and fame and wealth, then will I straightway return thitherward and take thee away from this place, and thou shalt be like to a queen for all the glory that I shall bestow upon thee."

Upon this the lady his mother both laughed and wept; and thereupon Percival stooped and kissed her. Then he turned and left her, and he rode away down the mountain and into the forest, and she stood and gazed after him as long as she could see him. And she was very lonely after he had gone.

Now after Percival had ridden upon his way for a very long time, he came at last out of that part of the forest and unto a certain valley where were many osiers growing along beside a stream of water. And he gathered branches of the willow-trees, and peeled them and wove them very cunningly into the likeness of armor such as he had seen those knights to wear who had come into his forest. And when he had armed himself with wattled osiers he said unto himself, "Now am I accoutred as well as they." Whereupon he rode upon his way with a lightsome heart enlarged with very joy.

And by and by he came out of the forest altogether, and unto a considerable village where were many houses thatched with straw. And Percival said to himself, "Ha, how great is the world! I knew not that there were so many people in the world."

Now when the folk of that place beheld what sort of saddle was upon the back of the packhorse, and when they beheld what sort of armor it was that Percival wore, all woven of osier twigs, and when they beheld how that he was armed with a javelin and with no other weapon, they mocked and laughed at him and jeered him. But Percival understood not their mockery, whereupon he said, "Lo, how pleasant and how cheerful is the world! I knew not it was so merry a place." And so he laughed and nodded, and rode upon his way very happy.

Now in the declining of the afternoon he came to a certain pleasant glade, and there he beheld a very noble and stately pavilion. And that pavilion was all of yellow satin, so that it shone like to gold in the light of the declining sun.

Then Percival said to himself, "Verily this must be one of those churches concerning which my mother spake to me." So he descended from his horse and went to that pavilion and knelt down and said a prayer.

And when he had ended that prayer he arose and went into the pavilion, and lo! he beheld there a wonderfully beautiful young damsel of sixteen years of age (and this was the Lady Yvette the Fair), who sat in the pavilion upon a carved bench and upon a cushion of cloth of gold, and who bent over a frame of embroidery, which she was busy weaving in threads of silver and gold. And the hair of that demoiselle was as black as ebony and her cheeks were like rose-leaves for pinkness, and she wore a fillet of gold around her head and she was clad in raiment of sky-blue silk. And near by was a table spread with meats of divers sorts and garnished likewise with several wines, both white and red. And all the goblets were of silver and all the patens were of gold, and the table was spread with a napkin embroidered with threads of gold.

Now when Percival came into that pavilion, the damsel looked and beheld him with great

astonishment, and she said to herself, "That must either be a madman or a foolish jester who comes hither clad all in armor of wattled willow twigs." So she said to him, "Sirrah, what dost thou here?" But he said, "Lady, is this a church?" Whereupon she was angered, thinking that he had intended to make a jest, and she said, "Begone, fool; for if my father cometh and findeth thee here, he will whip thee beyond measure." Whereunto Percival replied, "I think he will not."

Then the demoiselle looked at Percival more narrowly, and she beheld how noble and beautiful was his countenance, and she said to herself, "This is no fool nor a jester, but who he is or what he is I know not."

So she said to Percival, "Whence comest thou?" And he said, "From the mountains and the wilderness." And then he said, "Lady, when I left my mother she told me that an I ever saw good food and drink, and was anhungered, that I was to take what I needed. Now I will do so in this case." Whereupon he sat him down to that table and fell to with great appetite.

Then when that demoiselle beheld what he did she laughed in great measure, and clapped her hands together in sport. And she said, "If my father and brothers should return and find thee at this, they would slay thee and thou couldst not make thyself right with them." And Percival said, "Why would they do that, lady?" And she said, "Because that is their food and drink, and because my father is a king and my brothers are his sons." And Percival said, "Certes they would be uncourteous to begrudge food to an hungry man." And thereunto the damsel laughed again.

Now when Percival had eaten and drunk his fill he arose from where he sat. And he beheld that the damsel wore a very beautiful ring of carved gold set with a pearl of great price. So he said to her: "Lady, my mother told me that if I beheld a jewel or treasure, and desired it for my own, I was to take it if I could do so without offense to any one. Now I prithee give me that pearl upon thy finger, for I desire it a very great deal." And the maiden regarded Percival very strangely, and she beheld that he was comely beyond any man whom she had ever seen, and that his countenance was very noble and exalted and yet exceedingly mild and gentle. And she said to him, "Why should I give thee my ring?" Whereunto he made reply, "Because thou art the most beautiful lady whom mine eyes ever beheld, and I find that I love thee with a wonderful passion."

Then that demoiselle smiled upon him and she said, "What is thy name?" And he said, "It is Percival." And she said, "That is a good name; who is thy father?" Whereunto he said, "That I cannot tell thee." And she said, "I think he must be some very noble and worthy knight." And Percival said, "He is all that."

Then the damsel said, "Thou mayst have my ring," and she gave it to him. And when Percival had placed it upon his finger he said: "My mother also told me that I should give freely of what is mine own; wherefore I do give thee this ring of mine in exchange for thine, and I do beseech thee to wear it until I have proved myself worthy of thy kindness. For I hope to win a very famous knighthood and great praise and renown, all of which shall be to thy great glory. I would fain come to thee another time in that wise instead of as I am at this present."

And that damsel said: "I know not what thou art or whence thou comest who should present thyself in such an extraordinary guise as thou art pleased to do; but certes thou must be of some very noble strain. Wherefore I do accept thee for my knight, and I believe that I shall sometime have great glory through thee."

Then Percival said: "Lady, my mother said to me that if I met a demoiselle I was to salute her with all civility. Now have I thy leave to salute thee?" And she said, "Thou hast my leave." So Percival took her by the hand and kissed her upon the cheek (for that was the only manner in which he knew how to salute a woman), and, lo! her face grew all red like to fire. Thereupon Percival quitted that pavilion and mounted his horse and rode away. And it seemed to him that the world was assuredly a very beautiful and wonderful place for to live in.

Yet he knew not what the world was really like, nor of what sort it was, nor how passing

wide, else had he not been so certainly assured that he would win him credit therein or that he could so easily find that young damsel again after he had thus parted from her.

That night Percival came to a part of the forest where were a many huts of folk who made their living by gathering fagots. And these people gave him harborage and shelter for the night, for they thought that he was some harmless madman who had wandered afar. And they told him many things he had never known before that time, so that it appeared to him that the world was very wonderful.

So he abided there for the night, and when the next morning had come he arose and bathed himself and went his way. And as he rode upon his poor starved horse he brake his fast with the bread and cheese that his mother had put into his wallet, and he was very glad at heart and rejoiced exceedingly in the wideness and the beauty of the world in which he found himself to be.

Chapter XIV.

How Percival came to the court of King Arthur, and of a certain adventure that befell him at that place.

So Percival journeyed onward in that woodland, and he traveled for a long while ere he found a pathway that led him whither he desired to go.

For I must tell you that that was a very great wilderness, the forest being of such an extent and the ways thereof so entangled that it was very easy to be lost therein. But by and by Percival came out of those parts and into a certain open space of meadows where was a smooth and level lawn of grass, and it was a very pleasant spot.

Now it chanced at that time that King Arthur and sundry of his court had come into those parts of the forest a-hawking. But, the day being very warm, the queen had grown very weary thereof, and she had bade her attendants for to set up a pavilion for her whilst the king continued his sport. And the pavilion was in that open glade whereinto Percival came a-riding when he came out from the forest.

So when Percival perceived that pavilion set up among the trees, likewise he saw that the pavilion was of rose-colored silk. Also he perceived that not far from him was a young page very gaily and richly clad.

Now when the page beheld Percival, and what a singular appearance he presented, he laughed beyond all measure; and Percival, not knowing that he laughed in mockery, laughed also and gave him a very cheerful greeting in return. Then Percival said to the page, "I prithee tell me, fair youth, whose is that pavilion yonder?" And the page said, "It belongeth to Queen Guinevere; for King Arthur is come hither into the forest with his court."

At this Percival made marvel and said, "Ha! by my faith, that is very strange. For I have come hither with no other purpose than to find King Arthur and his court."

Then the page laughed a very great deal and said, "Art thou, then, a jester?" And Percival said, "What sort of a thing is a jester?" And the page said, "Certes thou art a silly fool." And Percival said, "What is a fool?"

Upon this the page fell a-laughing as though he would never stint his mirth, so that Percival began to wax angry, for he said to himself, "These people laugh too much, and their mirth maketh me weary." So, without more ado, he descended from his horse with intent to enter the queen's pavilion.

Now when that page saw what Percival had a mind to do, he thrust in to prevent him, saying, "Thou shalt not go in!" Upon the which Percival made reply, "Ha! shall I not so?" And whereupon he smote the page such a buffet that the youth fell down without any motion, as though he had gone dead.

Then Percival straightway entered the queen's pavilion.

And the first thing he saw was a very beautiful lady surrounded by a court of ladies. And the one lady was eating a midday repast, whilst a page waited upon her for to serve her, bearing for her refreshment pure wine in a cup of entire gold. And he saw that a noble lord (and the lord was Sir Kay the Seneschal) stood in the midst of that beautiful rosy pavil-

ion directing the queen's repast; for Sir Kay of all the court had been left in charge of the queen and her ladies.

Now when Percival entered the tent Sir Kay looked up, and when he perceived what sort of a figure was there he frowned with great displeasure. "Ha!" he said, "what mad fool is this who cometh hitherward?"

Unto him Percival made reply, "Thou tall man, I prithee tell me which of these ladies present here is the queen?" And Sir Kay said, "What wouldst thou have with the queen?" Whereunto Percival said: "I have come hither for to lay my case before King Arthur; for I fain would obtain knighthood at his hands. Wherefore, King Arthur being absent, meseems it would befit me for to pay my court unto his queen."

And when the queen heard the words of Percival she laughed with great merriment. But Sir Kay was still very wroth, and he said: "Sirrah, thou certainly art some silly fool who hath come hither dressed all in armor of willow twigs and without arms or equipment of any sort save only a little Scots spear. Now this is the queen's court, and thou art not fit to be in here."

"Ha," said Percival, "it seems to me that thou art very foolish — thou tall man — to judge of me by my dress and equipment. For even though I wear such poor apparel as this, yet I may easily be thy superior both in birth and station."

Then Sir Kay was exceedingly wroth and would have made a very bitter answer to Percival, but at that moment something of another sort befell. For upon those words there suddenly entered the pavilion a certain very large and savage knight of an exceedingly terrible appearance, and his countenance was in appearance very furious in anger.

Now this knight was a certain one who dwelt like a wild man in those parts of the forest, and was a great enemy of King Arthur's, and sought to do him injury upon all occasions. So now he entered the queen's pavilion all in full armor, having his helmet upon his hip and his shield upon his shoulder, and his visage terribly warlike and ungentle.

The name of that knight was Sir Boindegardus, and he was very well known to many people and was held in terror by all.

Now when Sir Kay beheld Sir Boindegardus enter the pavilion (he being clad only in a silken tunic of a green color and with scarlet hosen and velvet shoes, fit for the court of a lady) he fell silent, and wist not what to say, for he was suddenly afraid. Then Sir Boindegardus said, "Where is King Arthur?" And Sir Kay said, "He is hawking beyond here in the outskirts of the forest." And Sir Boindegardus said: "I am sorry for that, for I had thought to find him here at this time and to affront him before his entire court. But as he is not here, I may at least affront his queen." Thereupon he smote the elbow of the page who held the goblet for the queen, and the wine was splashed over the queen's hands and over her robe.

Upon this the queen shrieked with terror, and one of her maidens ran to her aid, and others came with napkins and wiped her hands and her apparel and gave her words of cheer.

Then Sir Kay said, "Ha! thou art a churlish knight to so affront a lady."

Whereunto Sir Boindegardus made reply, "An thou likest not my behavior, thou mayst follow me hence into a meadow a little distance from this to the eastward, where thou mayst avenge that affront upon my person."

Then Sir Kay knew not what to reply, for he wist that Sir Boindegardus was a very strong and terrible knight. Wherefore he said, "Thou seest that I am altogether without arms or armor." Whereupon Sir Boindegardus laughed in great scorn, and therewith he seized the golden goblet from the hands of the page, and went out from the pavilion and rode away with that precious chalice.

Then the queen fell a-weeping very sorely from fright and shame, and when young Percival beheld her tears he could not abide the sight thereof; wherefore he cried out aloud against Sir Kay, saying: "Thou tall man! that was very ill done of thee; for certes, with or without armor, thou shouldst have taken the quarrel of this lady upon thee. For my mother told me I should take upon me the defense of all such as needed defense, but she did not say that I was to wait for arms or armor to aid me to do what was right. Now, therefore, though

I know little of arms or of knighthood, yet will I take this quarrel upon me, and will do what I may to avenge this lady's affront, if I have her leave to do so."

And Queen Guinevere said, "Thou hast my leave, since Sir Kay does not choose to assume my quarrel."

Now there was a certain very beautiful young damsel of the court of the queen named Yelande, surnamed the "Dumb Maiden" because she was never known to speak with any knight of the court. For in all the year she had been at the court of the king she had spoken no word to any man, nor had she smiled upon any. Now this damsel, perceiving how comely and noble was the countenance of Percival, came to him and took him by the hand and smiled upon him very kindly. And she said to him: "Fair youth, thou hast a large and noble heart, and I feel very well assured that thou art of a sort altogether different from what thine appearance would lead one to suppose. Now I do affirm that thou shalt sometime become one of the greatest knights in all of the world."

Then Sir Kay was very angry with that damsel, and he said: "Truly thou art ill taught to remain for all this year in the court of King Arthur amid the perfect flower of chivalry, and yet not to have given to one of those noble and honorable knights a single word or a smile such as thou hast bestowed upon this boor." Whereupon, so speaking, he gave that damsel a box on the ear, so that she screamed out aloud with terror.

Upon this Percival came up very close to Sir Kay and he said: "Thou discourteous tall man! Now I tell thee, except that there are so many ladies present, and one of these a queen, I would have to do with thee in such a manner as I do not believe would be at all to thy liking. Now, first of all, I shall follow yonder uncivil knight and endeavor to avenge this noble queen for the affront he hath put upon her, and when I have done with him, then will I hope for the time to come when I shall have to do with thee for laying hands upon this beautiful lady who was so kind to me just now. For, in the fullness of time I will repay the foul blow thou gavest her, and that twentyfold."

Thereupon Percival straightway went out from that pavilion and mounted upon his sorry horse and rode away in the direction that Sir Boindegardus had taken with the golden goblet.

Now after a long time he came to another level meadow of grass, and there he beheld Sir Boindegardus making parade in great state, with the golden goblet hanging to the horn of his saddle. And Sir Boindegardus wore his helmet, and carried his spear in his right hand and his shield upon his left arm, and was in all ways prepared for an encounter at arms. And when he perceived Percival coming to that part of the meadow he rode toward him very proudly. And when he had come nigh to Percival Sir Boindegardus said, "Whence comest thou, fool?" And Percival replied, "I come from Queen Guinevere her pavilion." And Sir Boindegardus said, "Does that knight who was there follow me hitherward?" Unto which Percival made reply, "Nay; but I have followed thee with intent to punish thee for the affront which thou didst put upon Queen Guinevere."

Then was Sir Boindegardus very wroth and he said, "Thou fool! I have a very good intention for to slay thee." Therewith he raised his spear and smote Percival with it upon the back of the neck so terrific a blow that he was flung violently down from off his horse. Upon this Percival was so angry that the sky all became like scarlet before his eyes. So when he had recovered from the blow he ran unto Sir Boindegardus and caught the spear in his hands and wrestled with such terrible strength that he plucked it away from Sir Boindegardus. And thus having made himself master of that spear, he brake it across his knee and flung it away.

Then was Sir Boindegardus in prodigious rage, whereupon he drew his bright shining sword with intent to slay Percival. But when Percival saw what he would be at, he caught up his javelin, and, running to a little distance away, he turned and threw it at Sir Boindegardus with so cunning an aim that the point of the javelin entered the helmet of Sir Boindegardus and fairly pierced through the eye and the brain and came out of the back of the

head; so Sir Boindegardus fell down from his horse, all of a heap upon the ground.

Then Percival ran to him and stooped over him and perceived that he was dead. And Percival said: "Well, it would seem that I have put an end to a knight terribly discourteous to ladies."

Sir Percival of Gales

Now a little after Percival had quitted the pavilion of Queen Guinevere, King Arthur and eleven noble knights of his court returned thither from his hawking. And when the king heard what had befallen, he felt great displeasure toward Sir Kay, and he said: "Not only hast thou been very discourteous in not assuming this quarrel of the queen's, but I believe that thou, a well-approved knight, in thy haste sent this youth upon an adventure in which he will be subject to such great danger that it may very well be that he shall hardly escape with his life. Now I myself will immediately follow him for to see what hath befallen him, and I will take with me three other knights, and those three shall be Sir Pellinore and Sir Gawaine and Sir Griflet."

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

So those four mounted straightway upon their horse and rode whither Percival had betaken his way.

So after a considerable time they came to that meadow-land where Percival had found Sir Boindegardus. And when they had come to that place they perceived a very strange sight. For they beheld one clad all in an armor of wattled willow twigs, and that one dragged the figure of an armed knight hither and thither upon the ground. So they four rode up to where that thing was toward, and when they had come nigh enough King Arthur said: "Ha, fair youth! by the splendor of Paradise, thou art doing a very strange thing. What art thou about?"

And Percival said: "Sire, I would get those plates of armor off of this knight, and indeed I know not how that I may do it."

Then King Arthur said: "How came this knight by his death?"

And Percival made reply: "Sire, this knight had greatly insulted Queen Guinevere (that beautiful lady), and when I followed him hither with intent to take her quarrel upon me, he struck me with his spear. And when I took his spear away from him and brake it across my knee, he drew his sword and would have slain me, only that I slew him instead."

Then King Arthur was filled with amazement, and he said, "Is not that knight Sir Boindegardus?" And Percival said, "Ay." Then King Arthur said, "Ha! then thou hast slain one of the strongest and most terrible knights in all the world. And this one was my bitter enemy."

Then Percival looked upon King Arthur's face, and he beheld how noble and exalted it was, and how that his countenance was different from the countenance of the other men, being very serene and steadfast, whereupon he began to suspect a great many things. So he said, "My lord, who art thou?" And King Arthur made reply, "My name is Arthur, and I am the king of all this realm."

Then, when Percival heard this, he knelt down upon the ground and set his palms together and he said, "Sire, I have come a great way hither with intent to obtain such a boon as thou mayst bestow upon me." And King Arthur said, "What is it thou wouldst have?" And Percival replied, "I would beseech of thee to make me a knight."

Unto this King Arthur said, "How may I refuse thee such a boon, seeing that thou hast so well avenged that insult offered to my queen, and that thou hast destroyed this bitter enemy of mine and so cruel and evil-doing a knight to boot?" And he said, "What is thy name?" And Percival said, "It is Percival."

Upon this King Arthur drew his sword and smote Percival with the flat thereof upon the shoulder and he said, "Arise, Sir Percival!" And then he said to him, "I pray God that you who are young may, by worthy deed, achieve even as great an honor as that. Amen."

And Sir Percival arose and stood up. And thus was he made a knight by accolade at the hands of his father's good friend King Arthur.

Now when this great matter had been accomplished, King Pellinore came and stood nigh to Sir Percival and gazed upon him. And he loved him with an exceeding great ardor, and he said: "I knew one whose name was Percival, and he should be by now such as thou art. And that Percival is my son, for my name is Pellinore and I am a king. Now, for love of that other Percival, I will show thee how to remove the armor from this dead man, and I will help thee to put it upon thy body; and then, with my lord's permission, I will ride with thee for some ways with intent to instruct thee concerning the requirements of chivalry."

And King Arthur said, "Thou hast my consent."

Now when Percival was aware that the noble knight who spake to him was his own father, his heart went out toward him in such great measure that it seemed to him that it would burst because of the passion of love that expanded it. But he contained himself, for he said in his heart, "As yet I could be naught but a burden to my father; but after I have won both glory and renown in my knighthood, then I will claim his love." So he said naught, but he gazed upon his father with great ardor of love.

Then Sir Pellinore undid Sir Boindegardus his armor and he clad Sir Percival therein, and when he had done so he aided Sir Percival to mount upon the horse of Sir Boindegardus. Then King Arthur and Sir Gawaine and Sir Griflet bade adieu to those two and straightway departed unto the king's court. And Sir Percival and Sir Pellinore rode upon their way toward the northward.

And as they thus rode upon that pass King Pellinore explained to Sir Percival all the mysteries of chivalry: how he should conduct himself upon all occasions as became a right knight, and how he should bear himself to enter combat, whether it were with the lance or with the sword.

But, indeed, Sir Pellinore wist not that he was teaching his own son in those things that were to make that young knight the crowning glory of his house.

And Sir Percival harkened unto his father, and he loved him with such ardor that it was

with much ado that he stayed his tears, because of pure love. But he said naught aloud, but only avowed to himself: "If God gives me grace and mercy I will do credit unto thy teachings, O my father!"

Thus it was that Percival was made knight, and so was he instructed in the mysteries of chivalry by his own father, who knew him not.

CHAPTER XV.

HOW SIR PERCIVAL MET TWO STRANGE PEOPLE IN THE FOREST, HOW HE RELEASED AN IMPRISONED KNIGHT, AND HOW HE OVERCAME THE ENCHANTRESS VIVIEN.

Now after Sir Percival and Sir Pellinore had traveled a great way, they came at last out of that forest and to an open country where was a well tilled land and a wide, smooth river flowing down a level plain.

And in the center of the plain was a town of considerable size, and a very large castle with several tall towers and many roofs and chimneys stood overlooking the town; and the town and the castle were called Cardygan. And the town was of great consideration, being very well famed for its dyed woolen fabrics.

So Sir Percival and Sir Pellinore entered the town. And they went up the street until they came to the castle of Cardygan and there demanded admission. And when the name and the estate of Sir Pellinore were declared, the porter opened the gate with great joy and they entered. Then, by and by, the lord and the lady of the castle came down from a carved wooden gallery and bade them welcome by word of mouth. And immediately sundry attendants appeared and assisted them to dismount and took their horses to the stable, and sundry other attendants conducted them to certain apartments, where they were eased of their armor and bathed in baths of tepid water and given soft raiment for to wear. And after that the lord and the lady entertained them with a great feast.

So these two knights and the lord and the lady of the castle ate together and discoursed very pleasantly together for a while. Now when the night was pretty well gone the two knights were conducted to a certain very noble apartment where beds of down, spread with flame-colored cloth, had been arranged for their repose.

Now when the next morning had come, Sir Percival arose very early and looked out of the window, and perceived that the day was wonderfully bright and clear, wherefore he was possessed with a great desire to be away.

Then he looked upon Sir Pellinore, and he beheld that his father was still infolded in a deep sleep as in a soft mantle. And he said to himself: "I will not awaken my father, but I will get me away whilst he sleeps. But when I have earned me great glory, then will I return unto him and will lay all that I have achieved at his feet, so that he shalt be very glad to acknowledge me for his son." So saying to himself, he went away from that place very softly, and King Pellinore slept so deeply that he wist not that Sir Percival was gone.

Then Sir Percival went to the courtyard of the castle and he bade certain attendants to prepare his horse for him, and they did so. And he bade certain others for to arm him, and they did so. And leaving a message of love and reverence to the lord and lady of that place, and to make his apologies for going away without bespeaking them, Sir Percival took his departure from that castle.

So Sir Percival journeyed for a considerable distance, and the day was very bright and warm, and he was anhungered and athirst. And by and by he came to a certain road that appeared to him to be good for his purposes, and he took it and went by that way in great hopes that some adventure would befall him or else that he would find food and drink.

Now, after a while, he heard voices before him in the forest, and turning whence those voices came, he presently came to a little open lawn, very warm and bright, where there sat a considerable party upon the grass, refreshing themselves with food. And those folk were pilgrims to Glastonbury. And when these pilgrims beheld the young knight, they besought him that he would come and eat with them, and he did so very gladly.

So after Sir Percival had eaten to his great refreshment, and when he had satisfied both his hunger and his thirst, he said, "Messires and ladies, do any of ye know of an adventure here-

abouts such as might be worthy for a young errant knight to undertake who hath a spirit to engage his person in some perilous enterprise?"

To this there made reply a very rich, worthy mercer of Carleon; and he said: "Sir Knight, there is a certain part of the woodland yonderway that is sometimes called Arroy and sometimes the Forest of Adventure. For it is said that no knight may enter there but he shall find adventure that shall try his powers to the uttermost. Now, if thou wilt go thither, haply it shall befall thee as it hath befallen many others of thy sort."

And Percival said, "Friend, I give thee gramercy for thy information, and I will presently betake my way to that forest." So, when he had broken his fast, and when he had diligently inquired his way to Arroy, he mounted upon his horse, and having bidden adieu to that company, he rode his way in quest of such adventure as might befall him.

So by and by Sir Percival came to a forest land, and he rode the paths of that woodland for a long time without meeting any one. But very soon he heard of a sudden the sound of voices talking together, and presently thereafter he perceived through the thin trees that grew there a knight with a lady. And the knight rode upon a great white horse, and the lady rode upon a red roan palfrey.

As Percival drew nigh to these two he perceived that they were of a very singular appearance; for both of them were clad altogether in green, and both of them wore about their necks very wonderful collars of wrought gold inset with opal stones and emeralds. And the face of each was like clear wax for whiteness; and the eyes of each were very bright, like jewels set in ivory. And these two neither laughed nor frowned, but only smiled continually.

(Now this was the first time that Sir Pellias was beheld by any of those knights of King Arthur since that time when he had bid adieu to Sir Gawaine and had ridden away from Sir Gawaine into the enchanted lake.)

So when Sir Percival beheld these two, he dismounted very quickly from his horse and stood before them, and they looked upon him with great amity. Then the lady said to him, "What dost thou in these parts, messire?"

To her Sir Percival made reply: "Lady, being a very young knight and one of King Arthur's own making, I am in search of adventure whereby to approve myself worthy of that extraordinary honor."

Upon this the lady said: "If so be thy desire is of that sort, I may, perchance, be able to bring thee unto an adventure that may suit thee very well. Go a little distance from this upon the way thou art following, and at a certain place thou wilt behold a bird whose feathers shall shine like to gold for brightness. Follow that bird and it shall bring thee to a place where thou shalt find a knight in sore need of thy aid."

And Percival said, "I will do as thou dost advise."

Then the lady said, "Wait a little; I have something for thee." Therewith she took from her neck a small golden amulet pendent from a silken cord, very fine and thin. And she said, "Wear this, for it will protect thee from all evil enchantments." Therewith saying, she hung the amulet about the neck of Sir Percival, and Sir Percival gave her thanks beyond all measure for it.

Then the knight and the lady saluted him, and he saluted them, and they each went their separate ways with cheerful heart.

So, after Sir Percival had traveled that path for some distance as the lady had advised him to do, he beheld the bird of which she had spoken; and he saw that the plumage of the bird glistered as though it were of gold. And as he drew nigh the bird flew a little distance down the path and then lit upon the ground, and he followed it. And when he had come nigh to it again it flew a distance farther, and still he followed it. So it flew and he followed for a very great way until, by and by, the forest grew thin, and Sir Percival beheld that there was an open country lying beyond the skirts. And when the bird had brought him thus far it flew back into the forest again whence it had come, chirping very keen and shrill as it flew.

So Sir Percival came out of the forest into the open country, the like of which he had not before seen. And he lifted up his eyes, and, behold! he saw a thing that filled him with great wonder. For before him was a castle of a very

wonderful appearance; for in some parts it was the color of ultramarine and in other parts it was of crimson, and the ultramarine and the crimson were embellished with very extraordinary devices painted in gold, so that the castle shone like a bright rainbow against the sky. And Pĕrcival sat his horse for some while and marveled very greatly at that castle.

And by and by he perceived that the road that led to the castle crossed a bridge of stone. And when he looked at the bridge he discerned that midway upon it was a pillar of stone, and that a knight, clad all in full armor, stood chained with iron chains to that stone pillar. And this knight made moan in great measure, bewailing his hard fate that had brought him to that pass. And when Sir Percival perceived this woeful sight, he rode up to where the knight was and he said, "Sir, this is a very sad condition that thou art in."

Unto this the knight said, "Yea, and I would that thou couldst aid me, for I have stood here now for three days and I am in great torment of mind and body."

And Sir Percival said, "Mayhap I can aid thee"; and thereupon he came down from off his horse's back and approached the knight. And he drew his sword so that it flashed in the sun very brightly.

Upon this the knight said, "Messire, what would ye be at?" Whereunto Sir Percival made reply, "I would cut the chains that bind thee."

To this the knight said, "How could you do that? For who could cut through such chains of iron as these?"

To the which Sir Percival replied, "I would try what I may do."

Thereupon he lifted up his sword and smote so terribly powerful a blow that the like of it had hardly ever been seen before. And the blow cut through the iron chains, and smote the hauberk of the knight, so that it hurt him a very great deal, for straightway upon that blow the knight fell down, altogether deprived of breath.

And when Sir Percival saw the knight fall down in that wise, he cried out: "Woe is me! Have I, then, slain this good, gentle knight when I would but do him service?" Thereupon he lifted the knight upon his knee and eased the armor about his throat. So by and by the breath came back to the knight again, and he said, "By my faith, that was the most wonderful stroke that ever I beheld any man strike in all my life."

So when the knight had sufficiently recovered, Sir Percival helped him to stand upon his feet; and when he stood thus his strength presently came back to him again in great measure. And he was athirst and craved very vehemently to drink. So Sir Percival helped the knight to descend a narrow path that led downward to a stream of water that flowed beneath the bridge; and there the whilom captive knight stooped and slaked his thirst. And when he had drunk his fill his strength came altogether back to him again, and he said: "Messire, I have to give thee all thanks that it is possible for me to do, for hadst thou not come unto mine aid I had else perished very miserably at no very distant time from this."

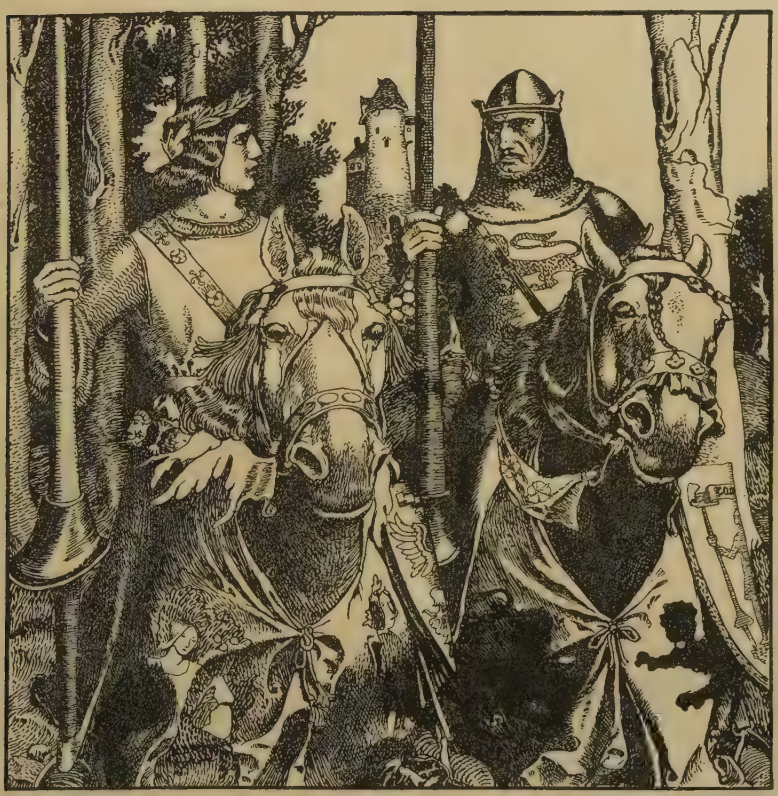
Then Sir Percival said, "I beseech thee to tell me how thou didst come into that sad plight in which I found thee."

To this the knight said: "I will tell thee. It was thus: Two days ago I came thitherward and passed yonder castle, and with me were two excellent esquires — for I am a knight of royal blood. Now as we went past that castle there came forth a lady clad all in red and so exceedingly beautiful that she entirely enchanted my heart. And with this lady there came a number of esquires and pages, all of them very beautiful of face and all clad, as she was, in red. Now when this lady had come nigh to me she spake me very fair and tempted me with kind words, so that I thought I had never fallen upon any one so courteous as she. But when she had come close to me she smote me of a sudden across the shoulders with an ebony staff that she carried in her hand, and at the same time she cried out certain words that I remember not. For immediately a great darkness like to a deep swoon fell upon me, and I knew nothing. And when I awakened from that swoon, lo! I found myself here, chained fast to this stone pillar. And hadst thou not come hither I would certainly have died in my torment. And as to what has become of my

esquires, I know not; but as for that lady, methinks she can be none other than a certain enchantress named Vivien, who hath wrought such powerful spells upon Merlin as to have removed him from the eyes of all mankind."

cival, but I may not tell thee my father's name, being avowed to secrecy upon that point. But by and by thou mayst know entirely who I am when the time shall have come for me to declare myself. But now I have somewhat to do,

Sir Percival & Sir Pellinore ride together.



Drawn by Howard Pyle.

Unto all this Sir Percival listened in great wonder, and when the knight had ended his tale he said, "What is thy name?" And the knight said: "My name is Percydes, and I am the son of King Pecheur — so called because he is the king of all the fisher-folk who dwell upon the west coast. And now I prithee tell me also thy name and condition, for I find I love thee a very great deal."

And Sir Percival said: "My name is Per-

and it is to deal with this Lady Vivien as she shall deserve."

But Sir Percydes said, "Go not near to that sorceress, else she will do some great harm upon thee with her potent spells, as she did to me."

But Sir Percival said, "Nay; stay me not, for I will go to her, having no fear of her."

And now ye shall hear how it befell when that enchantress and Sir Percival met together, and how it fared with that young knight.

(To be continued.)

A NOVEL FISHING FEAT.

By Everett Foster.

To catch a trout, and, without moving from the spot, to boil it while it is still hanging on the hook, and all this without a fire or a kettle, sounds like a fairy tale; but it has often been done, and the writer was once the witness of this interesting performance.

First let me say that probably there is only one place in the whole world where this can be done — namely, at a certain spot in the great Yellowstone Park. This park, as many of the St. Nicholas readers know, is a large forest and game preserve, a little larger than the State of Rhode Island, located mainly in Wyoming, but partly in Montana and Idaho. It belongs to the United States government, and a detachment of soldiers, mounted and unmounted, is stationed there to see that no one shoots or in any way molests the game and other wild animals within its boundaries, as well as to prevent vandalism of any sort.

A line of four-horse coaches make a tour of the park every day during the season, the trip occupying five days. On our third day out we made our regular stop for luncheon, this time at the head of Yellowstone Lake. After viewing the wonderful "paint-pots," as they are called, but which are nothing but innumerable holes filled with soft, boiling hot clay of different colors, bubbling up like huge masses of thick Indian mush in a kettle, we sauntered off to the edge of the lake a few feet distant. Here we came to the spot where

"HE SLOWLY SWUNG HIS POLE AND LINE AS IF THEY HAD BEEN A MINIATURE DERRICK, AND GENTLY LOWERED THE FISH INTO THE SEETHING NATURAL CALDRON." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

we had heard the wonderful trick had been performed. Archie, the youngest of our party, a lad of thirteen, had brought his trout-rod along, for, while shooting game is prohibited, the government has no objection to fishing. It was high noon, the day was sunny, and just at this place the shore was absolutely destitute of trees or shade of any kind. The surface of the water was like glass, and altogether the conditions were anything but favorable for catching trout. However, Archie was not to be deterred from trying. Fixing a gaudily colored fly to his line, he walked up to the place and made a cast.

Now an exceedingly unusual combination of natural features makes this little spot, scarcely three yards square, unique in all the world. In the first place, the lake contains trout that may be caught in the shallow water near its edge; then, and most wonderful of all, a small boiling spring, or quiescent geyser, happens to be located at the very shore of the lake. In the early spring, when the waters of the lake are very high, this cone is wholly submerged. As the water gets lower, the cone may be seen boiling furiously; and at long intervals the lake gets so low that the waters recede, leaving the cone, like a tiny peninsula, attached to the shore.

The boiling water, supplied from unfathomable depths, has, of course, no connection with the lake, although the flat rock cone inclosing its basin shelves gradually below the surface of the larger body of water, as will be seen from the picture.

It was on this flat, shelving rock that Archie stood when he cast his fly. We smiled at the young man's hopefulness, which I am afraid none of us shared, for we sauntered off to look at more of the "paint-pots" close by.

In a few minutes we heard him shout,— a bad thing, to be sure, for a trout fisherman to do,— and running back, we found him, in his eagerness, ankle-deep in the water, with his line seesawing the surface of the lake. After a lot of reeling in and letting out of the line, Archie proudly raised his pole, showing a very respectable half-pound trout hanging from the hook.

Elated at having successfully accomplished the first stage of the performance,— the part, indeed, in which we had little idea he would succeed,— Archie conscientiously set about to complete the program. He was now all excitement, but he never for a moment forgot to "play fair." With his feet still under water, and without moving except to turn his body, he slowly swung his pole and line as if they had been a miniature derrick, and gently lowered the fish into the seething natural caldron but a few feet away.

"Three cheers for Izaak Walton!" some one shouted. "Now for a trout cooked while you wait."

But we were to be disappointed. Within a minute the trout had slipped off and slowly sunk out of sight. It was at once clear that it had become so quickly cooked that the flesh fell apart, leaving only the head.

"Well, I've done the stunt, anyhow," said Archie, triumphantly. "The trout was cooked all right, and that 's all the rules call for. But, jingo! I wish we could have eaten him. I 've a mind to try again."

So once more he cast his fly, and again, to our astonishment, he brought in a trout — if anything, a little bigger than the first. To prevent a repetition of the former accident, he wrapped an extra trout-line about the body of the fish, around and around, every once in a while taking a turn over the hook. Then he lowered it into the spring; and in less than two minutes it was thoroughly cooked. We could not understand why it was cooked so much more quickly than it would have been in a pot at home; we afterward suspected it was because there was so much of the hot water that the fish had no effect in cooling it. At any rate, we all tasted it to please Archie, and pronounced it excellent — all agreeing, however, that considerably less salt in the water would have made it superb.

One of the party was disposed to object to what he called the cruelty of the thing; but we reminded him that live crabs and lobsters are thrown into boiling hot water to be cooked; while Archie suggested that as the fish was killed at the first plunge, it was more humane than the usual plan of letting it die slowly at the bottom of a boat. And I rather think he was right.

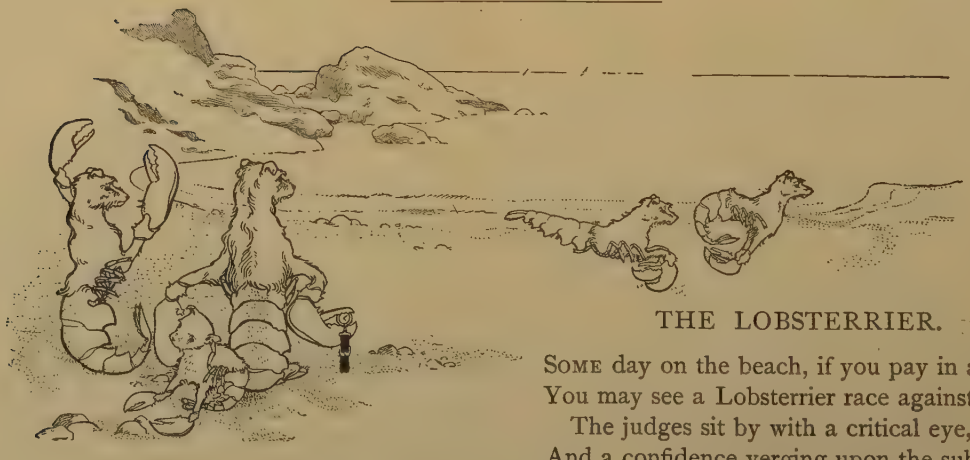
Well, so that is a true story of a fishing feat that can be done nowhere else in the world, but which any boy or girl who happens to be in the Yellowstone Park can do, *if*, by good luck, the trout happen to be biting that day.

UNNATURAL HISTORY.

By Alice Brown.

THE PEACOCKATOO.

This Peacockatoo, with tail like a screen,
On viewing himself with magnificent mien,
Considers his glass — a small one, alas!—
On reflection, the finest he ever has seen.



THE LOBSTERRIER.

Some day on the beach, if you pay in a dime,
You may see a Lobsterrier race against time.
The judges sit by with a critical eye,
And a confidence verging upon the sublime.

WITH THE BIRDS IN AUTUMN.

By Ernest Ingersoll.

I know several bright girls who are greatly taken with the idea of knowing more of out-of-door affairs.

"But," they say, "what can girls *do?* We are not allowed to ramble about and shoot

WATCHING THE BIRDS.

a gun, climb trees after nests, push into wet marshes, or scramble up the brambly hillside, for fear of our dresses and our dignity." Well, in my opinion, a girl can "do" a great deal, in spite of these obstacles, provided she have interest enough in the matter to think no pains too great to gain her knowledge. But enthusiasm alone is not quite enough; she must have sharp eyes, and a habit of using them. The eye should become accustomed not only to see what is before it, but to see it quickly, see all there is to be seen, and instantly detect anything that is novel or peculiar. This, of course, is partly a matter of memory, and cannot be acquired all at once. But if a girl or boy makes it a point to look sharply at the birds, animals, and plants, the weather, the way the shadows fall on the landscape, and the thousand everchanging facts of nature, the practice will soon cease to be an effort of attention, and will become an unconscious and most valuable part of one's self.

The foundation of success lies in ability for quiet and patience. Living things are shy and apprehensive, and their ways of life must be learned slowly, by seizing every little opportunity and patiently waiting for the animal to overcome its fear and exhibit its natural manners.

I know a gentleman who sat motionless in the top of a most uncomfortable tree, for four or five hours a day, during a week, where he could overlook the nest of a wood-duck. This duck differs from most others of its tribe, by making its home high up in a hollow tree. What the gentleman wanted to know was how the young got down to the water. Finally he saw them carried down, one by one, on the mother's shoulders, who, as soon as she struck the water, dove, and left the young one sitting on the surface. Often, however, they jump down themselves.

Patience, nevertheless, will bring you little unless you teach yourself to remain perfectly quiet. The small denizens of the woods are easily frightened. You never know, when you are in the fields or woods, what moment you may come upon something that you are exceedingly anxious to see. It would be doubly disappointing in such a case to find you had frightened the animal, or disturbed an action that in a whole season you might not have the chance to witness again. Tread stealthily

then, keep your voice low, and insist that your companions do likewise — unless, indeed, like myself, you prefer to go alone. A very great aid in these walks, too, is a good opera-glass.

You surely need a note-book and pencil, and the resolution to use them persistently; for memory is treacherous, mixes things, and may easily be overfilled. Moreover, you will find these notes, full of sunshine and woodsy flavor, very pungent reading in chill November, recalling better than by any other means the fragrant and ever-charming days of warmth and verdure when they were written down.

Books of reference need not be many or expensive, and one can do much without any. You need no book in order to discipline your eyes rightly to see and your ears in hearing promptly and surely what movements and melodies are going on in the grove; and you can label the different birds with the farm-boys' names, or invent your own. Don't wait, then, until a library is bought before beginning to notice and jot down facts. This requires no preparation whatever, only the will to do it. By and by, when your books come, and you discover under the technical names of classification one after another of your acquaintances, you will also delightedly find that you have picked up nearly as much information about many of them as the book has to tell you, or perhaps more. Then how eagerly you will read and how sharply you will criticize the author's pages!

Let me pause for a moment, just here, to say why I choose to speak of these matters in September, when the "bird year" is waning. The autumn is a good time to begin the study for several reasons. Birds then are fewer in number, since the migratory species are absent, and those which remain, or have come from the far North, are less shy and seclusive, often come close to the house, or may be attracted there, and can more easily be seen than when flitting among the dense foliage of summer. Seek some bushy hillside sheltered from the north winds and open to the southern sunshine, and you will probably find it the regular home of a company of birds which stay there from October to March, and whose acquaintance may easily be made. An old orchard is another excellent field for study at this season.

I shall suppose in this article that you do not shoot at all, and hence must learn the names as well as the habits of birds without taking them into your hands for examination. If you can get access to a collection of stuffed skins, you will find it a great advantage. There are several sorts of trap, moreover, which may be used to capture the birds without harming them. After you have identified your captives and fixed their plumage in your mind, so that you will know them when you see them again, you can let them go. One of the Boston men who has written a great deal on this subject used to keep a figure-four trap on his lawn all the time, with the string within reach of his hand as he sat at work near his library window. Sometimes he captured birds worth having, and had much amusement, at any rate. Another way to capture the birds is by photography; but this beautiful method can hardly be called a means of study to a beginner, for a person must be both a well-informed ornithologist and a good photographer to achieve much in the way of results. Still, it is well worth trying.

When I began to watch the birds, no book that I could get could be carried into the fields, on account of its size and weight; but now several hand-books may be had, all good and helpful, especially Chapman's "Manual." Take such a book with you as you would your Botany, and when you see a bird try to discover its name by the printed "key" and description. Otherwise you must jot down in your note-book the colors and pattern of the coat, making a little sketch of the head, perhaps, in addition, and then hunt it out when you get home. After you have tried this a few times with the aid of an opera-glass, you will understand how important it is to make the memoranda very full. Don't trust to memory here; and verify each identification very carefully, for there are some puzzling resemblances between birds really very different. Of course this is far slower and less accurate work than simply to shoot a specimen and then examine it at your leisure; but progress is possible nevertheless. I had learned a great deal about the habits of birds long before I had either gun or text-book.

Having learned thoroughly the fifteen or twenty kinds there to be found during the cooler months, you will find far less bewildering the larger population of these same places when spring brings back again its crowd of migrants. Moreover, in winter you have more time to do the necessary reading and thinking!

Just here, perhaps, a pleasant voice interrupts me to say that while some farmers' daughters may easily go about woodland and meadows, a large number of maidens live in towns and cities. Is there nothing for them? Plenty: it is for them, no less than for the girls who live in the suburbs or country, that I am writing. A friend of mine, who has kept careful watch, reports that nearly every wild land-bird of New England has been seen by him within three or four years on Boston Common. Some very rare birds show themselves now and then to observant eyes in Central Park, New York, and in Lincoln Park, Chicago.

Only a few days of turning your attention to this subject will have passed ere you will find yourself interested in a dozen points of ornithology. First you will be anxious to know how many different species of birds you are able to detect in your locality, and what proportion of them reside there the year round; what part remain through the summer, and rear their young, what ones come only in winter, and how many simply pass through in the spring and again in the fall. If your district be a favorable one in the Eastern or Middle States, you will find the number of different kinds entered on your catalogue at the end of the year surprisingly large.

And now I wish to point out to you a few ways in which a girl may not only find amusement and mental training, but do a real service to science.

In many respects the habits of our most common songsters are misunderstood, or not known at all. For example, it is only beginning to be known what food the bluebird chooses and what it rejects. No bird is more familiar, abundant, or easily studied than this; and if sharp-eyed girls had been watching the bluebirds all over the country for the last five years, and writing down every different sort of insect they saw them eat, and the kinds they always passed by without touching, we should have known long ago more than we do now. There is many another species to exercise your scrutiny on, however; for instance, the pert red-headed, early-and-late, tra-la-la-ing little chippy, or hair-bird. "But," you say, "this requires us to know something about insects and plants, in order to distinguish them!" Exactly; and it is one of the grand things of ornithology, or of any other branch of the study of nature, that it draws into its train, as a swift current sucks along the water and drift beside it, all the rest of natural history.

Then there is the domestic life of our garden birds. I should expect to learn no end of novel and interesting facts from talking with a bright girl who has been diligently studying the home life of the dozen or so sorts of birds living in her village garden. Here are some of the questions you might try to answer about the proceedings of the family of indigo-birds in the waxberry-bush under your sitting-room window: Did the pair search long for a nesting-site before deciding on this bush, or did they seem to settle anywhere without consideration? Did both work at building the nest, or only one, and which one, and was the work of each of a separate character? What were the materials? Where did they get them? Were any rejected after they had been brought, apparently because unsuitable? Did one ever seem to call on the other for help in a difficulty? Did they work steadily or at intervals? Was the nest different in shape or materials from any other nest of the same bird you ever saw or heard described? How long did it require to complete the nest? How long afterward was the first egg laid? How long did the mother bird sit? Upon what did she feed her young, and what did she seem to do toward training them? These are some of the questions I should ask, and I assure you that careful answers for the most common bird would not only give you entertainment in the getting, but you would find you were making a real contribution to science.

Try it, and see if I am not right!

THE SPORTS OF NEGRO CHILDREN.

By Timothy Shaler Williams.

The little negro girls and boys who live in the towns or on the plantations of the South enjoy their games and sports quite as heartily as do any healthy and hearty girls and boys; but the conditions of their life are not such as to make them acquainted with the sports usually enjoyed by other children. If you were to ask one of these curly-haired, black-faced school-children of the South what games he played, he would be very likely to roll the whites of his eyes at you, and his teeth would glisten, while he answered, "Don't play any, sah!" If you should push your inquiries, you might get him to say "Yaas, sah!" to the questions whether he played base-ball, tag, and other games. But it is the colored child's misfortune that he cannot reply more fully to such questions. His list of games is really very short. Where children come together, however, as at school, or, once in a very great while at parties and picnics, there is an opportunity for sports which require a number of players.

"'DON'T PLAY ANY, SAH!'"

A rough game, but one of the most popular, is "rap-jacket," which is much played at school. The girls and boys cut long switches, and form two opposite rows, having an equal number of players on each side. The two forces then attack, each trying to make the other give way before the vigorous onslaught of whips. It is "against the rule" to hit in the face, but the blows rain down terrifically on the shoulders of the players; and it is not an unusual sight to see one of them who has been slightly hurt tearfully seeking consolation from the teacher. In spite of the game's roughness, even the girls are very fond of it.

Most of the games which colored children play are "ring" games. These seem to furnish an outlet for the melody in the negro soul, for nearly all are accompanied by singing and dancing. The songs are extremely simple, and of course vary with every game. Very curious rhymes are sometimes thrown together. The tunes in all the games differ very little. To one who for the first time witnesses these musical games, their most striking features are the ease and grace with which most of the players dance and beat time with feet and hands. It is comical to see a circle of these happy little creatures moving hands, feet, and mouths in perfect harmony, and giving rapt attention to the game.

"Hop like de rabbit, ho!" is a favorite ring game. One player enters the circle made by the others, and chooses a partner. In a queer embrace the two clasp each other's shoulders and jump round and round. Meanwhile those in the ring, clapping their hands and beating with their feet, sing these words:

Hop like de rabbit, ho!
Hop like de rabbit, ho boy!
De rabbit skip,
De rabbit hop,
De rabbit eat my turnip-top!
Hop like de rabbit, ho!
Hop like de rabbit, ho boy!

De rabbit is a cunnin' thing,
He ramble in de dark;
He nebber know what trouble is
Till he hear old Rover bark!
De rabbit skip,
De rabbit hop,
De rabbit eat my turnip-top!
Hop like de rabbit, ho!
Hop like de rabbit, ho boy!

There is another game which is played in the same way, but which requires different words. It is called "De Willow-tree." I

give the words as they were written down for me by a bright little school-girl; but they are a curious jumble. It ought to be said that the songs or chants given in this article are not

Six young ladies, six young gen'lemen,
Don't you think it 's hard,
They hab all got true lover,
And I hab none?

THE GAME OF "RAP-JACKET."

CHORUS.
Rice-cake, rice-cake, rice-cake,
Sweet me so!

Don't you tell dose girls I love it to my heart!
Don't you tell dose boys I eat it, eat it!
Don't you tell dose boys I eat it, eat it!
To my toe!

supposed to be sung, in all parts of the South, or, if sung, they do not appear in the same form. Their words may differ even in neighboring localities. The language of a people who depend upon the ear rather than on the eye for their vocabulary is always changing. The words of "De Willow-tree" are as follows:

De willow-tree I nebber saw,
Green grow de willow!
Do that again, I 'll stick you with a pin,
Green grow de willow!
De willow-tree I nebber saw,
Green grow de willow!

Marching and singing are the chief features of the game "Drinking Water." Two of the players, joining hands above their heads, stand at the apex of an angle formed by the remaining players, who stand facing away from the first two. The two at the opposite ends of the columns forming the angle take a few steps toward each other, being followed in turn by the other players, and, wheeling half-way

around, march down the center between the columns and beneath the outspread arms of the first two, who remain in their places.

THE CAKE-WALK.

Probably the fun in this game is in its soldier-like movements. The song which accompanies the marching runs thus:

Ho, Nannie! Ho, Nannie!
Hand me the gourd to drink water!
Drink water, drink water,
Hand me the gourd to drink water!

Miss Mary, Miss Mary!
Hand me the gourd to drink water,
Drink water, drink water,
Hand me the gourd to drink water!

"Shouting Josephine" is the odd name given to a peculiar game. Two of the players stand inside a ring formed by the others, and the following dialogue ensues between them:

"Josephine!"

"Ma'am?"

"Have you had your breakfast?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How much?"

"Spoonful."

"Josephine, do you want to shout?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How long?"

"An hour and a half."

"Then shout, Josephine!"

And so Josephine shouts, as loudly as she can, and, with her hands resting on her hips and her elbows bent, dances gracefully and in perfect time with her lively shouting. Meanwhile the others beat time with their hands. Now and then they cry out, "Finger-ring!" "Ear-ring!" "Breast-pin!" and so on; and as they mention the words, the shouting Josephine, without stopping her motion, takes her hands from her hips and touches the portion of the body where the ear-ring, breast-pin, and so on, are respectively worn. Josephine shouts and dances as long as she has voice, and then breaks out of the ring, and a companion takes her place.

The colored children's parties do not differ much in general from those to which white girls and boys are accustomed. The invited guests come in the afternoon,—or evening, as

Southerners would say,—play games, have supper, and go home. In one of the games often played on such occasions a girl sits under a June-apple tree,—or, if there happens to be none around, under any small tree or shrub,—and calls a boy from among the players, who have formed a ring around her. The boy enters the circle and tries to kiss the girl, who to escape him endeavors to break out of the ring. But the other players clasp hands and dance round and round, all the time singing:

Here 's Miss Phœbe sits under a June-apple tree, heigh-ho!
Seeking for her true-love to see, heigh-ho!
Here 's a young lady sits under my arm;
Another sweet kiss will do her no harm!
An' another little one, heigh-ho!
An' a sweet little one, heigh-ho!

The last two lines are repeated faster and faster, as "Miss Phœbe" makes greater efforts to break the ring, and her companions circle round with increasing rapidity. When she has at last escaped from her pursuer, the boy who is left chooses another girl from the ring; and then he, in turn, tries to break out before his partner can kiss him.

Then there are birthday parties, to which every invited guest is supposed to bring a present—a cake, a doll, or something of the sort—for the child whose birthday is celebrated. An interesting feature of these parties is the cake-walk. This affords great amusement. The prize cake is put upon a table in the center of the room, while the guests, in couples, walk around the house, in through the door, around the table, and out again. Not far from the cake stands one of the "old folks," who presents a little flag to whichever couples she may choose, as the procession moves past her. The marching in and out of the house continues until a gun is discharged outside; then the two with the flag who happen to be nearest the table are considered the winners of the cake. Besides this prize, however, the successful girl and boy are each allowed to choose one of the presents brought to the host.

Christmas is the greatest holiday among the negroes. It lasts a whole week with them, and during this time some of them seem to think it wrong to do any work. The children believe firmly in the existence of Santa Claus. They hang their stockings beside the fireplace, and on Christmas morning imagine that they see his footprints on the hearth. One would think that old St. Nick would leave a great many gifts in such a home, it is so easy for him to climb up and down the chimney; but he does n't leave very many; so it is fortunate that the black children are satisfied with an orange, an apple, a doll, or a stick of candy.

HANGING UP THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

THE·TALE OF TERTVLLIVS·QVINTVS

BY MARGARET JOHNSON

TERTULLIUS QUINTUS he sat in his hall,
Where the tablets of bronze on the tapestried wall
Proclaimed his exalted position;
The toga that draped him in folds long and lank,
Was striped with the purple befitting his rank;
His stature was noble, his bearing was frank,
And his nose was distinctly patrician.

Tertullius Quintus had won much renown
In Rome, that antique but remarkable town,
Full of wealth and of wit and of science;
His house was palatial; and there, in the gray
Of the earliest morning — a queer time of day,
You 'd imagine, for callers their greetings to pay! —
Came hundreds of friends and of clients.

His wife was a lady both noble and fair;
His two little sons were as manly a pair
As those world-renowned brothers, the Gracchi;
And Maximus Curtius, whom nobody blames,
Nor Minimus Marcus, for having such names,
Were as clever and bright at their studies and games
As any young Johnny or Jacky.

Yet, spite of his family — balm for all woes! —
And spite of his fortune, his fame, and his nose,
As sad as the sage in his attic,
A Roman, a senator, princely and proud,
Tertullius sat with his haughty head bowed,
And the shade of a gloomy and thunderous cloud
On his countenance aristocratic.

For deep in his bosom there gnawed such a pain
As a Roman must feel who has struggled in vain
To uphold an august reputation;
Each kalends of March it was one of his ways
With a dinner unrivaled his friends to amaze;
And among the choice viands to serve at the feast
Some dish rare and costly — roast peacock at least —
(Though how they could eat it I can't understand,
When there was n't a fork to be had in the land!)
Was the thing for a man of his station.

But times they were hard, and peacocks were dear,
And Tertullius Q. had expended that year
Very much upon frolic and feasting, I fear;
For, to tell you the truth, he adored it!
His books and his bank-account, stylus in hand,
He studied in vain; though for peacock he 'd planned,

And 't was peacock he wanted, no more and no less,
With a bitterness deeper than words can express
He felt that he could n't afford it!

There was many another delectable dish
Of pigeon or pastry, of fowl or of fish,
Which his cook could prepare to the turn of a wish,
And the daintiest appetite flatter;
But with peaches from Persia, and eels from Bordeaux,
Still hoarsely Tertullius muttered, and low,
"Aut pavo aut nullus!" as much as to say —
Of course in a stern, senatorial way —
If he could n't have peacock he just would n't play,
And there was an end of the matter.

Now as he sat brooding, down into the hall —
Which classical scholars an "atrium" call —
Young Maximus came, with his face all aglow,
Nor heeded his father's expression of woe,
Nor the grief-stricken posture he sat in;
But jauntily tossing his ringlets aside,
"E pluribus unum!" he playfully cried,
Or something like that, for you doubtless recall
(Though I fancy it can't have been easy at all!)
That the Quintuses always spoke Latin.

"Alas!" said his father (of course I translate),
And would have proceeded his sorrows to state,
But "Really," cried Maximus C., "I can't wait,
For I promised to go to the circus;
Your pardon!" And bowing politely and low,
This heartless young heathen went off to the show
(As boys sometimes did in the long, long ago),
Where to follow him further would irk us.

Next into the hall little Minimus came,
With his hands full of walnuts for playing the game
In which all little Romans delighted;

And pausing to greet his papa where he sat
With "Multum in parvo!" or something like that,
He, too, sped away like a ball from a bat—
Was ever a parent so slighted?

Tertullius Quintus he writhed in his chair,
And he tore off the wreath that he wore in his hair.
"Affection 's a failure, ambition a snare!
No pity, no peacock, my glory all fled,
And no one to care for my pride that is dead!
I may as well go, then," he bitterly said,
"And throw myself into the Tiber!"

But just at this moment a step on the floor,
A little voice humming a little tune o'er,
And dear little Tullia entered the door—
Oh, did I forget to describe her?

They did not think highly of girls, as you know,
Those sturdy old statesmen who lived long ago
In the country far over the water;
And so I 've omitted to mention to you
What I very much doubt if Tertullius Q.
Quite realized, indeed, if indeed he quite knew
That he had such a thing as a daughter!

But in she came tripping, as fresh as a rose,
With her sandals so neat on her neat little toes,
Her tunic all guiltless of spot or of speck,
And her little gold bulla hung round her fair neck—
I suppose you would call it a locket;
Her heart it was light, for as well as she could
She had done all the tasks that a little girl should:
She had tidied her little cubiculum — which
Was a bedroom, you know — with its furniture rich;
She had dusted the Lares, Penates, and all
The gods of the household that stood in the hall;
Fed the family snake, which, unless I forget,
Instead of a kitten they kept as a pet;
And woven some flax from the thread she had spun;
And now she was going to buy her a bun,
At the bake-shop around the next corner but one,
With a penny — that is n't what *she* would have said,
But it 's much the same thing — very shiny and red,
Tucked away in her gown, which was funny instead—
Oh, excuse me; she *had n't* a pocket!

But seeing her father, she paused in dismay,
And I think she 'd a notion of running away,
But the frown on his forehead perplexed her;
And timidly creeping quite close to his knee,
"Pray what is the matter, dear pater?" said she,
With her rosy cheeks white (she was frightened, you see)
As her little white toga prætexta.

"The matter?" Tertullius started and stared;
Then down at the little intruder he glared
With a laugh of the grimmest description.
"You ask, who would wail at the sting of a gnat!
I 'm *poor*, child! And pray can you understand *that?*
So poor — although none any sympathy lends! —
That I can't buy a peacock to offer my friends!

The matter? And nothing to eat—" With a choke
The senator stopped, and his frown as he spoke
Was black with a blackness Egyptian.

But dear little Tullia pitying smiled;
"So poor, dear papa?" cried the innocent child,
And her look would have melted a stoic.
"Why, see! I have something to give you—it's not
Very much, I'm afraid, but it's all that I've got,
And 'twill buy you some dinner!" Then proudly she drew
From her bosom her penny, so precious and new,
And laying it down with a lingering touch,
"I don't think I wanted that bun very *much!*"
She said with a courage heroic.

Well, draped in a toga or clad in a coat,
Human nature's the same at the bottom, we note;
And I fancy I scarcely need tell you the rest.
Could the hardest of hearts have resisted the test
Of the little maid's artless devotion?
The senator's melted; and just as if he
Had n't happened a haughty old Roman to be,
And to live in the twilight of something B.C.,
Forgetting his late overwhelming despair,
He hastily sprang from his ivory chair,
Caught his child to his bosom, unable to speak
For the tears on his proud senatorial cheek,
While a feeling exquisite, at once, and unique,
Suffused all his soul with emotion.

"Now were I of fame and of fortune bereft,
With never a single denarius left,"
At last he was able devoutly to cry,
"Yet richer than Crœsus, my darling, am I,
And blessed with the dearest of blisses!
Oh, noble! Oh, brave!" And impassioned, though hoarse,
He poured out his feelings with fervor and force
(And they sounded much finer in Latin, of course)
Until Tullia stopped him with kisses.

Then off to the bake-shop together they went,
I cannot say which of the two more content;
But never, I know, so elated and proud
Had Tertullius been when addressing a crowd
From the lordliest stage of the Forum.

Her hand in his own, little Tullia skipped,
And at times in the trail of his toga she tripped,
But he did n't mind *that;* and a bite of her bun
She gave him, a plummy and generous one;
And they chattered and laughed and had just as much fun
As any papa, be he peasant or earl,
May have, if he likes, with his own little girl.
And then they went home, and the senator dined;
And, a thousand important affairs on his mind,

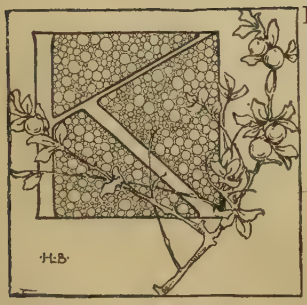
Yet he never forgot, I 'm delighted to say,
The lesson that Tullia taught him that day.
But they loved and were happy forever and aye,
That is, in *saecula saeculorum!*

My story is finished. The moral? Why—wait;
I don't think there *is* one! Of course I can state—
And you 've doubtless observed it yourself, if you 've looked—
That all the roast peacocks that ever were cooked,
All the money the wide world could mint us,
A dwelling palatial, a glorious name,
A nose that 's patrician, or fortune or fame,
Can't begin to compare with the least little curl
That grows on the head of a dear little girl!
And I 'm glad one old Roman, in ages long dim,
Discovered the fact—but the moral 's for *him!*
For us—well, to please me (it 's only a whim),
Just ask your papa when you climb on his knee
In front of the fire, to-night, after tea,
If he thinks there 's a lesson for him or for me
In the tale of Tertullius Quintus!

THE END

"KITTY WHITE."

By C. M. Branson.



KITTY WHITE had heard rumors for two weeks that there was a wildcat on the mountain. Though bears still were quite common, every one thought that the wildcats had been killed off. So this was bad news, for they are almost the worst things to meet when one is alone.

"Rover," the big Newfoundland who was such a good friend to "Kitty White" and "Kitty Gray,"—the prettiest cats in the neighborhood,—boasted that just let *him* see a wildcat, and he 'd make short work of it; but Kitty White trembled with fear every time she ran over to chat with Kitty Gray. She said her nerves were getting awfully unstrung, for every bush and shadow she saw she thought was that wildcat. Neither of the kittens dared to stay out after dark, for the wildcat had been seen as far down the mountain as their homes!

Rover laughed at them and said he 'd like to get at the old wildcat, he would.

Kitty White said the worst wish she could wish it was that it might have to go down the flume on a log; she just wondered how it would like to feel as if her eyes were coming out of their sockets and her fur flying out by the roots.

"Pooh!" said Rover. "You know, Kitty White, that going down a flume won't kill a cat."

Finally Master Jack made up his mind to hunt for that cat.

Rover came down to Kitty White's one morning and said the hunt was to begin that day. And he invited her and Kitty Gray to join in it. They were afraid at first; but he said he 'd protect them, and they might see the sport and not be in a bit of danger, either.

In half an hour they all were started, Jack with his gun on his shoulder, and Rover capering on ahead. The two little cats began by being rather still, and kept close to Jack's heels, telling each other awful stories about the wickedness of wildcats in general and of this one in particular.

"Why," said Kitty White, "they say she 's eaten up all the young kittens that she could find around here for six months. I 'm afraid I am not too big for her myself!"

"I think she likes 'em tenderer than you; I call *you* a tough one," said Kitty Gray, in a good-natured, playful way.

And so they went on talking and quarreling until they grew braver, for they had seen nothing to alarm them. They skipped and hopped about as if they never had been afraid of anything in their lives.

Suddenly a great bark from Rover made them stop in the midst of a frolic and bristle themselves out. They hissed furiously, although they did n't know in the least what they were hissing at. Then they stood very still and watched. Presently they saw something white run so fast that it looked like a streak of light and not at all like an animal, and Rover was after it with great bounds. He was too busy to bark now.

The white thing ran up a tree, and then the two kittens saw that it was an enormous cat, the biggest they had ever seen. When she had got high in the tree she turned and looked down, and her eyes seemed like two big balls of green fire. She had a black spot on the top of her head, and two black paws.

Now Rover stood at the foot of the tree and shook his head and barked until the echoes were so loud and so many that Kitty White thought a dozen dogs must have gathered around.

Jack raised his gun and aimed at the cat. But just then she gave such a piteous cry that he did not pull the trigger as he had intended.

The cry did n't sound fierce at all — it was only very pleading; and Jack was tender-hearted, for all his roughness. The idea had crossed his mind: "What if this is n't a wildcat, after all?"

Now the two kittens and Rover understood cat language, of course, and they knew that the cry of the cat had meant: "Don't shoot! I never do any harm!"

When Kitty White saw Jack hesitate, she looked up at the cat and gave a long *mew* which meant: "*Are* you a wildcat, after all?"

Now, the moment the cat in the tree heard Kitty White's voice she shivered all over and seemed to forget that the gun was pointed at her.

"What voice was that?" she asked, as she came down and climbed out near the end of one of the lower branches.

"Mine," said Kitty White, promptly, wondering why the cat asked such a question.

"Won't you please speak again?" begged the treed cat. And Kitty, not knowing what to say, just gave another long *mew*.

By this time Jack had lowered his gun, and Rover was sitting down, listening and trying hard to regain his breath.

"I declare," said Jack, "I 'm not going to shoot that cat, after all; she looks too gentle and knowing."

The cat heard him, and understood enough to know she was out of danger, so she began to crawl slowly down the tree. It was hard work for Rover to keep from touching her when she brushed past his nose; but he was too interested now to think of worrying her.

"BY THIS TIME JACK HAD LOWERED HIS GUN."

The cat went straight to Kitty White.

"Kitty," said she, in a husky voice, "do you remember your mother?"

"Only a little. She was drowned in a well when I was very small," was the timid answer.

"Did they ever find the body?" was the next question, in a hollow whisper.

"No," said Kitty, now so full of awe that she didn't feel Kitty Gray's nudge or hear her say, "She's crazy, is n't she?"

"Your mother was not drowned," said the cat, with a sigh of relief. "She escaped through a hole in the cover of the well; but she was so frightened that she went off into the woods and has been there ever since. Kitty, don't you know me?"

Here Kitty White trembled and her fur seemed to grow pale. "No-o-o," she stammered.

"Kitty," said the cat, "there is one thing I must ask you, have you a black tufted mark on your left paw?"

"I have, I have!" cried Kitty, in a high key.

"My child, my child!" whimpered the cat; and she clasped Kitty White to her heart, mewing in such a hysterical way that Jack had to stop his ears.

Then they went down the mountain a very happy and contented pair.

THE FLY.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

A fly,
To my eye,
Is a wonderful thing.
He buzzes about all the day on his wing —
A gossamer, flibberty, gibberty thing.
You would n't surmise
A thing of his size
Had strength for all of the tasks that he tries.
For instance, to-day
I was reading away
Of fairies and gnomes and the pranks that they play,
When a fly
Came by,
And then he began
On a horrible plan
Of worrying,
Flurrying,
Scurrying in,
And flicking the ends of my nose and my chin,
Until I 'd
"Like to died"
With wrath and chagrin.
Now I 'm a big thing —
The fly he was small.
He 'd flop and he 'd fling,
He 'd buzz and he 'd sing,
While I would do nothing at all
But whack at that fly
Each time he came by,
Deep wrath in my eye;
I never could hit him, however I 'd try.
I whacked for two hours
With all of my powers;
And when it was done
I sat weary
And teary—
While he was as fresh as when he had begun.

WAS HE A COWARD?

By Laura E. Richards.

What are you youngsters chattering about? "The new boy"? What 's the matter with him? "He 's a coward, is he?" Come, come! none of that! I don't allow that kind of talk in my tent. I won't have any one called a coward till I *know* he is one. This boy has been here two days, and he may be worth all the rest of you put together, for aught I know. Now — have you all done your practising? Well, then, you may sit down and rest a bit, and I 'll tell you *why* I won't have a new boy called a coward. It 's because I called a boy by that name once when he did n't deserve it.

Hand me a match, Tom. I can't talk without my pipe. There! now we 're comfortable.

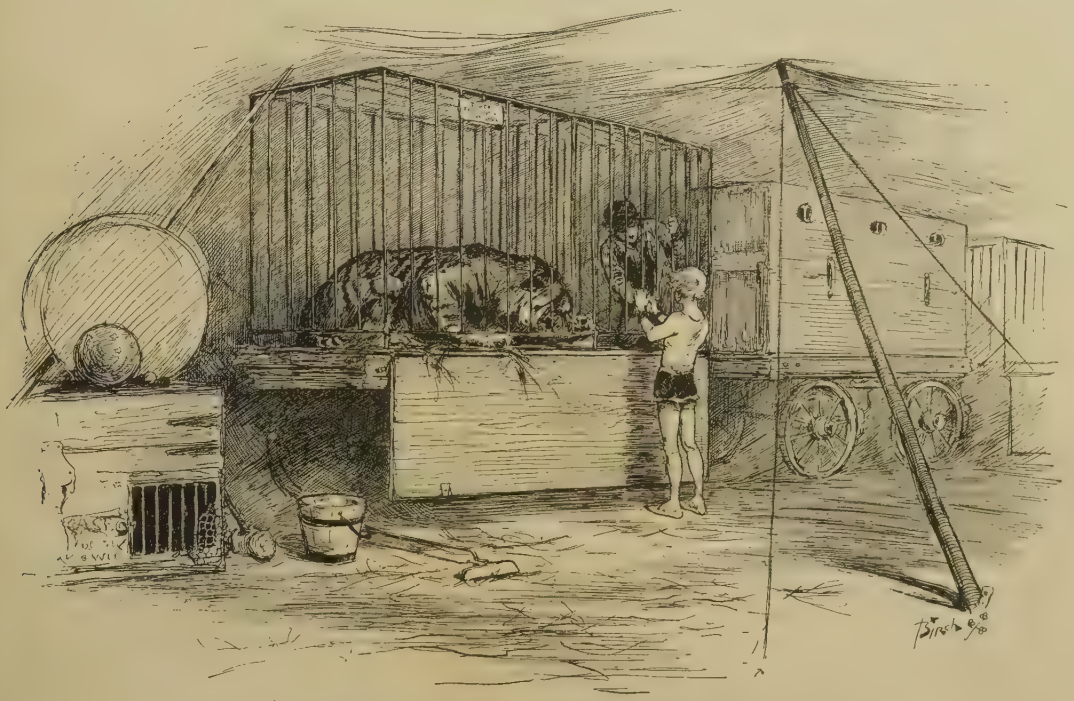
You see, I was brought up in the ring, as you may say. Father was the best bareback rider in the country. I began when I was two years old, as the Elfin Fay, riding on father's shoulder; liked it, too, and never was frightened, mother says, from the very first. By the time I was five I could ride any horse except the kickers, and was about where most of you are in tumbling. So it went on. Well, at fourteen I was as game a little youngster as you could find. There was hardly anything I could n't do, and father was already beginning to talk about my succeeding him in the bareback line, though I took more naturally to tumbling, which was what I seemed built for, you see. But there! I thought I was every one, and all the rest besides. I 'd been praised up, you see, and cheered, and called a little wonder, ever since I was knee-high to a mosquito, and I believed every word, and perhaps a little more, too.

Now I 'm coming to my story. A new boy came one day to learn tumbling, just as you all are doing. He was a slim, lanky fellow, with big blue eyes and a white face; looked half starved, and had been, I guess. Well, he was too old for tumbling, or his head was weak, or something was the matter. Anyhow, he could n't tumble any more than a hen could. Said it made him sick. No, you need n't laugh yet, boys; wait a bit. Then father tried him on riding; but he could n't ride any more than — well, I don't know what *to* call it. I do believe a fire-shovel could ride better than that boy could. As soon as the horse started he would turn white as a sheet, and in five minutes he 'd be off. I used to stand and watch him and laugh; and sometimes I would just tip the horse a wink or a whistle, if it was one that knew me, and make him cut up, just for fun. One day I did this, and he caught hold of the mane with both hands — he did, as sure as I live! and sang out: "Don't! don't! I can't bear it!" "Coward!" says I. "Look at the coward!" And he gives me a queer look, and slips off, and runs away to the stable.

Well, father found he was of little use at that, so he set him to feeding the horses; thought he might groom 'em if he could n't ride 'em. He did pretty well at that, but he was everlastingly hanging round the menagerie, looking at the wild animals. The minute his work was done, he 'd be hanging round the cages, watching first one and then the other. He never spoke to me from the day I called him coward, and seemed to keep away from everybody except old Joe, the elephant-keeper. They were friends, and they used to have long talks together; but nobody else ever noticed him.

One day I had been off for a holiday. Coming back in the afternoon, I found everybody running about and all in confusion. It was after feeding-time, but I heard an awful yelling and screeching from the animal-tent — the worst noise I ever heard. "What 's the matter?" I asked. "Matter enough!" said some one. "That new tiger has caught his paw in the rails, and is swearing awful! and Bill Hunt [that was the lion and tiger man] fell and broke his leg this afternoon, and nobody will go near the cage." I ran into the tent, and there was father and the whole crowd watching the tiger. He was making an awful time. His paw was

stuck fast, and it must have swelled so it hurt him. He yelled and yelled, and dashed himself against the wires so that they actually bent, and you never heard such a noise in your life! They had thrown his supper in, but he would n't touch it, he was in such a raging fury. Father was so taken aback he could n't say a word: no more could anybody. He just nodded; and then we all held our breath, for the boy walked straight up to the cage of that raging beast. "Will ye have Bill's rod?" says old Joe. "No;" says he, as unconcerned as if



"APPARENTLY WITH NO DESIRE FOR HASTE IN LEAVING THE CAGE, HE COOLLY REACHED DOWN TO SHAKE HANDS WITH ONE OF THE BOYS."

was trying to make old Joe go in. "You used to be a pretty good hand with the old tiger," he was saying. "I 'll give you a twenty-dollar gold piece if you 'll go in there and get that paw out." But old Joe shook his head. "I don't know this one," he said. "And I 'm too old, and I won't do it. What 's more," he said, "there 's only one person in this show as *can* do it, as I knows on." Just at that minute some one touched father's arm. He turned round, and there stood that boy, the one we all called the coward. "I 'll do it, sir," says he, quietly. And old Joe says:

"Ah, he 's the one! he 'll do it, sure enough."

"*He!*" says father. "Why, he 's a —" "No, he ain't," says old Joe. "That 's all you know, boss! There 's more things in this world than riding and tumbling. You let that boy go in!"

it was a biscuit that was offered him. "I don't want anything." And he opened the cage door and went in.

Boys, no one of us who saw that sight will ever forget it to his dying day. The tiger was making such an awful noise himself that he did n't hear the door open; but it shut with a clang, and he turned and saw the boy. He tried to spring, but the paw held him fast, and hurt him all the more; and then — well, if ever a four-footed beast was a raving lunatic with rage, that tiger was. He foamed at the mouth, he yelled, he clawed the air, trying to get at the fellow. It was terrible, I tell you! The boy stood still for a minute; then suddenly he stepped forward and threw up his hand. His eyes turned to blue fire; his face seemed all alight. "Down!" he said. The tiger stopped

yelling; his green eyes glared into the blue ones, his ugly teeth clashed together; but he lay still, although trembling and all the while glaring with that kind of lightning look. Very quietly the boy went up to him and laid one hand on his head and the other on the swollen paw. He stood so for a minute, and then — the creature dropped its head and began to whine like a great cat! I would n't have believed it if I had n't seen it with my own eyes. Very gently the boy went to work on the paw, pressing and pulling and turning it so as to bring the flat paw more nearly parallel with the vertical bars of the cage. It makes me cold now to think of it! But though the great beast yelled now and then with pain, it was a very different kind of yell. It seemed an age, but it might have been a minute and a half, before the paw was drawn out and the tiger was free.

"Did he spring?" Not he! Those blue eyes seemed to go through and through him. He growled, and then whined, and then sank down as if he were tired out, and almost seemed to say "Thank you!"

Quick as a flash the boy picked up the great piece of meat and put it before the beast; then, apparently with no desire for haste in leaving the cage, he coolly reached down to shake hands with one of the boys in the troupe who had run up to the cage; then he turned and walked out as quietly as if he had done nothing at all.

Before the rest could open their mouths to cheer, I had run to him and taken his hand. "I called you a coward," I said, loud so that everybody could hear. "I want to say now, before everybody, that I 'm not fit to crack a whip for you. You 're the bravest fellow I ever saw. Hurrah!" And "Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted father and all the rest; and the tiger looked up from his supper and growled.

So, boys, that was the way one coward turned out. His head was weak, you see, or his stomach, or something, so that riding made him dizzy: but his spirit — well, his spirit was beyond anything *I* ever saw.

"Who was he?" Ask who *is* he! He 's my partner, the greatest wild-beast tamer that 's been for a generation. Born for it, you see. Can't ride any more than a hen, to-day; but look at him! There he comes now! Ain't that a figure of a man? Look at his eyes! What did I tell you about blue fire? He 's been training those lions we bought last week.

A SCHOOL SAVINGS-BANK.

By Waldon Fawcett.

A new and very convincing way to demonstrate to boys and girls that if they will take care of the pennies the dollars will take care of themselves has recently been discovered by the pupils of one of the public schools in Washington, D. C., the national capital. These young people, acting under the direction of their principal, have started a school savings-bank, which is conducted in every way just like the great institutions where their fathers place their money for safe-keeping. The principal makes himself responsible for the safe-keeping of the funds, and at the close of each day's business deposits the daily receipts in one of the city's ordinary commercial banking institutions.

The children who are helping to make this school bank a success feel a greater pride in their enterprise than do most of the men who manage banks for "grown-ups" and own fine marble buildings with huge vaults or strong boxes of steel in which to store away their money.

The young people are quite right in their pride, too, for they did what none of the men did — built their bank themselves. In this school certain pupils were chosen to fit up the office for the bank, and there was great rivalry among the boys and girls for the honor; but the teachers finally chose the pupils who stood highest in manual training.

The woodwork was constructed by a lad who has learned to be very skilful at carpentry; and the latticework of iron strips, very like that which appears in the big banks, was made by another boy. However, the boys did not have all the honor of making the bank, for the fancy grillwork placed in the center of the front partition of the bank was contrived by a girl, and the young lady has been most highly praised because of her work.

When the boys and girls who were planning the bank discovered that if they were to conduct an establishment exactly like the regular savings-banks they must have printed bank-books, they were somewhat discouraged, for they had hoped that it would not be necessary to buy anything with which to begin business; but at last some of the children went to the home of a lad who owns a fine printing-press, and by helping him set the type and do the other necessary work, they managed to turn out very handsome little bank-books. In the end the pupils did buy a ledger, the big book in which are entered up the accounts of all the various depositors, so that the officers of the bank can tell at any time just how much money they have on hand, and can account for all that has been paid out, and know just where it has gone.

Some of the boys and girls who are brightest in arithmetic have been elected to manage the bank. Two boys are "tellers," receiving the money which is brought to the bank by the other children for safe-keeping, and paying it out upon demand by the boy or girl who has deposited it. Two girls act as bookkeepers, entering up or recording in the ledger the various sums of money taken in or paid out by the boys. Of course the two boys and the two girls have to "balance" the books each day, just as would be done in a big bank. In other words, the boy tellers must have on hand at the close of the day's business exactly the amount of money called for in the ledger, after the girl bookkeepers have subtracted the total amount of money paid out during the day, and then added the total sum paid in by the various depositors who have brought money to the bank during the day. If there is a difference of so much as a penny be-

MAKING A DEPOSIT BEFORE THE SCHOOL SESSION BEGINS.

tween the amount of money in the safe and the amount called for by the book in which the accounts are kept, the officers of the bank must puzzle over the matter, just as they would over a problem in arithmetic, until the error is found.

The bank is open three times a day, morning, noon, and evening. Thus the children may bank their money by coming before the regular school hour in the morning, by taking time during the noon recess, or by remaining after school in the afternoon. The bank is open only half an hour each time, and if there are many children waiting with money the bank officers must work very hard.

An account may be opened at the bank with a penny. Each patron of the bank is furnished, free of charge, with a book containing deposit slips and checks very much like those used in all banks. The deposit slip is a piece of paper upon which the boy or girl who is putting money in the bank writes the sum deposited. One of the slips, properly filled out, is given to the bankers with every sum deposited, and it serves as a record to indicate to the tellers and the bookkeepers just who has deposited the money, and consequently to whose credit it is to be entered up in the bank's books. The deposit slip is in two parts, each part bearing a statement in ink of the amount deposited. The bank officers, as has been explained, keep one part of the slip, to show them who has deposited money and how much has been paid in by each pupil; but the other part of the piece of paper remains in the bank-book of the depositor, and serves as a receipt or as evidence that he has deposited such a sum.

Any pupil may, by adding up the amounts on all the deposit slips, and then subtracting the sum of all the money he has drawn out at various times, find out just how much money he has left in the bank. If the sums which he figures out in this way are not the same as those arrived at by the bank bookkeepers who work the same problem in arithmetic, one or the other must have made a mistake, and it must be discovered and the matter set right before the pupil can close his account, or, in other words, draw all his money out of the bank.

The checks which are contained in the bank-book of each pupil are used in an entirely different way. These are needed only when a boy or girl wishes to draw out money instead of to deposit it. The pupil who wishes money for any purpose "fills out" a check, which is nothing more nor less than a written message to the tellers, signed by himself, and ordering the bank to pay to the writer of the check a certain sum, the amount being indicated, of course, in each case.

If a scholar is sick at home, or for any reason cannot go to the bank, he can write a check instructing the bank to pay whatever sum of money is desired to any other boy or girl whom he may name, or he may tell the bankers to pay the money "to bearer," in which case the money will be paid over to whoever brings the piece of paper to the bank. Each check, after the money it calls for has been paid out, is kept by the bank. In the first place, it serves as a reminder that the bookkeepers must subtract the amount paid out from the sum held by the bank on behalf of the boy or girl who has written the check. In the second place, it serves as a receipt, and if at the end of the school year any scholar, forgetting how much has been drawn out, believes that he should have a larger sum than is credited, the bank officials have only to bring out these old checks to convince the pupil how much money he has actually secured from time to time. Since every check is signed by the pupil himself and is dated in his own handwriting, there is, of course, no chance for him to say that a mistake has been made.

It may surprise our readers to learn that while the deposits by the pupils are never larger than twenty-five cents, and are often as small as two cents, the boys and girls have placed in safe-keeping a total of nearly two hundred dollars. Many of the boys sell newspapers, and every morning they stand up in line, waiting their turn to deposit their profits, keeping out only enough to make their purchases of papers next day. Other boys earn money to put in the bank by doing chores for the neighbors, cleaning out yards, or splitting wood.

Some of the lads make as much as fifty cents each Saturday, and all this goes into the bank. The girls earn money by making bits of fancy work or doing little tasks in housework. Some

of the money brought to the school bank is given to the children by their parents to be deposited, but by far the greater portion of it is earned by real work.

The bank has a "clearing day" a short time before Christmas, when each child receives all the money he has saved. This allows them to buy Christmas presents for friends and relatives with money which they have actually earned, and it is the idea of the school officials that the young folk can do nothing better or more unselfish than this with their savings.

Of course if pupils find that they have more money than they really need for Christmas purchases, the remainder is immediately deposited again as a nest-egg for a new savings account. All through the school year the children may draw money at any time. At first it was planned to allow them to draw money but once a week; but it was soon shown that the pupils were more apt to leave their money in the bank when they knew they could get it at any time than if they were obliged to draw out only at stated times or give notice in advance. For instance, when the children were allowed to take out money only on each Friday evening, many of them drew out sums merely because they feared they might need a few cents during the coming week. When they knew they could get money at any time, they ceased drawing out sums regularly, and spent less of their savings.

THE OFFICERS OF A SCHOOL SAVINGS-BANK.

At the end of each school year there is another clearing day, when the children are encouraged to close their accounts, even if they reopen them in the autumn. Pupils may leave money in the bank, if they wish, even after they no longer attend the school.

THE SCHOLASTIC MOUSE.

Said the mouse with scholastical hat,
"I will study the subject of cat!"
But when puss gave a yawn
Mr. Mousie was gone
Much quicker than you could say "Scat!"

A. B. P.

TOMMY'S FAREWELL TO THE CITY BOARDERS.

"GOOD-BY, GOOD-BY, EVERYBODY; DON'T MISS YOUR TRAIN.
COME BACK AGAIN TO THE FARM NEXT SUMMER!"

THE RAINBOW COLORS.

A KINDERGARTEN SONG.

By Mary Elizabeth Stone.

See what I have found,
Like a ball so round:
Something red as red can be—
'T is an apple from the tree.

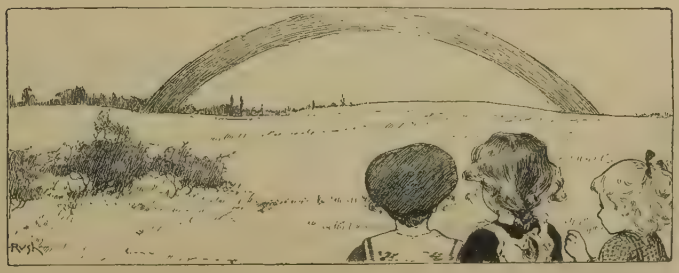
See what I have found,
Like a ball so round:
'T is a peach with tint of yellow,
For it 's ripe and rich and mellow.

See what I have found,
Like a ball so round:
Oranges are such a treat,
Very good they are to eat.

See what I have found,
Little balls so round:
All these grapes are deeply blue;
And this plum, of violet hue.

See what I have found,
Like a ball so round:
From a green and sunny slope
I have brought a cantaloup.

Now a glance will make it clear,
All the colors have we here.
We can see them, 'way up high,
When a rainbow spans the sky.



By Mary Austin.

I.

One bred to the hills and the care of dumb, helpless things must in the end, whatever else befalls, come back to them. That is the comfort they give him for their care and the revenge they have of their helplessness. If this were not so Gabriel Lausanne would never have found Jean Baptiste. Babette, who was the mother of Jean Baptiste and the wife of Gabriel, understood this also, and so came to her last sickness in more comfort of mind than would have been otherwise possible; for it was understood between them that when he had buried her, Gabriel was to go to America to find Jean Baptiste.

He had been a good son to them in his youth and good to look upon: a little short of stature, — no taller, in fact, than Babette, who was a head shorter than Gabriel, — but broad in the shoulders and strong in the thighs beyond belief. But the strength of his thews and sinews had been Jean Baptiste's undoing. About the time he came to the age of a man and the fullness of his strength, he began to think too much of himself and his cleverness in breaking other people's collar-bones by pitching them over his shoulder.

The towns drew him; the hills had no power to hold. He left minding the sheep; he sought jolly companions, and went boisterously about with them from inn door to inn door. Finally the fame of his wrestling spread until there were few men in the province dared try a fall with him. From bragging he went to broiling, and at last fell into such grievous trouble that there was nothing for it but to slip away to America between the night and the morning.

Then Gabriel and Babette, who had not thought before to take stock of their years, began to understand that they were old, and at the time when they had looked to see children's children about their knees, Babette had slipped away to find the little ones who died before Jean Baptiste was born, and Gabriel was beginning his search for Jean Baptiste, the well beloved.

America is a wide land, but the places in it where men fare forth to the hills with sheep are known and limited; and when he had inquired where these were, there, because of the faith he had, went Gabriel Lausanne. He came, in the course of a year, to the shepherd world that lies within the Sierra Nevada and its outlying spurs. For it is known that the shepherds of the Sierras are strange, Frenchmen, Basques mostly, and a few Mexicans, but never an English-speaking one, from the Temblor Hills to the Minaretts.

Things went hardly with Gabriel at first, for he was new to the land and bewildered by its bigness; but once he had gotten a place to help at lambing-time his work was assured, for there was little he did not know about lambs. And finally he was given charge of a flock, and went wandering with it into the high glacier meadows, learning the haps and seasons of the hills. He got to know the trails and the landmark peaks, what meadows were free and what could be rented for a song, the trail of bear and wild-

cat, the chances of snow in August, and all shepherd's lore. He knew the brands of sheep as a man knows the faces of his neighbors, and from the signs of the trails how they fared that were ahead of him, and how to prosper his own.

All this time he had not left off inquiring for Jean Baptiste, though the manner in which he should do this gave much trouble of mind to Gabriel Lausanne. He thought it reasonable to suppose that Jean Baptiste had not kept his own name, lest the old wrong should find him out by means of it. And if it should come to his ears that inquiries were made concerning him, he might be more careful to hide himself, suspecting an enemy. In the end Gabriel had to content himself asking every man he met for news of his son, whom he loved dearly and would find.

"Jean Baptiste, your father loves you," he wrote upon the rocks; "Jean Baptiste, your father loves you," he cut painstakingly upon the blazed trunks of pines; and "Jean Baptiste!" he whispered nightly to the wide-open stars when he lay with his flocks wintering on the sunward slopes of the Little Antelope.

"THE OLD MAN STOOPED, THAT HE MIGHT MEET 'THE MULE' EYE TO EYE."

II.

So the years went over him, and his heart warmed toward the big new land where any meadow might hold his son, or any coyote-scaring fire might be Jean Baptiste's.

By as many shepherds as he met Gabriel Lausanne was respected for his knowledge of ailing sheep, and laughed at for his simple heart, but as yet he had not come up with the shepherds of Los Alamos. The Los Alamos grant covered thousands of acres of good pasture-lands, but they counted their flocks and herds by tens of thousands, and reached out as far as they could or dared into the free forest-lands and the glacier meadows set between.

They sent out large flocks, strong and well

shepherded; and what they could not get by the fair right of first comers, they took by force and wile. They wrested the best feeding-grounds from small shepherds by the sheer force of numbers, and when they met with bands strong and adventurous as their own, the shepherds cracked one another's heads merrily with their long staves, and the pasture went to the men with the thickest skulls.

They were bold rogues, those shepherds of Los Alamos. They would head their flocks away from the line of the Forest Reserve, under the ranger's eye, and as soon as his head was turned cut back to the forbidden pastures, and out again before he could come up with them.

They turned streams out of their courses, and left uncovered fires behind them to run unchecked in the wood, for the sake of the new feed that grew up in the burned districts. For them the forest existed only to feed sheep, and Los Alamos sheep at that.

There are shepherds in the Sierras who from long association grow into a considerable knowledge of woodcraft and have respect for the big trees, but not the shepherds of Los Alamos. No doubt there was much mischief charged to them which was not properly their own, but in any event they had never been loved, and were even dreaded because of that one of them who was called "The Mule."

Every shepherd has two names — the one he signs to his contract and the one he is known by. The Mule, so called because of a certain manner of surly silence and the exceeding breadth and strength of his back, had been picked up by Le Berge, the head shepherd, at a shearing, poorly clad and wholly at the end of his means. There was that in his look and the way in which he handled a sheep that made it plain that he had been born to it; and when he had plucked up a man who annoyed him and pitched him over his shoulder, Le Berge loved him as a brother. He hired him forthwith, though he had to discharge another man to make place for him. And now it was said that whoever came in the way of the shepherds of Los Alamos must try a fall with The Mule for the right of the feeding-grounds; and the fame of his wrestling was such that timid shepherds kept well away from his trail.

III.

Gabriel Lausanne, keeping to the small meadows and treeless hills, had not yet fallen in with the flocks of Los Alamos. The fifth year of his shepherding there was no rain at all on the inland ranges. The foot-hill pastures failed early, and by the middle of July the flocks were all driven to the feeding-grounds of the high Sierras.

Gabriel came early to Manache, a chain of grassy, gentian-flowered plats strung on the thread of a snow-fed brook, large and open, and much frequented by shepherds. In Manache, if one waits long enough, one gets to know all the flocks and every shepherd ranging between Tahoe and the Temblors. Gabriel, a little wearied at heart, purposed to stay the summer through in that neighborhood, moving only as the flock required.

Jean Baptiste he knew must come to the hills as surely as the swallow to the eves or the stork to her chimney, but he was perplexed by the thought that in the years that had passed so many changes had come to them both that they might unwittingly meet and pass each other. He wished that he might find other messengers than the wind and the rain-washed rocks and the fast-obliterating pines. And while Gabriel pondered these things with a sore heart, two thousand of the Los Alamos sheep poured down upon his meadow from the upper pass.

Their shuddering bleat, their jangling bells, sounded unseen among the tamarack pines all the half of one day before they found him. But when they came into the open and saw him feeding down the stream-side among the dwarf willows, the shepherds of Los Alamos promised themselves great sport.

Le Berge, walking lazily at the head of his flock, spoke a word to his dogs, and the dogs in their own fashion spoke to the flock, and straightway the sheep began to pour steadily down the meadow and around the flock of Gabriel; for that was a way they of Los Alamos had — compelling small shepherds to keep their sheep parted out at their own cost.

"And what do you here, friend?" said Le Berge, when he had reached Gabriel.

"I feed my flock," answered the old man. "The pasture is free. Also I seek my son."

The under-shepherds came hurrying, expecting to be greatly entertained, and one called to another, "Hi, Mule, here is work for you!"

The man so called came slowly and in silence, a short man, but close-knit and broad in the shoulders, a wrestler by the look of him, and leaning upon his staff until his part of the entertainment should begin.

"Free is it," said Le Berge, still to Gabriel. "Yes, free to those who can hold it. By the turn of your tongue you should be from Bourdonne. Here, Mule, is a countryman of thine. Come teach him the law of the feeding-ground."

"I am an old man," said Gabriel, "and I wish no harm. Help me out with my flock and I will begone. But you," he said to The Mule, "are you truly of Bourdonne? I am Gabriel Lausanne, and I seek my son, Jean Baptiste, whom I love. We also are of Bourdonne; it may be you can tell where he is to be found."

"Enough said," cried Le Berge. "Up with him, Mule."

IV.

And then the shepherds of Los Alamos looked with mouths agape to see that The Mule stood still, and the knuckles of the hand that grasped his staff were strained and white. The voice of Gabriel quavered on amid the bleating of the sheep:

"If you are surely of Bourdonne you will earn an old man's blessing; and say to him that his mother is dead, and his father has come to find him. Say to my son, 'Jean Baptiste, your father loves you.'" The old man stooped a little, that he might meet The Mule eye to eye.

"Jean Baptiste," he said again, and then his staff shook in his hands, though there was no wind, and his voice shook, too, with a sudden note of hope and doubt and wistful inquiry. "Jean Baptiste," he cried, "your father loves you! Jean Baptiste—"

Jean Baptiste, called The Mule, dropped his staff and wept with his face between his hands, and his whole strong frame shook with emotion, and his father fell on his neck and kissed him.

So Gabriel found his son.

V.

And now it is said that there are no better shepherds in the Sierras than the two Lausannes, the one famed for his skill with the lambs, the other for his knowledge of the feeding-grounds.

They will not be hired apart, and it is believed that it will be so until the end; for it is said at shearings, as a joke that is half believed, that when father Gabriel is too old to walk, The Mule will carry him.

They are a silent pair, and well content to be so; but as often as they come by Manache, when they sit by the twilight fire at the day's end, Gabriel puts out his hand to his son, saying softly, as of old habit, "Jean Baptiste, your father loves you"; and The Mule, patting the hand upon his arm, makes answer, "Ay, father; Jean Baptiste knows."

WILLIE ON CLASSIC FICTION.

By Charles Noel Douglas.

I suppose that Aunt Clarissa thought she 'd done a powerful lot
When she brought me this old novel by that feller Walter Scott,
And another one by Dickens or some funny name like that;
And father says to read them, and has laid the law down flat,
And that all my dear old story-books forever I must quit.
So here I'm tackling "Ivanhoe," and don't like it a bit;
For though I 'm at the thirteenth page, to my intense regret,
There 's not a sign of Indians, and no one 's killed as yet.

Father 's told me quite a lot about this "Ivanhoe,"
And says the whole thing 's simply grand — but oh, it 's dreadful slow.
He said that Richard "Cur" de Lion was handy in a fight,
But with Pawnee Jim and Buckskin Bill he would n't be a bite;
And as for Mr. Robin Hood and that old six-foot bow,
Why, with Buckskin William's Winchester he would n't have a show.
So, Mr. Scott and Dickens, if Willie's heart you 'd win,
Just rewrite all your stories and put lots of Indians in.

But Johnny Jones he tells me (and he 's read an awful lot)
That in some of these old stories by Dickens and by Scott
He says they make one murder do to last clean through the book
(And when young Johnny told me, oh! I laughed until I shook).
So I 've started to investigate; not an Indian have I met,
For here I am at Chapter Two and no one 's killed as yet.

Well, I don't know how it happened, but I 've read through "Ivanhoe,"
And first the thing seemed dull old stuff, but in an hour or so
My eyes were glued close to the book—I did n't skip a page.
And, say! I had the greatest treat I 've had for quite an age.
My hair it stood straight up on end! I must have looked a fright
When father walked right in and said: "Not going to bed to-night?
You cut your dinner short, but now don't rob yourself of sleep."
I tell you, it was hard to stop. I was cross enough to weep.

Well, I never would have thought it, but that Richard Lion-Heart
Beats Buckskin Bill all hollow and can give 'em all a start.
He did n't hide behind some rocks and shoot a mile away,
But got right down into the fight, and there, sir, he would stay.
And while a tiny hole is made by a modern rifle-ball,
This Richard sliced 'em clean in halves, head, body, legs, and all.
He did n't kill as many, p'r'aps, as if he 'd had a gun,
But he hit 'em twice as hard a whack, and had a heap more fun.

I tell you, this old feller Scott can hold a chap in thrall.
And the way that Mr. Dickens does jest makes the rest look small.

And when of Fagin, Nancy, and that villain Sikes I 'd read
Pa said my eyes looked just as if they 'd jump out my head.
I found that Dickens simply steals the heart right out of you,
And he does n't need to murder folks to thrill a feller through.
Why! he makes those Indian-fighters an' tomahawks look tame;
I don't know *how* he does it, but he does it just the same.

It 's strange, but pa he seems to know by just the way I look
The very part I 've got to in readin' through the book.
I guess my eyes at supper-time was lookin' awful red,
For pa he winked at aunt and says: " I see that Nancy 's dead."

Now, Mr. Scott and Dickens, if you ever pass this way,
You 're invited round to Willie's house, and right there you can stay,
And tell me stories by the year, and never stop for breath —
'Cept when I have to boo awhile about poor Nancy's death.
And when a boy forgets his lunch for stories, you can state
That Scott and Dickens beat the world, and — my, but they are great!

JOHNNY'S DREAM.

THE EFFECT OF RETURNING TO SCHOOL AFTER THE SUMMER VACATION.

A CITY MAID.

By C. M. S.

She came up to the country
But a week or so ago,
This city maid who ne'er had seen
The fields where wild flowers grow;
And when she saw the cat-tails,
She cried, "Oh, *do* look, quick!
Who ever heard of sausages
A-growing on a stick!"

A PREFERENCE.

By E. L. Sylvester.

"Dear mama," said funny young Dick,
"I want you to write to St. Nick,
And tell 'em to please
Have verses like these
On all of the pages, just *thick*."

SEPTEMBER

A NONSENSE CALENDAR.

THE Oyster is a stupid thing;
He cannot dance, he cannot sing,
He cannot even read or write —
Indeed, he is n't very bright.

When in September school begins
(A school of fish, I mean),
The fishes come with shining fins
And sit in rows with happy grins,
But Oyster is n't seen.

He just lies lazy in his bed,
Although 't is day;
And so to oystermen o'erhead
He falls a prey.

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow

A pest to farmers, a joy to the flower-lover, and a welcome signal for refreshment to hosts of flies, beetles, bees, and wasps, especially to the paper-nest builders, the sprangly wild carrot lifts its fringy foliage and exquisite lacy blossoms above the dry soil of three continents. . . . One of these lacy, white umbels must be examined under a lens before its delicate structure, and perfection of detail can be appreciated. — NELTJE BLANCHAN in "Nature's Garden."

THE BEAUTY AND INTEREST OF WEEDS.

A WEED has been defined as "a plant that persists in growing where it is not desired." Surely the wild carrot is a most weedy weed from the point of view of that definition and of the dislike of the farmer. As to the persistence, our veteran farmer-naturalist John Burroughs tells us: "Cut off the head of the wild carrot, and in a week there are five heads in room of the one; cut off these, and by fall there are ten looking defiance at you from the same root." Tennyson's method of studying a plant is the only one for getting rid of this. The farmer, in actions if not in words, must say to the wild carrot:

> Flower, . . . I pluck you out,
> Hold you here, root and all, in my hand.

The only fault of wild carrot, as of other so-called weeds, is too great success in life. It is guilty only of persistence. But from a nature-lover's point of view there are, strictly speaking, no weeds. No plant is disliked. On the contrary, the more a plant is able to strive successfully for life, the more of interest it is. We can also see and appreciate the beauty without the "weedy" dislike.

A SINGLE HEAD OF WILD CARROT IN "QUEEN ANNE'S LACE" FORM.

If in this spirit our Nature and Science observers will examine the wild carrot, the verdict will be that it is one of the prettiest and most interesting of our native plants. The beauty is especially noticeable in the full bloom, or "Queen Anne's lace," form; perhaps some may regard the "bird's-nest" form as the most interesting.

John Burroughs has pointed out another reason for liking weeds. He says:

> One is tempted to say that the most human plants, after all, are the weeds. How they cling to man, and follow him around the world, and spring up wherever he sets his foot! How they crowd around his barns and dwellings, and throng his garden, and jostle and override each other in their strife to be near him! Some of them are so domestic and familiar, and so harmless withal, that one comes to regard them with positive affection.

No one who carefully studies other very common plants called weeds will fail to find them interesting and beautiful. For the best letter regarding this interest and beauty, received before December 1, Nature and Science offers a prize of three dollars' worth of books from The Century Co.'s catalogue, or a year's subscription to ST. NICHOLAS.

A BOUQUET OF "QUEEN ANNE'S LACE."

A BOUQUET OF "BIRD'S-NEST."

WHY THE WILD CARROT CLOSES UP.

HERE is an interesting inquiry from one of our young observers. Who will help solve the problem?

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to ask you why the wild carrot closes up every winter. There must be some good reason for it, and I can think of none except its wanting to keep the seeds in the dried-up flower or cup. It is a very good thing it does, for the winter birds can then feed on the seeds. But I always thought it was the object of a plant or flower to deposit its seed safely on the ground, so that if nothing happened to it then it could germinate in the spring; and I think very few seeds can get through the netted growth of the flowers, for the whole thing is made up of numbers of little flowers, just as the center of the daisy is.

Your interested reader,

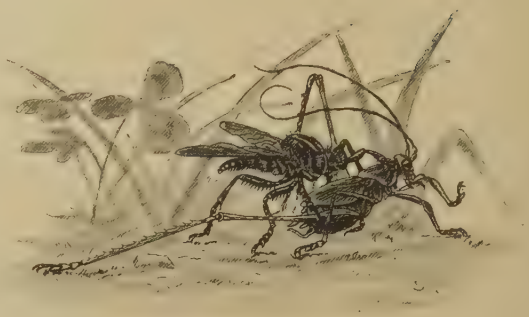
CHARLOTTE PARKER.

WINGED HIGHWAYMEN.

WITHOUT doubt one of the most rapacious creatures is an insect that scarcely knows fear or caution, and that is ever ready to pounce upon a possible victim, no matter what the odds may be. This most daring highwayman of the insect world is the robber-fly, or *Asilus*.

The many robber-flies constitute the family *Asilidæ*, and, with all the true flies, belong to the order *Diptera*, the two-winged insects. The smallest member of the family is hardly more than one fourth of an inch in length, while the largest, a Southern species, is over two inches long. Both are entirely black. Other and common forms are of medium sizes, some brown and gray, others entirely dull yellow, or black variegated with yellow. Some, again, have scarcely any hair, while others are densely hairy. Certain species look something like wasps, and others much like bees. Robber-flies are remarkable not only for the ferocity of their attack, but for the strength with which they handle their victims. An asilus often kills and carries through the air a wasp or bumblebee as large as itself, or a moth still larger. I have seen a small species seize and carry off the yellow *Colias* butterfly, and another pounce upon a grasshopper too large to be lifted from the ground. In this latter case there followed a lively struggle in the grass while the killing was going on. The powerful grasshopper, though it possesses no weapon,

A ROBBER-FLY.



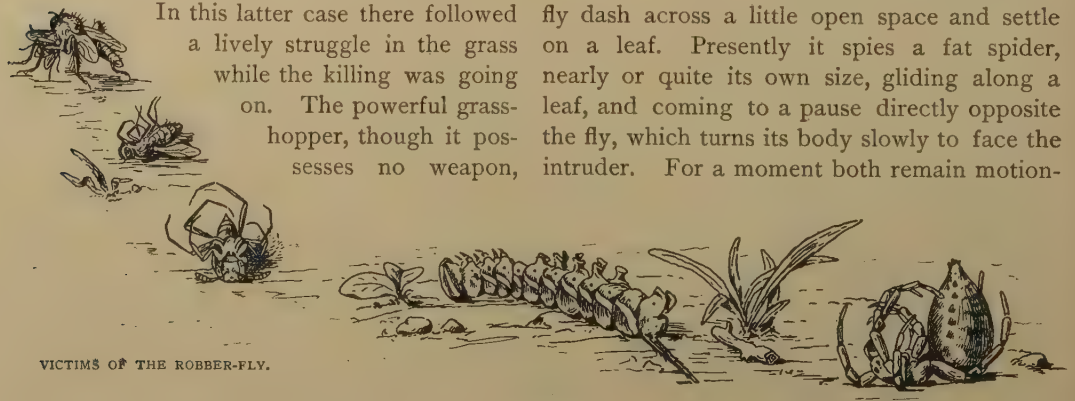
ROBBER-FLY ATTACKING GRASSHOPPER.
"The powerful grasshopper can kick like a mule."

can kick like a miniature mule, and this one did all in its power to dislodge its captor. But the fly kept its hold on the hopper's back in spite of these frantic efforts, and its long, keen bill was soon thrust deep into its victim's body and the vital juices were sucked out. This ended the struggle, and with a few convulsive kicks the grasshopper expired.

We naturally wonder why a wasp cannot successfully defend itself against a fly. But, in addition to its sword-like proboscis, the robber-fly is also endowed with legs of unusual length and power. It is thus enabled to hold its victim at such a distance that the envenomed sting cannot be used. Powerful and swift as its wings are, it seldom seizes its stinging victims in mid-air, but usually hurls itself on the back of the unsuspecting wasp.

Caterpillars, spiders, moths, beetles, dragon-flies, and even plant-bugs are all seized and despatched by this swift assassin.

Watch a robber-fly while it is hunting. You may hear a familiar buzzing, and see a robber-fly dash across a little open space and settle on a leaf. Presently it spies a fat spider, nearly or quite its own size, gliding along a leaf, and coming to a pause directly opposite the fly, which turns its body slowly to face the intruder. For a moment both remain motion-



VICTIMS OF THE ROBBER-FLY.

"THE SPIDER AND THE FLY."

less. Recalling "The Spider and the Fly," we might imagine the latter to fear attack, but we soon discover that the usual case is here reversed. The spider makes a slight move as if to journey on, when, like an arrow, the robber descends upon it.

The attacked spider is not quite taken unawares, for it makes a swift sidewise move and attempts to crawl beneath the shelter of the leaf. But the long, grasping legs of the asilus seize it firmly, and then follows a brief but lively struggle. The arachnid might even yet escape, but in another instant the fly's trusty sword is buried in the body of its victim. The latter becomes limp in a moment, and, relaxing its hold, is carried down into the grass, where its fat body serves its victor with a hearty meal.

And then we hear the deep hum of *Bombus*, the bumblebee, and with it, as if in a sort of staccato accompaniment, the high-pitched buzz of a robber-fly. This fellow is almost the bee's counterpart in color and hairiness, but has a body somewhat more slender. The fly moves from flower to flower, drawing nearer to the busy and unsuspecting gatherer of honey. Presently, as the bee alights, the fly from a leaf above falls, with a swift downward plunge, directly on the broad and hairy thorax of its victim. The latter makes a vain effort to use its sting, but in a moment the long proboscis is thrust into the bee's back just behind its head, and thus is ended the useful existence of an industrious and altogether respectable citizen of the insect community.

But, with all its prowess, the robber-fly finds on rare occasions a more worthy foeman among certain members of the stinging tribe—insects that are able not only to put up a successful defense, but to fight aggressively when attacked. The most prominent among these is the well-known *Sphecius*, or cicada-killer, called also the sand-hill hornet. This formidable warrior is remarkable for its beauty, great size, swift flight, and the length of its venomous sting.

It is probable that the asilus and the sphecius seldom have occasion to meet in combat, yet it was once my very good fortune to witness such an affair. I was wandering along a sandy creek bank on a July day, and had

"HURLS ITSELF ON THE BACK OF THE UNSUSPECTING WASP."

"THE FLY DRAWS NEARER TO THE BUSY GATHERER OF HONEY."

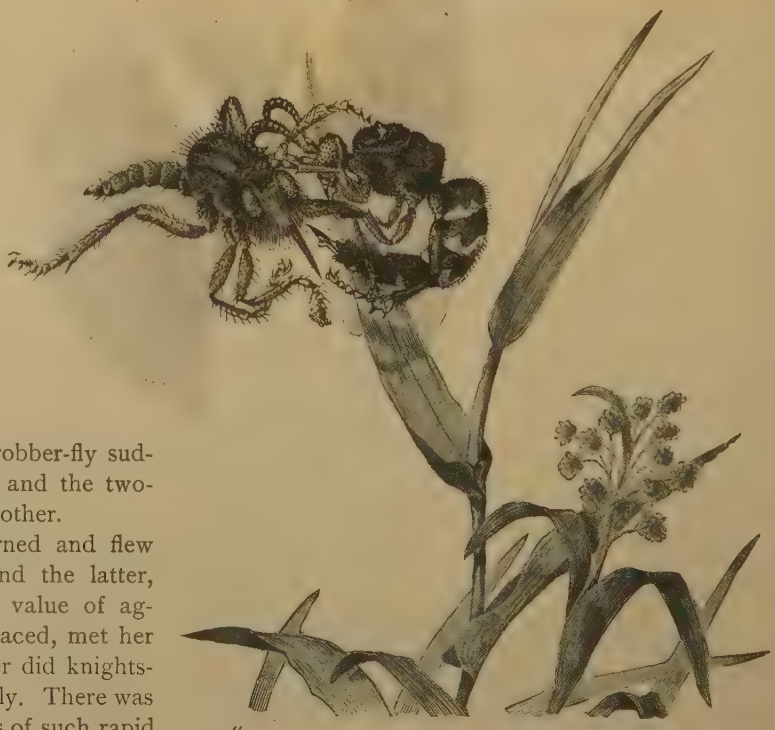
observed holes made in the ground by sandhill hornets. Then I kept a lookout, hoping to see one, and presently up the creek she came flying, a true princess in the insect realm, buzzing along with an air of importance, and stopping now and then to search the bushes for a cicada or other victim. As she darted along nearly opposite me, a huge black robber-fly suddenly crossed the stream, and the two-winged athletes saw each other.

Instantly the asilus turned and flew straight at the hornet, and the latter, evidently recognizing the value of aggressiveness when so menaced, met her assailant half-way. Never did knights-errant charge more gallantly. There was a buzz and a whirl, a series of such rapid moves that my eyes could not follow them, and then the robber-fly dropped lifeless into the water and floated down the stream. The hornet continued her flight, examining again the bushes as if nothing unusual had happened.

The keen proboscis of the robber-fly easily penetrates the covering of most insects, but some are protected by a coat of mail that can turn the point of even that tempered blade. There are several kinds of beetles whose horny covering is thus sword-proof. I have seen a robber-fly drop a *Buprestis*—the pretty gold-and-green beetle that boys call "coat-tails"—after many vain attempts to force its proboscis through the beetle's hard coat.

SAMUEL FRANCIS AARON.

Robber-flies are indeed, as one entomologist expresses it, "inhuman" murderers. They spare not even their own species, so that they are worse than murderers—they are true cannibals. Persons engaged in bee-culture know them as bee-killers.



"NEVER DID KNIGHTS-ERRANT CHARGE MORE GALLANTLY."

"BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW"

St. Nicholas
Union Square
New York

DISTINGUISHING THE SWALLOWS.

ATTLEBORO, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you kindly send me any information you can regarding distinguishing swallows? I am all mixed up. For instance, some scientists claim that tree-swallows have green backs, others that they have blue backs, etc. Do you think you can straighten me out? If so I will be greatly obliged to you. I am exceedingly interested in nature, and enjoy the Nature and Science department very much. I remain your constant reader, ALBERT F. HILL.

If you would remember the tree-swallow by its other common name, the white-bellied swallow, your difficulty would be solved at once. You may call the upper part steel-blue or steel-green, but the white under parts will always distinguish it.

THE TREE, OR WHITE-BELLIED, SWALLOW.

It is very easy to remember the barn-swallow. Hay-forks are used in the barn; this swallow has a very conspicuously forked tail. Remember also that the farmers get much hay down in the meadows; you often see barn-swallows flying low over these meadows for insects. Keep in mind also that the under parts are of chocolate-color.

On the upper edge of an excavated bank by the roadside there is a dark layer of soil and vegetation. There is a dark band across the breast of the bank-swallow. That is easy to remember. The rough-winged is much the same as the bank-swallow, except that it has no dark band on the breast. The color is a sooty brown.

THE BARN-SWALLOW.

There is a steel lightning-rod on the brown shingles of the old farm-house; there is a bright steel-blue patch on the brown breast of the eaves-swallow. The tail is almost as square as the end of the roof. The light spot on the rump you may also remember.

THE BANK-SWALLOW.

This swallow builds a queer gourd-shaped nest of mud hanging mouth downward under the eaves of the barn. This nest, made of pellets of mud, is very interesting, as it is nicely adapted to the slant of the eaves and to the boards or rafters on which it is fastened. It is also very interesting to watch these swallows on muddy shores rolling up pellets of mud.

Take your note-book and write in it a list of the principal members of a few of these confusing families. Against the name of each bird in the list put the chief characteristics as stated in any good bird-book. Four families at least should be treated in this way: the swallows, the sparrows, the vireos, and the warblers.

THE EAVES-SWALLOW AND ITS NEST.

AN INSECT ON THE GOLDENROD.

GOLDSBORO, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I found this insect I am sending you, at Buffalo Lithia Springs, Virginia, in the woods on the same spray of goldenrod. I am afraid it is a little too hard for me to draw, so I will send it to you and let you copy it. I don't know anything about it except that it is very beautiful, but I should like to know its name very much. Yours truly,

JANET WEIL.

This is one of the family of ambush-bugs (*Phymatidæ*). The particular variety you send is the *Phymata erosa*, commonly known as the

bee-slayer. It takes this name from the fact that it lies in wait in sunflowers, goldenrod, and some other yellow flowers, for small bees, which it captures with its grasping front legs. Then it pierces the bee with its sucking-beak and extracts the juices.

It is interesting to note that this insect-murderer hides itself so that it may jump out and seize its prey. The robber-fly, described by Mr. Aaron in this number of Nature and Science, prefers to attack its prey openly.

Many insects, as well as other and larger forms of animal life, resemble their surroundings for protection. This is called by scientists "protective resemblance." This insect resembles its surroundings for advantages in attacking other insects. This is called "aggressive resemblance."

A BEAUTIFUL INSECT OF PREY ON THE GOLDENROD.

In September you may easily find these ambush-bugs. They are plentiful especially on goldenrod. If you find them on other flowers, especially on those not yellow, please write to St. Nicholas about it.

THE CHAMELEON.

Lynn, Mass.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have a chameleon which I got only two days ago. He seemed rather weak yesterday and would only lap things like sugar and chocolate from the end of my finger. I killed a fly, and he barely stuck out his tongue to take it in. To-day a fly was given him, and he grabbed it so quickly that the boy who gave it to him jumped back. He did not suspect that the chameleon would do any different from what he did yesterday. Nobody knew whether he stuck out his tongue or not, he did it so quickly. I should like very much to know how much food to give him and how warm or cold he should be kept.

Your interested reader,
Maurice H. Stevens.

P.S. Please tell me also, if you can, whether it hurts him to put him in water.

THE CHAMELEON.

The club-shaped tongue of the chameleon is unlike that of any other animal. The chameleon can dart this tongue out with marvelous quickness and take in an insect by aid of the sticky material on the end of the tongue. The food consists of spiders and almost any kind of insect. Cockroaches, beetles, meal-worms, other insects and spiders can be obtained in the winter. It is not necessary to feed it frequently. It has considerable powers of fasting. The chameleon should be kept in a vivarium, at medium temperature.

Do not put the chameleon in water. As a rule it will not drink from any vessel. Sprinkle water in the vivarium, and the reptile will take a drop here and there.

THE OPOSSUM AND ITS SCIENTIFIC NAME.

Atlanta, Ga.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have an opossum, which I keep in a large cage. The first few days I had him he was very much frightened, but now he will eat out of my hand. He eats apples, potatoes, onions, and persimmons. He does n't eat like a pig, but holds the food in his paw. To what family of quadrupeds does he belong? Is it Latin names that are given to birds and other animals? Who gives these names and why are

THE OPOSSUM.

they used? Thanking you in advance, I remain your affectionate reader of Nature and Science in the ST. NICHOLAS,

EARLE R. GREENE.

The opossum belongs to the family *Didelphyidæ*. The particular kind you have is probably the *Didelphys virginiana*, the common opossum of the United States.

The scientific Latin or Latinized names are given by various scientific people — usually the first discoverer or the one who first scientifically describes the particular variety. The first part of the name indicates the family and the second the particular member. This is just the reverse of people's names. Thus your *last* name shows the family and the first the particular individual. In scientfic naming the second name does not mean an individual but a particular variety. Please read the chapter "The Need of Scientific Names" in Professor Weed's "The Insect World," page 28.

THE MANY-COLORED AND BENEFICIAL LADYBUGS.

CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day when I was picking nasturtiums I saw an insect that looked exactly like a

A FEW OF THE MANY FORMS OF LADYBUGS.

ladybug, except it was pink. It was on a pink nasturtium, and I would like to know if ladybugs can change color.

Your loving reader,

ALAN W. LUKENS (age 10).

Your question implies that pink is an unusual color. On the contrary, pink or light red and all shades of red are very common colors for these very beneficial insects. They are usually red or yellow with black spots; or black with white, red, or yellow spots. They do not change color, but each species has its own color and markings. Professor Comstock tells us:

Ladybugs feed upon small insects and upon the eggs of larger species. The larvæ of certain species are known as "niggers" by hop-growers, and are greatly prized by them; for they are very destructive to the hop-louse. On the Pacific coast the ladybugs are well known as the most beneficial of all insects to the fruit-growers. Nothing more wonderful has been accomplished in economic entomology than the subduing in California of the cottony cushion-scale by the introduction from Australia of a ladybug, *Vedalia*, which feeds upon it.

THE STAG-BEETLE.

THE KNOWLE, MAIDENHEAD, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you to-day a beetle my brother found crawling up the wall in our garden. It looks something like the Hercules-beetle on page 750 of Nature and Science for June, 1902.

Your loving reader,

GABRIEL ADELAIDE McLELLAN (age 11).

THE STAG-BEETLE.
Drawn from the specimen sent by the writer of this letter.

This is the common stag-beetle of England, and takes its name from the fact that the long mandibles (or jaws, perhaps you call them) are branched like the antlers of the stag.

A VERY BEAUTIFUL BEETLE.

OSHKOSH, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: With this mail we send a beetle we found in our house. I don't see how it could get in, as we have screens at every window. I think the coloring on the back and the under part of the body is beautiful. I would be glad if you would tell me the name of this beetle and something about it.

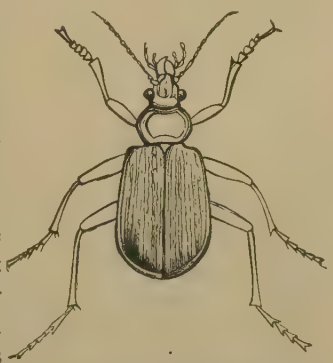
Respectfully yours,

WARREN B. SMITH.

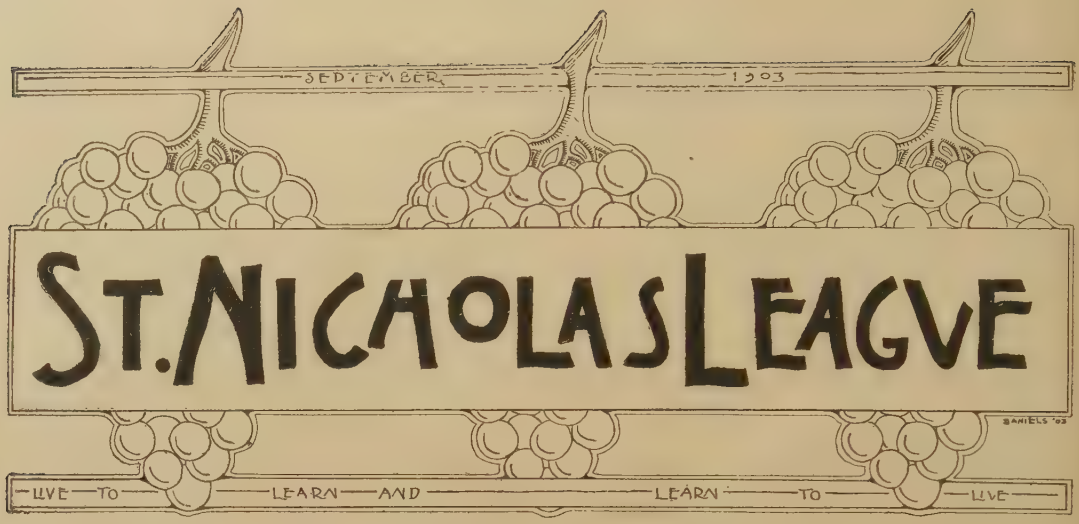
The beetle sent is the ground-searcher (*Calosoma scrutator*), of which Professor Comstock states:

This is one of the larger and more beautiful of our ground-beetles; it has green or violet wing-covers, margined with reddish, and the rest of the body is marked with violet blue, gold, green, and copper. This beetle has been known to climb trees in search of caterpillars.

What a marvelous combination of colors in one insect! Of course its beauty cannot be shown in the accompanying outline illustration, but it will assist other young folks in identifying this species of beetle.



THE BEAUTIFUL GROUND-SEARCHER BEETLE.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY EDGAR DANIELS, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

SEPTEMBER.

BY PHILIP STARK (AGE 13).

THE summer is dying, the hours quickly flying,
The blue sky is cloudless, the sunset is red;
The fruits of the harvest are mellow and golden,
A brook ripples softly—and summer is dead!

Hurrah for gay autumn, hurrah for September!
Hurrah for her fruits—'t is a generous store!
Three cheers for vacation—too soon we exchange it
For school and its study, its books, and its lore!

Good-by to fair summer, her games and her pleasures;
Farewell to our favorite places and nooks;
But though we regret that vacation is over,
Let 's welcome the time that we give to our books!

THE September competitions have proved most popular. A larger number of poems were received than in any competition for some time past, and the average of merit was very high. The editor did not realize that so many young people could write such musical little lullaby songs. Perhaps we shall have another lullaby competition next year.

The prose subject, "My Favorite Episode in History," was one of the most popular we have ever had, and the contributions were of a surprisingly high order of merit. Indeed, our historical subjects have been so popular that we shall have them much oftener in future. The "Favorite Episode in History" will be repeated at once, and all contributions on Roll of Honor No. 1 will be held, unless recalled by the authors, and entered in the second competition. The authors may substitute something else should they choose to do so.

"A CARICATURE, MARK TWAIN." BY DENYS WORTMAN, JR., AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

One feature of the drawing competition this month proved a surprise. Of the caricatures of famous living Americans received, by far the greater number were of Mark Twain, the good gray humorist, whom, it seems, all the children, as well as their parents, have learned to know and love. It appears curious that a writer who has by design done so little work for children should have won so large a share of their regard. Perhaps, after all, the best way to do work for young people, as well as for old, is not to think or care whom it is for, but just do it well and truly and humanly. Mark Twain has done this, and in so doing has given joy to young and old of every English-speaking land.

Then great and small, long live us all!
Long live our good Mark Twain!
And may we hear from him each year
Again, and yet again!

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 45.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Fanny R. Hill** (age 15), 22 Oakland Pl., Buffalo, N. Y., and **Helen Lombaert Scobey** (age 12), Lambertville, N. J.

Silver badges, **Marguerite Stuart** (age 15), 11 William St., Newark, N. Y., **Jane Meldrim** (age 13), Madison Sq., Savannah, Ga., and **Susan Warren Wilbur** (age 10), 325 Superior St., Oak Park, Ill.

Prose. Gold badges, **Elizabeth Parker** (age 16), 700 Alabama St., Bristol, Tenn., and **Mildred Newmann** (age 15), 227 East 99th St., New York City.

Silver badges, **Marjorie H. Sawyer** (age 13), 402 Elm St., Gardner, Mass., **Alfred Schwartz** (age 12), 341 East 3d St., New York City, and **Francis King Murray** (age 7), Box 112, Stanford University, Cal.

Drawings. Gold badges, **Edgar Daniels** (age 17), 19 Golf St., Dayton, Ohio, and **Denys Wortman**, Jr. (age 16), 20 Watson Ave., East Orange, N. J.

Silver badges, **Joseph McGurk** (age 17), 1442 N. 2d St., Philadelphia, Pa., **Margaret A. Dobson** (age 14), 2218 Oak St., Baltimore, Md., and **J. C. Prewitt** (age 12), Shelbyville, Ky.

Photography. Cash prize, **Hugo Graf** (age 15), 4545 N. Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

Gold badge, **Charles Jackson** (age 14), 1636 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

Silver badges, **Ruth P. Brown** (age 11), 899 E. Broad St., Columbus, Ohio, and **Claud Stanley Hyman** (age 10), 1608 E. Colfax Ave., Denver, Col.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Bear," **Fritz Haserick** (age 13), 176 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass. Second prize, "Bluebird and young," **Kenneth Howie** (age 17), 306 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. Third prize, "Opossum," **William P. Anderson** (age 12), Cecilton, Md.

"A CARICATURE, ANDREW CARNEGIE." BY JOSEPH McGURK, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Elizabeth T. Harned** (age 13), Secane, Del. Co., Pa., and **Eleanor Marvin** (age 15), 1 S. Spring St., Pensacola, Fla.

Silver badges, **Jean Herbet** (age 15), 1 Rue Carbé, Paris, France, and **Elizabeth Keen** (age 12), Ridley Park, Del. Co., Pa.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Elliot Quincy Adams** (age 14), 36 Emery St., Medford, Pa., and **Annie C. Smith** (age 14), 123 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Louise K. Cowdrey** (age 15), 143 W. 80th St., New York City, and **Lester M. Beattie** (age 15), 120 E. Main St., Norwalk, Ohio.

Any League member who has broken or lost the League badge may obtain a new one on application. This does not apply to prize badges.

LULLABY.

BY FANNY R. HILL (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)

Oh, hush thee, my baby; the great world is sleeping,
And night soars above us with black, drooping wings;
Let no fears come nigh thee, for mother is by thee,
And sweetly and softly a lullaby sings.

Oh, close, drowsy eyelids, now; close them, my baby,
And let thy fair head on the pillow repose;
Then sleep will steal softly and lure thee to dreamland.
Oh, hush thee, my darling! thy tired eyes close!

The cool wind comes murmuring down through the valley,
Whispering low as it rustles along,
Swaying the long grass all dripping with dewdrops,
And hushing the world with its low, sweet song.

Oh, hush thee, my baby! the shadows are deep'ning;
The night-wind's cool breathing will soothe thee to rest.
May heaven defend thee and sweet sleep attend thee,
And God's holy angels watch over thy rest!

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY MILDRED NEWMANN (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)

It was in 1862 that the era of iron-clad vessels first began. For hundreds, indeed thousands, of years before, nothing but wooden ships had ever been used, and these were thought sufficient for every emergency. But this state of affairs was not to last much longer, as the wondering people soon found out.

On March 8, while supreme quiet was reigning at Fortress Monroe, and while the "Congress" and "Cumberland" and various other Union vessels were lazily sailing around the bay, the iron-clad "Merrimac" suddenly made its appearance at Hampton Roads and sailed into their midst.

This vessel had formerly been the Confederate ship "Virginia," but it had been entirely covered with a coat of iron, renamed the Merrimac, and sent out to destroy the Union fleet at anchor here.

She now opened fire at once on the Cumberland, and a terrible struggle ensued, in which the heavy iron-clad monster came off victorious. When she had succeeded in demolishing and sinking the Cumberland, she began an attack on the Congress, which soon met with a similar fate.

But all this was nothing to what was yet to come.

The next morning was hazy, and a mist pervaded the length of the bay. But gradually it cleared and the Merrimac made her way up from Norfolk Harbor (where she had anchored for the night) into the bay, preparatory to an attack on the "Minnesota." But what an odd sight met her captain's vision! There,

"A SUNNY CORNER." BY HUGO GRAF, AGE 15. (CASH PRIZE.)

alongside of the Minnesota, stood the strangest-looking craft ever seen. Its long iron deck was all that was to be seen above water, and on top of that was a round, revolving turret, carrying two eleven-inch guns. It seemed, as indeed the Confederate commander called it, "a cheese-box on a raft."

The Merrimac, as if in disdain of it, opened fire on the Minnesota; but this state of proceedings did not satisfy the "Monitor" (as the strange vessel was called), so, darting out from under her lee, she hurled at the Merrimac two one hundred and sixty-six pound balls. The Merrimac poured in a broadside, but, having brought no shot heavy enough to compete with an iron vessel, the shells either glanced off or went sizzling into the water. A terrible conflict ensued. At last ironclad had met ironclad, and the result was one of the most decisive and terrific battles of the war.

Blow followed blow and volley followed volley, until at last the spectators on shore saw that the stern of the Merrimac was lagging and that she was leaking decidedly in several places.

In a few moments she ceased firing and began to sail slowly out of the bay.

So this great vessel, that had come in so proudly and defiantly like the giant Goliath of old, went out defeated and humiliated by the David of modern times, the Monitor.

"BEAR." BY FRITZ HASERICK, AGE 13. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY ELIZABETH PARKER (AGE 16).

(*Gold Badge.*)

THERE is one episode in history which made a great impression on me the first time I remember hearing about it, and that impression has not been lost or even become fainter in the years that have passed since.

It happened in July, 1776, when a group of men, the representatives of the American people, were gathered together about a table, signing their names to that great work known as the Declaration of Independence.

Among the last to come forward was a man from Maryland, and after writing his name, Charles Carroll, one of the others said to him, "If England ever gets us in her power we are sure to be hung as traitors. But there are other men in the colonies by the name of Charles Carroll, so you have more of a chance to escape."

For a moment there was silence; then Carroll picked up the pen and after his signature wrote the words: "Of Carrollton"—the only man in all those fifty-six to tell the name of the town in which he lived.

Other things, perhaps, of far more importance to the world have taken place than when Charles Carroll wrote the name of his town after his own; but the remembrance of his unselfishness and bravery will

ever be treasured in my mind as an evidence of those qualities which I most admire.

A SCOTCH LULLABY.

BY HELEN LOMBAERT SCOBEY (AGE 12).

(*Gold Badge.*)

AH, bairnie, noo the moon 's coom up,
The sun will shine nae mair;
'T is noo the bats and owls fly oot,
And foxes leave their lair.

The fairies and the pixies, too,
Coom slippin' doon the brae,
And roond their wee and bonny queen
Will dance until the day.

What wad ye do if it were morn,
With all so gay and licht?
Ye 'd sune be tired of fun and play,
And greetin' for the nicht.

The silver lily 's closed her bells,
Sae, bairnie, gae to rest;
The tired birdies are asleep
Beneath their mither's breast.

"BLUEBIRD AND YOUNG." BY KENNETH HOWIE, AGE 17. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY MARJORIE H. SAWYER (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

"OH, Mellicent," cried Arthur, as he shut his book, "tell me a story, won't you? I 'm so tired of reading!"

Mellicent laid her book on the table and slipped down on the fur rug in front of the fire by Arthur.

"Well, now," she said, "about what shall I tell you?"

"Oh, I know," said Arthur; "that book you were reading the other day. Kenil-something."

"You mean Kenilworth, don't you?" said Mellicent, laughing; and, as Arthur nodded assent, she began:

"You know, Queen Elizabeth was one of the most noted sovereigns of England. She was not very pretty, but she was vain and fond of splendor and adulation, and often traveled about the country with a gorgeous retinue.

"One time she visited Kenilworth Castle, owned by the Earl of Leicester, and I will tell you about that event.

"When Elizabeth approached the castle the earl went out to meet her. He was dressed in white, with a jeweled sword, and mounted on a black horse; and he must have looked so splendid!" And Mellicent's eyes grew dreamy as she wished she could have been there.

"Is that all?" inquired Arthur, in a disappointed tone. "Does your interesting story end there?"

"Oh, dear me, no," laughed Mellicent, and she went on.

"There was a little lake in the castle garden, and when Elizabeth went down there, a small island came floating up the lake, and when it reached land, a beautiful maiden sprang off, and told in a song that she was the Lady of the Lake.

"The next day Elizabeth watched a battle between men dressed as the Romans and old pagan tribes of Britain. These men fought with blunt spears only, so they could not be seriously wounded.

"Of course this display cost a large sum of money, for the men had to be paid for taking the parts and the costumes procured.

"One sad thing marred the gaiety, and that was the death of the Countess of Leicester, the beautiful Amy Robsart, secretly married to the earl.

"The queen had shown Leicester so much favor that Varney, the earl's attendant, believed she would marry him.

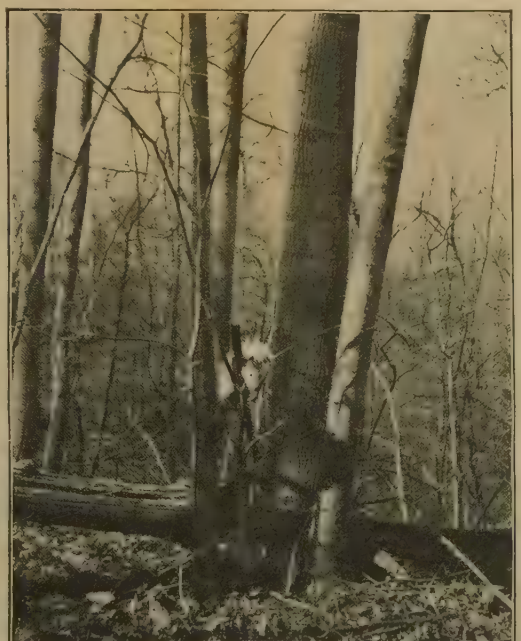
"But, as Leicester was already married, Varney brought about the death of Amy Robsart, so Leicester could marry Elizabeth; for, if he rose, Varney would also.

"However, Varney died soon after.

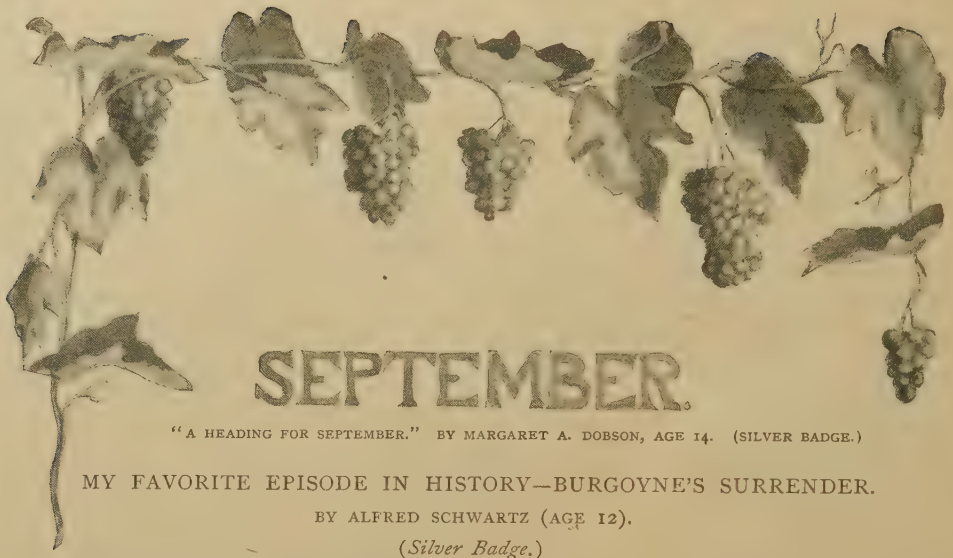
"But Leicester never married Elizabeth."

Mellicent paused and looked at Arthur, who had been very still.

He was sound asleep!



"OPOSSUM." BY WILLIAM P. ANDERSON, AGE 12. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY MARGARET A. DOBSON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY—BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER.

BY ALFRED SCHWARTZ (AGE 12).

(*Silver Badge.*)

In the spring of 1777 a British general named Burgoyne started from Canada with a force of eight thousand picked men. He came down Lake Champlain and captured Fort Ticonderoga.

The object of this trip was to get entire control of the State of New York and the Hudson River, and thus cut off New England from the rest of the colonies. New England was then "the head of the rebellion."

But to cut off New England from the rest of the colonies was more easily said than done; for General Schuyler, one of the heroes of Bunker Hill, cut down bridges and felled trees across the roads in the forests, and did everything which helped to do injury to the British troops. Then, to add to their misfortunes, provisions began to give out.

Burgoyne sent a force of a thousand men to get more. Colonel John Stark, with a small force, met the enemy. This was on August 16, 1777. Stark defeated the British so badly that not even a hundred out of the thousand ever got back to Burgoyne. This was a great victory, as it shut off all Burgoyne's supplies.

The Americans then fell back to Bemis Heights, near Saratoga, and here General Gates took command. Burgoyne marched steadily forward and was repeatedly attacked by the Americans. Both armies threw up breastworks near the heights and prepared for the decisive battle. The next day the British made a desperate charge upon the "bluecoats," but were repulsed and driven back with severe loss.

Burgoyne fell back into his breastworks with his defeated army. For two weeks both armies lay in their intrenchments. The British had the alternative of starvation or fight. Burgoyne decided on the latter. Both sides fought desperately, but the Americans gained the victory.

The British were driven into Saratoga, and seeing that escape was impossible, Burgoyne surrendered his whole army to General Gates. This was a great victory, and was largely due to the fighting of Benedict Arnold's and Daniel Morgan's sharp-shooters.

"A SUNNY CORNER." BY CHARLES JACKSON, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

LULLABY.

BY MARGUERITE STUART (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

HUSHABY, baby, the sun 's in the west;
The robin is seeking his high, breezy nest;
The twilight is here, and the world is at rest—
Hushaby, baby, my own.

Hushaby, baby, high up in the tree
Now rustles the night-wind, with sound like the sea.
The sandman is coming—from dreamland is he;
Hushaby, baby, my own.

Hushaby, baby, the stars light the sky,
Night, with her swift-flying steeds, draweth nigh,
And, borne by white horses, the moon rideth high—
Hushaby, baby, my own.

Hushaby, baby, no harm can betide;
Thy mother is watching, thy cradle beside.
Hushaby, baby, my darling, my pride,
Hushaby, baby, my own.

"A SUNNY CORNER." BY CLAUD STANLEY HYMAN, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)

WOODLAND LULLABY.

BY SUSAN WARREN WILBUR (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

WOODLAND shadows slowly length'ning
Tell that even-time is near;
All the birdies cease their singing,
So that silence reigneth here,

Only for the dreamy sighing
Of the night-wind through the trees,
Only for the cricket's chirping,
Wafted onward by the breeze.

Baby, in thy downy cradle,
Listen to the lullaby;
Fairest nature 's softly singing
In the sleeping forest nigh.

All the little birds are resting
In the swaying nests above;
Wander thou to happy dreamland,
Mother's dainty baby, love.

A LULLABY.

BY JANE MELDRIM (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

SLEEP, sleep, oh, little one, sleep,
In the cottage by the sea,
While the wild, wild waves are singing
Their songs to you and me.

Oh, it is well that our cottage
Is built on a bluff so high,
For the ocean is cruel and stormy,
And there 's lightning in the sky.

Sleep, sleep, oh, little one, sleep,
While the storm is lulling outside;
For now it is light, and the fears of the night
Have ebbed away with the tide.

Well may you smile while sleeping,
For out upon yon blue sea
Is the noble ship of your father,
Sailing home to you and me.

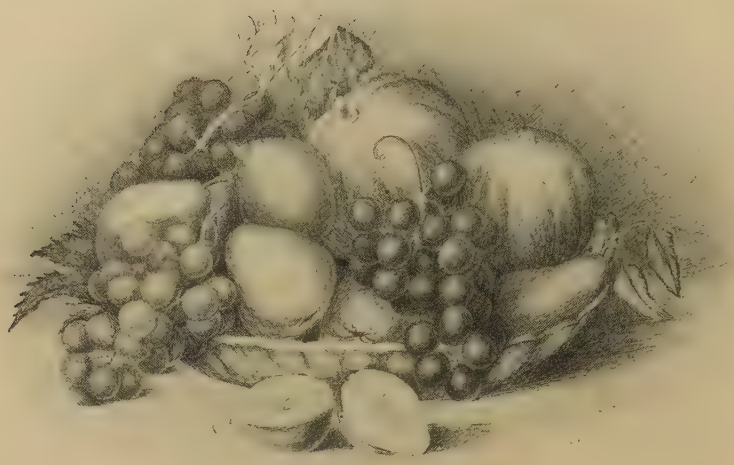
MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY FRANCIS KING MURRAY (AGE 7).

(*Silver Badge.*)

CAPTAIN SUTTER was the first discoverer of gold in California; he built a sawmill down by a river. The sawmill worked by water, but the river was not deep enough for the wheel to turn around. So one of his men, named Marshal, was digging to make it deeper, and while he was digging he saw some little yellow things. So he got on his horse and he rode back to the place where he was staying. And he wanted to see Captain Sutter alone, and to pull down the shades, and to give him a pair of scales. And then he poured the little yellow things out on the table, and they weighed them, and they found out that it was gold. So they hired some Indians to dig for gold for them.

"A SUNNY CORNER." BY RUTH P. BROWN, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY J. C. PREWITT, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

victors had not a single man killed and but seven wounded, their ships were almost uninjured, and they had established the superiority of the disciplined, intelligent American seamen over the undisciplined but brave Spaniards.

One day a man went to the sawmill, and they told him the secret and gave him some gold. After that the secret spread as fire in a field would. So in about a month the land was covered with tents and people.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY LOUISE EDGAR (AGE 15).

I THINK that my favorite episode in history, one of the greatest and most remarkable battles that has ever been fought, is the destruction of the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay.

Long before daybreak Sunday morning, May 1, 1898, the American squadron, under the command of Commodore Dewey, sailed into Manila harbor past the fortifications, and lay waiting for daylight.

It must have been a splendid sight in the landlocked bay of Manila when it became light enough for the opposing forces to discover each other, lying under the great guns of the fortifications and with the towers and church spires of the city dimly seen in the distance.

The American squadron consisted of six ships, a despatch-boat, and a steamer used as a collier. The Spanish fleet, under the command of Admiral Montejo, consisted of fourteen ships and gunboats.

Although the Spanish had more vessels, they were not as powerful in size or armament as the American ships. The exhibition of the deadly accuracy of the American marksmanship was without comparison in naval history, while the Spanish gunners, who knew the harbor perfectly, were unable to seriously injure any of our ships.

The Spanish fought with desperation, but such a remorseless fire was poured into their ships that at forty minutes past twelve o'clock their ships were all sunk or so badly injured as to be unmanageable.

This great victory filled the world with amazement and admiration, for by it the Spanish lost one thousand men killed, six hundred wounded, fourteen ships completely destroyed, and vast stores of coal, guns, and supplies, together with a great colonial possession of enormous wealth and natural resources: while the

NOTICE.

Any reader of ST. NICHOLAS is entitled to League membership and to a League badge on application.

A LULLABY.

BY DOROTHY STEVENS (AGE 14).

Now the evening stars are peeping,
O'er the land the twilight falls;
Birds and flowers all are sleeping,
And the cricket chirps and calls.

In the west the red sun sinking
Gilds the river with its glow;

"A SUNNY CORNER." BY ALICE G. BRIDGEMAN, AGE 17.

Baby's dewy eyes are blinking,
Soon to dreamland he must go.

Echoes round us now are crying;
Hush, my baby, do not fear.
Listen to the zephyrs sighing,
"Day is done and night is here."

THE LULLABY OF THE WIND.

BY MABEL FLETCHER (AGE 16).

THE long lean arms of the tulip-tree
Stretch upward to the sky;
The wind through the tower of the old brick school
Crooneth a lullaby.
" *Cold is the gleam of the silver stars*
In the sea-blue depths above;
Warm is the heart that covereth thee,
Beating with mother-love.
In the eaves the rain-crow calls again—
Sleep, oh, sleep, thou little brown wren! "

On the writhing boughs of the tulip-tree
The sun-parched leaflets sigh;
The wind as it comes from the silent tower
Chanteth its lullaby.
" *Gone is the gleam of the silver stars,*
The storm-clouds rage above;
But warm is the heart that covereth thee,
Beating with mother-love.
Burrow thine eyes from the storm away—
Sleep, oh, sleep, thou little blue jay! "

"A SUNNY CORNER." BY MARJORIE PARKS, AGE 12.

LULLABY.

BY MARY CLARA TUCKER (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge Winner.*)

'T WAS one evening in September that I wandered all alone
In a quiet, shady garden, grieved that summer days had flown.
As I walked along I listened; from afar there came a sigh,
Came some sweet and plaintive music — 't was an evening lullaby.

Yet 't was naught save gentle zephyrs as they wandered here and there,
Vainly calling back the flowers, roses bright and lilies fair;
Or the twittering of the sparrows as they flew to trees near by:
But to me 't was sweetest music, for 't was nature's lullaby.

And I thought how, when we 're weary and our life becomes a care,
When we 're dreaming of the happiness we vainly long to share,

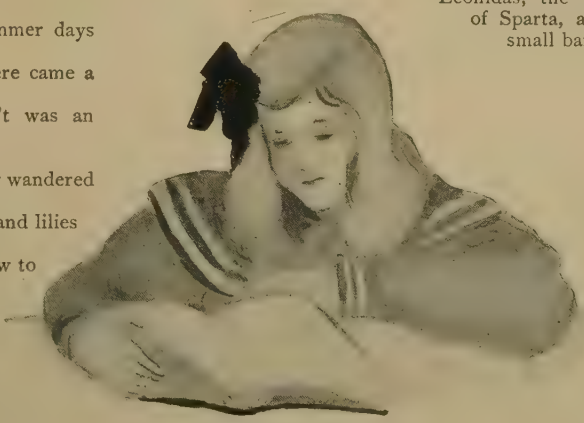
"A SUNNY CORNER." BY HELEN A. SCRIBNER, AGE 16.

Or when we long for sympathy and no dear friends are nigh,
We 'll be soothed to rest and comfort just by nature's lullaby—
Soothed to peace and rest and comfort just by nature's lullaby.

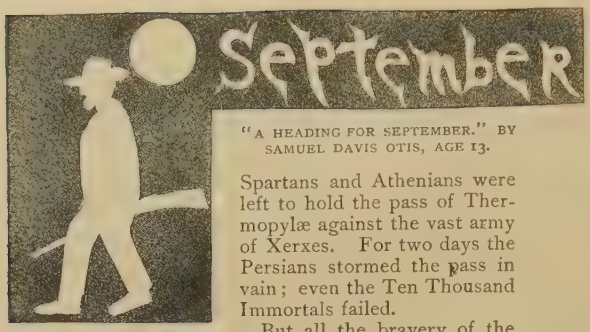
MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY CARRIE A. DOKE (AGE 17).

IN looking back over the history of the various nations known to the ancient world, we find some significance attached to each name — some link binding it to the world of to-day. As Rome was the source of law and Athens represents the highest civilization the world has ever seen, so the name of the Spartan soldier has ever been the synonym of courage and bravery. With the object of making a nation of skilful soldiers who should despise danger and suffering, the Spartan boys were trained in courage and physical endurance from their earliest childhood. How well they succeeded is shown by the long Spartan military supremacy. Their bravery and devotion to duty were never more clearly shown than in the famous battle of Thermopylæ. During the celebration of the Olympian games, Leonidas, the King of Sparta, and a small band of



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY ELISE DONALDSON, AGE 15.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY SAMUEL DAVIS OTIS, AGE 13.

Spartans and Athenians were left to hold the pass of Thermopylæ against the vast army of Xerxes. For two days the Persians stormed the pass in vain; even the Ten Thousand Immortals failed.

But all the bravery of the Spartans was useless because of the treachery of one of their own countrymen, who betrayed to Xerxes a path leading over the mountains. While Leonidas, with his companions, was beating back the enemy in front, word was brought to him that Xerxes, with a part of his force, was descending the path in the rear. Seeing that all was lost, Leonidas dismissed the allies, and, with his little band of devoted Spartans, died in defending the pass which had been intrusted to him.

This was the Spartan idea of glory and honor. They were men who preferred death to military dishonor — a noble defeat to a retreat to safety. There is more glory in such a defeat than in the most brilliant victory under other circumstances. This battle is considered the most splendid example of courage, patriotism, and loyalty ever known to the world. The story of Leonidas and his brave companions has been told in every language and every country for over two thousand years, and will be told as long as stories of heroism and courage are read and admired.

"A SUNNY CORNER." BY JAMES W. YOUNG, AGE 17.

A LULLABY.

BY DOROTHEA M. DEXTER (AGE 14).

THE sky shines rosy in the west,
The summer day is done;
Now echoes 'mid the twilight sounds
The single evening gun.

Far different from the gentle songs
Which cradle in their nest
Our wee home birds; and yet that gun
Brings to one child his rest.

The soldier's child within the tent
Is listening drowsily,
While the great gun booms his lullaby
Over the sounding sea.

He falls asleep, and slowly then,
With one last mutter low,
The gun is stilled; the little child,
Hushed by its echo slow,

Is drifting toward that dreamland dear
Where fairyland comes nigh;
And the gun is silenced, duty done.
Such is his lullaby.

LULLABY.

BY MARY WHITE POUND (AGE 9).

ROCKABY, baby,
Rockaby, dear;
The roses are blooming,
And summer is here.

Rockaby, baby,
Come, sleep for me, dear;
Mother robin is singing
A lullaby clear.

Rockaby, baby,
Rockaby, dear;
The summer is going,
And autumn is near.

LULLABY.

BY ELSA FALK (AGE 15).

THE day is done;
The weary sun
Has gone—has gone to rest.
The chickadee,
The gay pewee,
Have flown—flown to their nest.

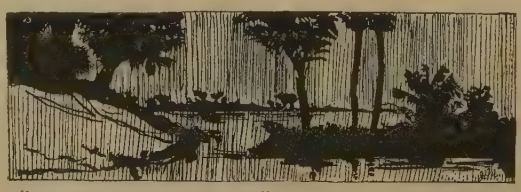
In woodland bowers
The little flowers
Are all asleep—asleep;
The cowslips tall,
The daisies small,
Repose in slumber deep.

The silvery moon
Is coming soon
To see that all is right—
And from afar
A twinkling star
Bids you "Good night—good night."

LULLABY.

BY MILDRED STANLEY FLECK (AGE 8).

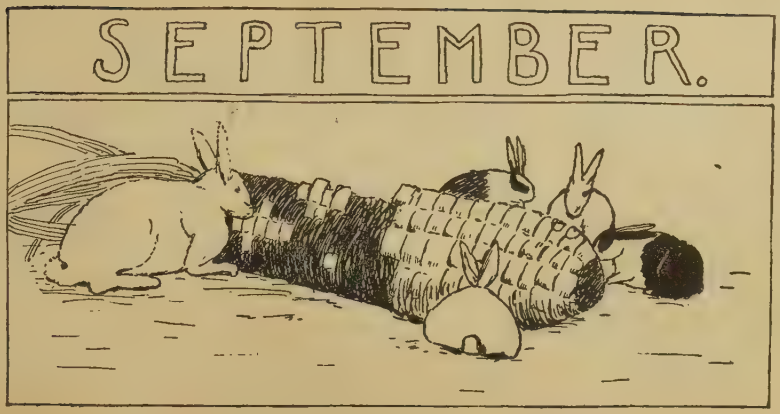
THE flowers and birds are now at rest,
So sleep, my dear, upon my breast,
By-by,
Hushaby,
God he watcheth with loving eye.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY JOHN MOEHLER, AGE 13.

The moon and stars are wide awake,
But sleep, my dear, till day doth break,
By-by,
Hushaby,
God he watcheth with loving eye.

The earth lies still throughout the night
Till day bursts forth in golden light,
By-by,
Hushaby,
God he watcheth with loving eye.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY DOROTHY OCHTMAN, AGE 11.

LETTERS.

WHITE MARSH, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take you and I like you very much. It is hard to wait until the next month comes around, I want to see you so badly. There are some very handsome houses in this county, many of which are historic. The Declaration of Independence was written in one of the rooms of this house. It was first read on top of the house. The roof was then flat, and there were two cupolas on it.

Hoping you will print my letter, I am

Your devoted reader, NELLIE TAYLOR (age 9).

"THE DOLLIES' LESSON." BY EMILY GRACE HANKS, AGE 16.

ST. ALBANS, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for only two months, and I like you very much, especially the League. I enjoyed reading Douglas M. Terry's letter on Sydney's Commonwealth very much, as I lived there for eight years, and left for Melbourne just before the Commonwealth. Father is helping my sister and me with the "Old Umbrella Windmill," the story of which is published in your October number. I live such a long way off that I cannot send in the puzzles, but I like trying to work them out for myself. Father has a volume of you that is twenty-six years old, and I took such an interest in you that father has taken you for me. I was born in Melbourne, and left for Sidney a year later. We were in Melbourne six months the second time, then in Wellington eighteen months, and have been here two months. Now I must close. Your little reader,

MAY E. BROTHERS (age 11).

JENNINGS, PAWNEE CO., OKLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought, perhaps, some of your Eastern members would like to hear a little about the Oklahoma and Indian Territory Indians. This I will tell them, if I am not crowded out of the Letter-box.

I am situated between the Osage and Sac and Fox Indians, and about the time you read this their "Green-corn Dance" will be "happening." This is an annual occurrence, and begins when "roasting ears" are most plentiful, and lasts from two weeks to a month and a half. As they go along they buy up all the roasting ears they can find, and take them up to the Osage country.

Another habit of the Indian is to have just what he wants; and when one gets a thing they all must have it. For instance, one time when a band of them came to our town an Indian went into a certain store and saw a bolt of velvet ($1.50 a yard) on the counter. After he bought some, he brought in some more Indians and they bought some. This continued until the whole bolt was gone.

Notwithstanding their reputation to be warlike, they are generally very peaceable. Yours fraternally, ROSCOE ADAMS (age 14).

Other interesting and appreciative letters have been received from Annie L. Johnson, Mary Wend, Elsa Van Nes, Madelaine Dillay, Hatty, Marion Farnsworth, Bertie B. Regester, Phœbe Wilkinson, Harriette Kyler Peaze, Lucy Mackenzie, Doris Hackbusch, Edith Clifford, Rose Butler, Harriet Gage, Rowena D. Warner, Mrs. U. D. Frisby, Florence L. Adams, Irma S. Pretzinger, Miss Muriel Hazel Wright, Harry S. Vrooman, Jr., F. Marion Halkett, Dorothy Roland Halkett, Daisy James, Gertrude May Winston, Jessie Ludgate, George Schobinger, Howard G. Wertz.

NEW LEAGUE CHAPTERS.

No. 667. "G. F. C." Veda Wood, President; Edna Wood, Secretary; twelve members. Address, 403 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

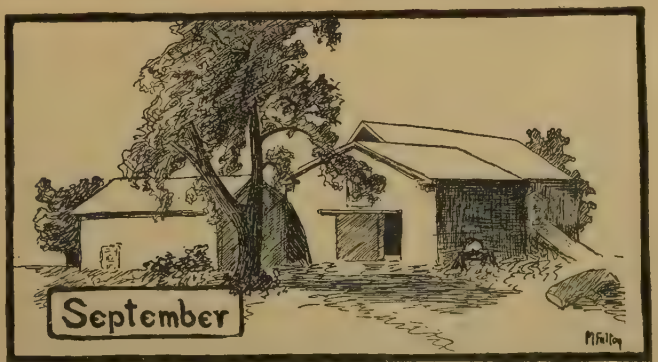
No. 668. Howard Wertz, President; seven members. Address, Peabody, Kansas.

No. 669. "S. A. D." Josephine Pitman, President; Cornelia Reilly, Secretary; four members. Address, Laconia, N. H.

No. 670. "T. P. C." Jess Hall, President; Elsa Van Nes, Secretary; four members. Address, Glendale, Ohio.

No. 671. Augustus Smith, Jr., President; Virginia Smith, Secretary; four members. Address, Box 152, Babylon, Long Island, N. Y.

No. 672. "Bayonne Girls." Harriet Walborn, President; Frances Storcken, Secretary; sixteen members. Address, Bayonne, N. J.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY MARGERY FULTON, AGE 14.

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY DOROTHY MOORE (AGE 17).

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Harold R. Norris
Alice Ogden
Wilkie Gilholm
Alleine Langford
Mary McDermott
Katharine Monica Burton
Florence Gage Hatton
Margaret Eleana Keim
Rowena Arthur
John Shelley Patterson
Helen Chapin Moodey
Emily Rose Burt
Margaret C. Hall
Annie Johnson
Florence Elizabeth Yoder
Freda M. Harrison
Eleanor Myers
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Dorothy Allen
Ray Randall
Mary Blossom Bloss
Margaret King
Margaret Ewing
Edna S. Holroyd
S. K. Smith
Florence L. Bain
Edith M. Clark
Doris Francklyn
Anna Preston
Clara E. Boyer
Annie Crim
Marguerite Beatrice Child
Caroline Clinton Everett
Ethell Oiratt Lewis
Wynonah Breazeale
Karl Springer Cate
Gertrude May Winstone
Harriet Gage
Agnes Churchill Lacy
Christine Graham
Eleanor Barbour
Allene Gregory
Maud Dudley Shackelford
Marjorie Verschyle Betts
Eleanor Linton
Elizabeth F. White
Mary Yeula Westcott
Blanche H. Leeming
Dorothy Coit
Nannie C. Barr
Frederick A. Coates
Dorothy Walker
Margaret Lay Barber
Ethelwyn Harris
Martha Keirn
Marjorie Wellington

VERSE 2.

Rachel W. Crane
Helen Winstone
Harriette Irene Baer
Helen Spear
Dorothy Russell Lewis
Leigh Sowers
Mary E. Winslow
Belle Butler
Genevieve Robinson
Marjorie Martin
Elizabeth Luchars
Dorothy Culver Mills
Katharine Kurz
Elsie Macdonald
Margery Bennett
Lillie Knollenberg
Virginia Jones
Odette Growe
Annie S. Ramsey
Alice Margaret Ogden
Gladys Ralston Britton
Helen Greene
Miriam A. De Ford
Ethel Steinhilber
Ethel Volland
Conrad C. Aiken
Swanhild Hummeland
Freda L. Keys
Walter S. Marvin
Edith Julia Ballou
Florence Short
Carol S. Williams
Edith M. Snelgrove
Florence O'Donnell
Mary E. Smyth
Beryl Ingles
Bertie B. Regester
Edith Odes
Katharine E. Butler
Helen Van Dyck
Eleanor Jewett
Marjorie Mhoon
Thoda Cockraft
Majel Buckstaff
Rowena Morse
Lydia Caroline Gibson
Ethel B. Youngs
Frances C. Minor
Margaret E. Sloan
Margaret Stevens
Dorothy Rowland Swift
Margaret C. Richey
Dorothy Stott
Lydia A. Crutchfield
Bessie B. Styron
Florence Forristall
Greta du Pont Barkesdale
Alice Hanington
Lynn Webster Meekins
Eduard H. Leete
Robert H. P. Holden
Georgiana Myers Sturdee
Lois Gilbert Sutherland
Elizabeth Wellington
Dorothy Weber
Eva L. Moldrup
Donna J. Todd
E. F. Peters
Gertrude Louise Cannon
Ethel Naomi Berriam
Ewing George Philbin
Richard H. Phillips
Ellen Soumarokoff Elston
Alberta Eleanor Alexander
H. Mabel Sawyer
Abigail E. Jenner
Hilda Brown
Hyah Scott Russell
Minnie C. Chase
Louis F. May
M. Sydney Foster
Marjorie Howson
Harriette Kyler Peaze
Ada H. Case
Isabel Davidson Prickett
Priscilla C. Goodwyn, Jr.
Frances E. Gardner
Herrick H. Harwood
Mamie Lucile Doty
Alice M. Perkins
John B. Dempsey
Ivy Varian Walshe
Dorothea Gay
Harold Douglas
Allen Frank Brewer
Dorothy Nicoll
Katherine Ashby
Elizabeth B. Simpson
Helen Conant Munroe
Cornelia R. Hinkley
Mathilde M. Parbett
Susy Fitz Simons
Cyrena Van Syckel Martin
Pauline Dutcher
Margaret Wharton
Howard Hosmer
Emilie Ide
Helen Mabry Bouchèr Ballard
Eleanor P. Wheeler
Amy Schechter
Anna Sprague
Emily E. Bond, Jr.
Edwin A. Leonhard
Mary Thompson
Robert Lindley Murray
Simon Cohen
Elsa Clark
Helen M. Bradman
Robert Powell Cotter
Marion E. Lane
Josephine Potter Davis
Mary Grinnell
Sidney H. Moise
Elizabeth R. Eastman
Eleanor S. Wilson
George Miller
Howard R. Clapp
Robert Wheeler
Hilda M. Ryan
Helen E. Hackney
Le Roy S. Foster
Will Davis
Edward Stafford
Eleanor C. Hamill
Laura A. Portman
Philip Means
Dorothy Douglass
Nellie Long Foster
Comegys
Elizabeth R. Marvin
Dorothea Thompson
M. Pauline A. Ralli
E. S. Thornton
Grace Parsons
Eleanor Mason
Dorothy Elizabeth True
Dolores de Arozarena
Helena Neva Curtis
Eleanor Clifton
Katharine L. Marvin
Katharine P. Moore
Mary Bartlett
Alfred Redfield
Alice Seabrook
Alan M. Fairbank
Anna Constance Heffern
Lola Hall
Edena Curry
Helen W. Kennedy
Virginia Hunt
Mary R. Hull
Mollie M. Cossart
Hattie Hawley
Katharine J. Bailey
Alice C. Phillips
Nina P. Skouses
Dorothy McKee

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY JESSIE C. SHAW (AGE 16).

Maria L. Llano
Helen Stroud
Dorothy F. Smith
Hattie Budd Hyde
Georgie Louise Wass
Harriet R. Fox
Amelia Louise Green
Edith Sloan

PROSE 1.

Louise Taylor Preston
E. Mortimer Wilmerding

PROSE 2.

Ruth Helen Brierly
Juliet Whiton
Lucie A. Dolan
Lune Davis

DRAWINGS 1.

Florence Gardiner
Henry Cohen
Alice Josephine Goss
Frances Mitchell
Isadore Douglas
Beverley Lambe
Anna K. Stimson
M. Frances Keeline
Mary Ross
Florence Mason
Phœbe Hunter
Mary P. Damon
Mark Curtis Kinney
Saidee E. Kennedy
Herbert Clifford Jackson
Florence Ewing Wilkinson
Selma Swanstrom
Raphael Mora, Jr.
Miron Bunnell
Newman Levy
Theodore Wyman
Signe Swanstrom
May Lewis Close
Melville Coleman Levey
Margaret C. C. Brooks
James Maloney
Peirce Charles Johnson
Katharine Thompson
Reginald L. Whitman
Helena B. Flynn
John Sinclair
Frances Chapin
Elizabeth Robinson
Margaret Winthrop Peck
Elizabeth Stockton
Roger K. Lane
Julia S. Lovejoy
Sumner Field Larcher
Eleanor Hinton
Margaret Peckham

Mildred C. Jones
Eleanor Hollis Murdock
Margery Bradshaw
Ruth Felt
Bessie Harris
Marion D Freeman
Helen R. Janeway
Jerome M. Howard

DRAWINGS 2.

Melton R. Owen
Dorothy Bedell
Raymond R. Olson
Grant Willard Pitbladdo
Robert C. Benchley
C. B. Edwards
Dorothea Clapp
Esther Parker
H. De Veer
Gladys G. Young
Phœbe Wilkinson
Richard A. Reddy
Pira Wood
Elizabeth A. Gest
Don H. Davy
Edna B. Youngs
Irma Jessie Diescher
Philip Little
Emilie C. Flagg
Marion K. Cobb
Albert Elsner, Jr.
Alice Hartich
Eleanor K. Faget
Vere B. Kupfer
Harriet Park
Margaret Deland
Cordner H. Smith
Aimee Vervalen
Zena Parker
Henrie Olen
Jerome Lilly
Helen Clark Crane
Ella E. Preston
Helen Wilson Barnes
Edith Plonsky
Margaret Robertson
Dorothy F. Howry
Inez A. Rogers
Joseph Charlat
Rena Kellner
Margaret McKeon
Gretchen Walther
Jessie Louise Taylor
Emily W. Browne
Margaret E. Nicholson
Herman Witte
Eleanor F. Town
Ethel Messervy
Allen Sage Wilber
Othmar A. Weiss
Atala T. Scudder
Louise Holmes
Milton Lee, Jr.
Alison Strathy
Muriel M. K. E. Douglas
Marion Jacqueline Overton
Margaret Jane Russell
Marjory Anne Harrison
Murel Constance Evans
Gustav H. Kaemmerling
Guinevere H. Norwood
Sidney Edward Dickinson
Elizabeth M. Cooper
Ruth M. Evans
Nettie Wilson
Louisa Hodge
James J. Turner, Jr.
Everett Snyder
Hilda Bronson
Katharine H. Toadvin

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Ralph W. Howell
Henry H. Hickman
Effie M. Priest
W. F. Harold Braun
Helen McLaughlin
L. Jacobi
Jessie Hewitt
Florence R. T. Smith
Donald F. Cranor
Frances R. Porter
Dorothy W. Stanton
M. Constance Bentley
Lesley Pearson
Rose Wood
Beatrice Howson
Reginald F. Morgan
Dorothy Brooks
Feelira Varvaro
Elizabeth Morrison
Ruth Peirce Getchell
Cyril B. Andrews
John Fry
Hildegarde Allen
Michael Heidelberger
Mary Tate
Florence L. Kenway
Julia S. Howell
George A. Priest
Mary R. Paul
Leslie Bradley
N. W. Swayne
Arthur Drummond
Marguerite E. Schley
Percy Cole
Gertrude W. Smith
Camilla A. Moore
Ellsworth Scott
Elizabeth Chapin
Alice S. Cousens

PUZZLES 1.

Marjorie Holmes
Lucian Levison
Nell G. Semlinger
Jennie S. Milliken
E. Adelaide Hahn
Katharine H. Wead
Samuel P. Haldenstein
Catharine B. Hooper
Morrison N. Stiles
Helen Clark Perry
Daisy James
Tuckerman Day
Richard Blücher

PUZZLES 2.

Nellie Carter Dodd
William Ellis Keysor
Helen Jelliffe
Madge Oakley
Sarah W. Parker
Frederick Doyle
Eleanor C. French
Philip H. Bunker
Florence Hoyte
Margaret C. Engle
Philip Orme
Lela Verne Parfrey
J. Gordon Gilkey

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Ridgely Fisher
Reginald French
Joseph F. Rumsey, Jr.
Dorothy G. Brooks
William Winfield Cobb, Jr.
George F. Bliven
Charles Fry, Jr.
Frederic P. Humphreys
Gertrude Matthews
Philip S. Jamieson
Martha D. McKechnie
Harold Fowler Gerrard
Stanley Cobb
Eva Sherman
Katherine E. Maloon

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY F. MARION HALKETT (AGE 10).

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 48.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A Special Cash Prize. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, *a cash prize of five dollars* will be awarded, *instead of another gold badge.*

Competition No. 48 will close **September 20** (for foreign members **September 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for December.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Title to contain the word "Christmas," or "Christmas-time."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Title (repeated, see editorial), "My Favorite Episode in History."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Happiness."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "A Home Sketch" and "A Heading for December."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild-animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

EVERY contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced that the contribution is* wholly the work and idea of the sender. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.*

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Sq.,
New York.

"A TAILPIECE FOR SEPTEMBER." BY LEILAH G. NEWHALL (AGE 11).

BOOKS AND READING.

AN ECHO OF VACATION.

For a new competition we are going to ask our readers — any below eighteen — to write in 500 words a little story describing an imaginary vacation-trip of a week or less *into* some favorite book. Imagine that you had been invited by a book-character to pay a visit to him or her, and to stay or to travel in his or her company for a few days. Into what book would you prefer to go, with what character of that book would you spend your time, and in what happenings of the book would you take part? As a suggestion, you might travel with the Pickwick Club, with Captain Nemo of the "Nautilus," with Master Skylark, Robin Hood, Lord Fauntleroy, or our old friend Alice. Tell us what you saw and what you enjoyed, but do not write more than 500 words. So long as you make up the story and write it yourself, there is no objection to your asking older friends for hints.

For the best three stories received before September 25, 1903, there will be three prizes,— $5.00, $3.00, and $2.00,— and the best story of all will be printed in this department. Address, Books and Reading, ST. NICHOLAS Magazine.

CARING FOR YOUR BOOKS.

IN nothing is it truer that "a stitch in time saves nine" than in the care of your good friends the books. Watch them, and as soon as signs of old age appear do your best to heal the ravages of time. A book-hospital might well be established in every household, so that the injured would receive "first aid" — the timely assistance that will prolong life and service. You will find the equipment of such a hospital a simple matter and not expensive. You will need a tube of paste, tough thin paper, strips of leather and of linen, water-colors, transparent gummed paper, and so on. With these at hand you may easily graduate into a competent book-surgeon. Torn leaves can be strengthened, backs can be reinforced, missing pages replaced, copying the text from another volume. Thus many a good book rescued from early dissolution may go on to an honored and useful old age. Remember that a book of good fiction is seldom like a lump of chalk; the chalk is useful down to the last fragment, but a book rather resembles a soap-bubble, being often destroyed by the first injury.

MOVABLE PAPER COVERS.

THERE is, of course, something repellent in the paper slip-cover. It is like a little girl wearing curl-papers or a boy in slippers, better suited for comfort and utility than for public display. But there is a time when the cover is excusable; and that is during the first reading of a book — while it is being carried about and left on tables, chairs, and window-seats, or even up in a tree. Then there is an excuse for the working-jacket, and it may be put on until the last page has been read. In this way you will have clean books and yet an attractive bookcase.

IF BOOKS COULD TALK!

"WOULD N'T it be nice to have books made so that they would read themselves aloud!" said a young reader of this department to its editor. She was thinking that she would like to be read to sleep, or read to while at lunch, or while drawing or painting. She did not reflect that, just as books are words addressed to the eyes, speech is made up of words addressed to the ears, and that people may be looked upon as living books. And yet, how often young people thoughtlessly chatter and giggle rather than listen to their elders! "But," you may reply, "with a book that could read itself aloud it would be different. I could turn the book on or off as I liked, but with people—" Well, can you not do the same? A little attention and appreciation will start your elders telling you many interesting experiences; and a little inattention or interruption will usually stop them. Unless you have tried, you can have no idea what interesting and remarkable stories are concealed in the hats or bonnets of your elders. I was talking only the other day to a quiet, unassuming gentleman, a business man of New York city, and heard him tell how during a sea-voyage he was the only passenger when the crew mutinied. They were all put in irons and then chained in the forecastle and cabin, while this quiet man walked the deck at midnight, pistol

in hand, and heard them trying to break their chains. Another gentleman living near him has killed more elephants than any of you ever saw in the biggest circus. A young married woman not far away has fallen over a precipice in a carriage with horses attached, being saved by a tree just at the edge. And you will find quite as many interesting or exciting experiences will be told if you will now and then, by silence and attention, set the "living books" to talking. Besides, nearly every man has his hobby, and can tell you much you would never otherwise know. From my own experience I would advise you by all means to cultivate your Army and Navy friends — they will be found the best of story-tellers. Books are only the reflections of real life, less bright, less vivid, less true.

READING IN GROUPS.

Is n't too little attention paid by you young readers to the order in which you read books? It is not difficult to obtain lists of books so arranged that each helps in the understanding and appreciation of the following one. In the reading of Scott, for example, would n't it be wise to take them — or those you prefer — in the order of their time? First comes "Count Robert of Paris," then "The Betrothed," next "The Talisman" and "Ivanhoe," then "Castle Dangerous," "The Fair Maid of Perth," "Quentin Durward," and "Anne of Geierstein" — all of which are of times before the discovery of America by Columbus. Reading them in this order, one has a better idea of the early times, and appreciates each the more because of those before. If you are just beginning to read Scott, try taking them chronologically, in this way.

AWARD OF PRIZES.

Many of the competitors seem to have thought that to make up the list of books for a boy of fifteen (see announcement in June number) they had only to choose the best books for young people. But that was not the intention of the contest. The purpose was to secure a list of books that would lead a boy to prefer good fiction to sensational, poorly written, and yet lively stories — such as are found in the cheap "libraries" or "story papers." It is on this basis that the following prizes were awarded:

First Prize, Dorothea Clapp (15), 52 Hartford St., Dorchester, Mass.

Second Prize, Elizabeth Q. Bolles (17), 6 Berkeley St., Cambridge, Mass.

Third Prize, Alice M. Perkins (13), Idlewild, N. J.

Dear Editor: I send a list of ten books of fiction which I think would lead a boy under sixteen to read good literature. I have tried to select books that cover a wide range, and although some of the works named are not the best that their authors have written, yet they seem to me to be the books which would most interest a boy and lead him to further reading of those authors:

Ivanhoe	*Scott*
Tom Brown's School-days	*Hughes*
Treasure Island	*Stevenson*
David Copperfield	*Dickens*
The Jungle Books	*Kipling*
The Last of the Mohicans	*Cooper*
The Story of a Bad Boy	*Aldrich*
Quentin Durward	*Scott*
Robinson Crusoe	*Defoe*
Tales from Shakspere	*Lamb*

Dorothea Clapp (age 15).

An examination of the lists submitted, and *full consideration of the purpose in view*, induces the judges to recommend the following books:

Kidnapped *or* Treasure Island	*Stevenson*
Ivanhoe *or* Talisman	*Scott*
Oliver Twist *or* David Copperfield	*Dickens*
Spy *or* one of the Leatherstocking Tales	*Cooper*
Tom Brown at Rugby	*Hughes*
The Jungle Books	*Kipling*
Robinson Crusoe	*Defoe*
The Story of a Bad Boy	*Aldrich*
Wild Animals I have Known	*Seton*
Men of Iron *or* Robin Hood	*Pyle*
Round the World in Eighty Days *or* Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea	*Verne*

These are not offered as the *best* books of the authors, or the best books for all boys, but as books that will displace sensational fiction and give a taste for good literature in those boys whose reading has been directed by a love for excitement and amusement.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CALAMBA, LAGUNA PROVINCE,
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For several years I have read your magazine, and like best of all the letters written by boys and girls in other countries, and think they might like to read a letter from Calamba.

My brother and I are the first American children of school age to live here, and for a time the natives used to stand and stare at us; but now we all play together as at school in the States, only we use three languages—the English, Spanish, and Tagalog.

All educated Filipinos can speak Spanish, and we learned enough from the Apache Indians in the United States to make ourselves understood by these people.

There are about two hundred and fifty children attending the public school, which is in charge of one American and five Filipino teachers.

These children have neither story-books nor magazines, and few toys, except those they themselves have made.

They catch wild birds, and big lizards from two to three feet in length.

Many have to work very hard, especially the wood-boys, who go out to the mountains and cut, split, and carry in all the fuel used in Calamba, a town of about ten thousand inhabitants. And he is a happy boy who gets ten cents for the load he has worked as many hours to get. I am, your faithful reader,

NELSON F. NEWMAN (age 12).

OCEANPARK, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last fall, when mother was East on a visit, one of my aunts wished to send me something, and fortunately it was ST. NICHOLAS. I look forward to your coming each month. The stories you publish are always interesting and instructive, and I enjoy reading them very much. At the end of the year I expect to have the magazines bound into a book. I enjoy the letters of the other subscribers, and wonder if there are many little readers who live where they can bathe in the ocean almost every day in the year.

My cousin came to visit us from Tacoma, Washington, and, with sister Helen, we three have fine times together, making tunnels in the sand, and going in bathing in the ocean; for it is almost as warm as summer the entire year. Some little children go barefoot all the year round. Many have never seen snow or natural ice, never seen lightning or heard thunder.

Oceanpark is situated on the sand, which extends back from the ocean nearly a quarter of a mile, and in the sand certain kinds of flowers, plants, and trees can grow. A little way back from the beach the choicest carnations are raised; also lemons, walnuts, and almost every kind of fruit and flowers.

Only thirty miles back from the ocean is the Sierra Madre Mountains, and between is a large ostrich farm.

Before this letter becomes too long, I will close.

With love, Your friend,

VICTOR CHRISTIE KINGMAN (age 11).

HALLTOWN, W. VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps some of your readers would like to know how pasteboard is made. My father is a pasteboard manufacturer, and as I live very near the mill, I see a great deal of it.

There are two ways of making pasteboard; one is called chipboard, which is made entirely of waste paper. First it goes into big tubs called beaters, and is there beaten into a pulp. It is then taken in a big pipe to another big room, which is called the machine-room. There it goes on a blanket, which is called a felt; when it goes on the felt it is nothing but soft pulp and water, and when it gets to the end of the felt, it is pressed together so it is a very soft sheet. It then goes on big steam-rollers, and when it gets to the end of the rollers it is chipboard. Then it is put in cars and sent to different places. The other kind is called strawboard, and is made of cooked straw mixed with chips, or else entirely of straw. It is made the same as chipboard.

ELEANOR ALLISON EYSTER (age 8).

SALONICA, TURKEY.

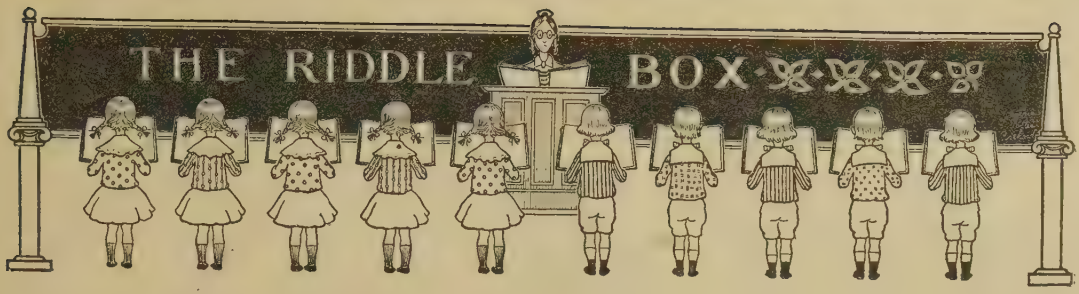
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I receive the ST. NICHOLAS and like it. I live in Salonica, next door to the German school, which I attend. The 29th of April a little German boy and I were standing at our gate. After a while I came upstairs. In about five minutes I heard the explosion of a bomb. Then I heard several. Then they began to go off on our corner. The revolutionists wanted to blow up the school-house. The street was full of Turkish soldiers. They fired in every direction, but had hard work to hit the men who threw the bombs. They were throwing for two hours. One hundred panes of glass were broken in the school-house and four in our house. The Ottoman Bank was blown up the same night and burned. The next morning they found a tunnel leading to the bank from a grocery, and it had a lot of dynamite in it. Your loving reader,

JAMES HASKELL.

BROWN'S VALLEY, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell you about the fire. Dick, our visitor, and I were driving to Brown's Valley one Sunday morning. When we got to the top of the hill we saw smoke issuing from my grandfather's farm-house. Dick turned the horse, drove at breakneck speed down the hill, tied his horse, and ran down the lane. But it was of no use to try to save anything: the main house, the wash-house, and the cabin were all wrapped in flame. I had about thirty-five books, and they were all burned up. I took the buggy that Dick left at the end of the lane, and hurried down the road to give the alarm to my Uncle Leon; then I met him coming up the road on a horse. Then I thought I would go and meet my Aunt Jess and my Cousin Lita. When I went to "cramp" the buggy for them to get in, I was so excited that I almost upset the buggy. When Lita and Aunt Jess got in, the horse got excited, and ran the buggy against a rock and upset the buggy. My Aunt Jess was thrown heavily on the ground, and Lita got a severe scratch. We think the fire caught from a match lying in the sun. This ranch is located in Yuba County. Your interested reader,

JOSEF CAREY (age 9).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Jamestown; finals, strangers. Cross-words: 1. Jewels. 2. Assent. 3. Mother. 4. Enigma. 5. Sampan. 6. Throng. 7. Oracle. 8. Winner. 9. Nurses.

DIAGONAL. Cooper. 1. Confer. 2. Boston. 3. Swords. 4. Pepper. 5. Tablet. 6. Concur.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Third row, Abraham Lincoln. Cross-words: 1. Beaver. 2. Babble. 3. Garnet. 4. Praise. 5. Behave. 6. Adagio. 7. Lament. 8. Valley. 9. Bridge. 10. Minuet. 11. Doctor. 12. Brooch. 13. Pullet. 14. Ranges.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Star. 2. Tone. 3. Anon. 4. Rent. II. 1. Bear. 2. Ease. 3. Asks. 4. Rest. III. 1. Tier. 2. Idea. 3. Eels. 4. Rasp. IV. 1. Fear. 2. Edge. 3. Ague. 4. Reed. V. 1. Pain. 2. Aloe. 3. Iota. 4. Neat.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Clover. 1. Cotton. 2. Ledger. 3. Orange. 4. Valise. 5. Ermine. 6. Rabbit.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. From 1 to 2, Lowell; from 3 to 4, Alcott. Cross-words: 1. Lament. 2. Locate. 3. Byword. 4. Exceed. 5. Slowly. 6. Annual.

A NOVEL ZIGZAG. Alfred Tennyson, The Lotus Eaters. Cross-words: 1. Act. 2. Heel. 3. Fate. 4. Layer. 5. Echo. 6. Tanned. 7. Thou. 8. Stone. 9. Nine. 10. Alien. 11. Yacht. 12. Egress. 13. Order. 14. Swoon.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Bind. 2. Idea. 3. Near. 4. Dare.

NOVEL DIAGONALS. From 1 to 2, Charles; from 3 to 4, Dickens; from 3 to 2, dresses. Left-hand: 1. Cheated. 2. Shorter. 3. Startle. 4. Actress. 5. Myrtles. 6. Referee. 7. Empress. Right-hand: 1. Dreamer. 2. Risible. 3. Encrust. 4. Sickens. 5. Solvent. 6. Enchant. 7. Sisters.

PI. The sky is a sea of sapphire,
Dappled with purple and gold;
White heats from the heart of August
Over the land are rolled;
White heats from the heart of August
Into the lilies fold.

TREE AND ZIGZAG PUZZLE. From 1 to 2, Adonais; 3 to 4, pirates; 5 to 6, Mignon; 7 to 8, roses; 9 to 10, Rome; 11 to 12, yes; 13 and 14, so. From 15 to 16, skylark; 17 to 18, Adonais; 19 to 20, Easter; 21 to 22, Byron; 23 to 24, Cain; 25 to 26, ode; 27 and 28, be. Zigzags, Percy B. Shelley, Ambrose Thomas. Lowest line, Cor Cordium.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Daniel Milton Miller — Alice T. Huyler — "Johnny Bear" — Sue Abigail Preston — "Chuck" — Annie C. Smith — Nell G. Semlinger — No name, Haverford, Pa. — Elliot Quincy Adams — C. C. A. and F. H. A. — Allil and Adi — Lillian Jackson — Olive R. T. Griffin — Mollie G. — Louise K. Cowdrey — Lilian Sarah Burt — Lester M. Beattie — Laura S. Dow.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from M. E. Sloan, 1 — Nahum Morrill, Jr., 3 — Ruth MacNaughton, 7 — N. Fitzgerald, 1 — Amy E. Mayo, 5 — Harold Levy, 1 — Elizabeth T. Harned, 8 — John I. Lippincott, 2 — Anna Mackenzie, 2 — John Elliott, 1 — Jean Mackenzie, 1 — M. Larimer, 1 — Eleanor Clinton Babcock, 7 — E. P. Frank, 1 — Margaret C. Wilby, 8 — Amelia S. Ferguson, 4 — "Get," 8 — Nathalie Swift, 9 — "Clio," 5 — W. G. Price, Jr., 2 — Edward C. Hall, 1 — George T. Colman, 9.

DIAGONAL.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, in the order here given, the diagonal (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous American.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Perpendicular. 2. Longed for. 3. Skilled in the art of reasoning. 4. A common bird. 5. Toll paid for passing the locks of a canal. 6. A very hard mineral. 7. A laborer.

ELIZABETH KEEN.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A FEMININE name. 2. An open surface. 3. To erect. 4. Spun wool.

MARJORIE STEWART (League Member).

SOME OLD-FASHIONED LETTERS.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN *f* and *s* were made almost alike, "few" might be taken for "sew."

1. A brute might be taken for an inhabitant of a great country. 2. To fasten might be a number. 3. To disappoint might be to begin a voyage. 4. Discovered might be a noise. 5. Reputation might be identical. 6. To conform might be to be seated. 7. Corpulent might be "was seated." 8. A graceful young creature might be cut. 9. Unclean might be spirit. 10. Merriment might be a luminary. 11. An exploit might be a chair. 12. A collection of ships might be snow mingled with rain. 13. Battle might be vision. 14. A quick gleam might be a long cut. 15. To nourish might be a germ. 16. An insect might be cunning. 17. Pay might be to observe.

JEAN HERBET.

NOVEL ZIGZAG.

```
    1  *  11  *
    *  2  *  10
    3  *  9  *
    *  4  *  8
    5  *  7  *
    *  6  *  *
```

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Peace. 2. A grain. 3. A stable. 4. A South American country. 5. A garment. 6. To halt.

From 1 to 6 is the Christian name, and from 7 to 11 the surname, of a famous poet.

ROSCOE ADAMS (League Member).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals name the Christian name and my finals the surname of a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To spring. 2. For one time. 3. A wind instrument of music. 4. Midday.

ROBERT S. COX (League Member).

DIAMOND.

1. In nest. 2. A pronoun. 3. Certain parts of plants. 4. The surname of a famous general. 5. An ant. 6. Was seated. 7. In nest.

WILLIAM ELLIS KEYSOR (League Member).

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG.

ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another in the order numbered, the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous English artist whose characteristic work is hinted at in the picture.

ZIGZAG.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When these have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower left-hand letter) will spell what all the children were exclaiming a few weeks ago.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To lift. 2. Reddish. 3. The freight of a ship. 4. A very hard, white substance. 5. A feminine name. 6. The act of seeing. 7. Useful articles in winter. 8. To hang, fluttering. 9. To revolt. 10. To turn aside. 11. An animal. 12. The tamarack. 13. Part of an amphitheater. 14. A number. 15. The emblem of peace. 16. A doctrine. 17. A time of darkness.

ELIZABETH T. HARNED.

OCTAGONS.

```
  . 2 3 . . . .
  1 . . 4 . . .
  8 . . 5 . . .
  . 7 6 . . . .
  . . . . 2 3 .
  . . . 1 . . 4
  . . . 8 . . 5
  . . . . 7 6 .
```

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Made a low, heavy sound. 2. Exalted. 3. To scratch or cut the skin of. 4. Governing by means of reins. 5. A highwayman. 6. A greenhead. 7. Valor. 8. Cheers.

From 1 to 8, upper octagon, a county of southern Scotland; from 1 to 8, lower octagon, a fell or mountain in that county.

DONNA J. TODD (League Member).

DIAGONAL.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another in the order here given, the diagonal (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell a word often seen nowadays.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A person employed to write letters. 2. An instrument for boring holes. 3. A petitioner. 4. Relating to doctrine. 5. To the utmost point. 6. An exact copy. 7. Apparently right. 8. Immersed. 9. A defender.

ELEANOR MARVIN.

CONNECTED WORD-BLOCKS.

```
  . . . 1   3 . . .
  . . . *   * . . .
  . . . *   * . . .
  . . * * * * * . .
      * * * * *
      * * * * *
  . . * * * * * . .
  . . . *   * . . .
  . . . *   * . . .
  . . . 2   4 . . .
```

These word-blocks are to be read across only. The letters do not form words when read downward.

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND BLOCK: 1. A vessel for carrying liquids. 2. To reverberate. 3. A project. 4. To boast.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND BLOCK: 1. Colorless. 2. Charitable offerings. 3. Hideous. 4. Gaunt.

III. CENTRAL BLOCK: 1. Nimble. 2. On fire. 3. Flat. 4. A fruit used as a relish.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND BLOCK: 1. The hair of sheep. 2. Filled. 3. Likewise. 4. A farming implement.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND BLOCK: 1. A garment. 2. Simple. 3. Impolite. 4. A point of the compass.

From 1 to 2, an American poet; from 3 to 4, one of his patriotic heroes.

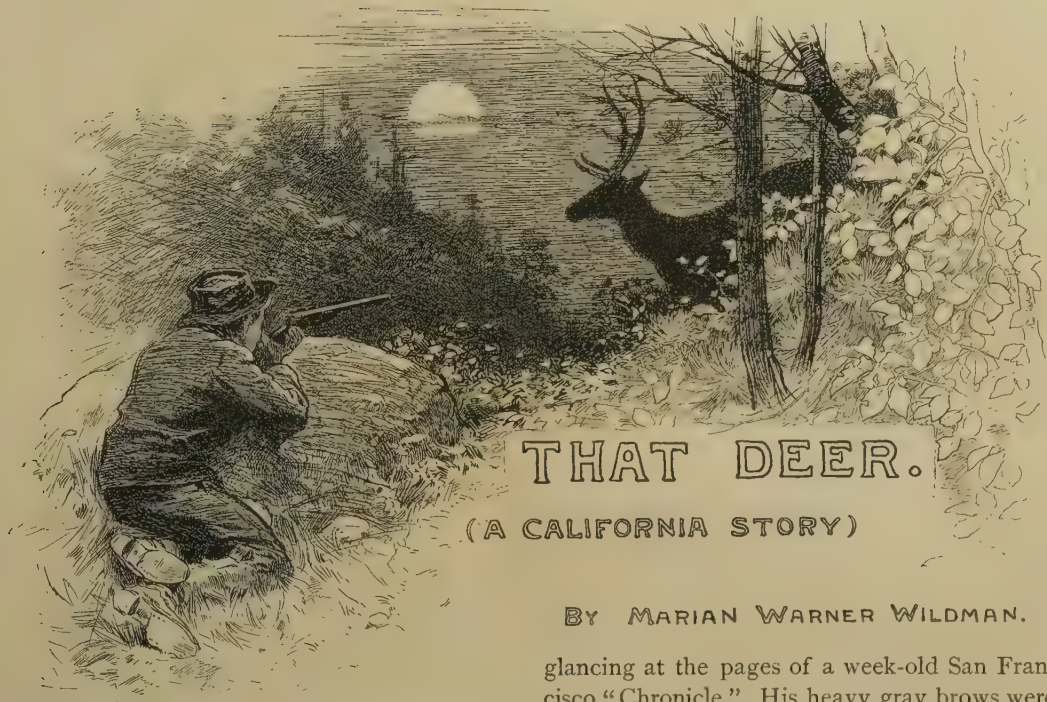
KATHARINE H. WEAD (League Member).

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

A MUSICAL GENIUS—THE PRIDE OF THE FAMILY.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXX. OCTOBER, 1903. NO. 12.



THAT DEER.

(A CALIFORNIA STORY)

BY MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN.

THE eating-house at the Wild Bird Mine was still flooded with sunlight, though the valleys below were dark with approaching night. Chinaman Sam, with a clatter of steel knives and ironstone china, was clearing away the debris of a typical mining-camp supper. On a bench before the door several stalwart, roughly clad miners were smoking and chatting. The night-shift men had already disappeared into tunnel and shaft. At some distance from the others sat Griffith Alden, owner and superintendent of the mine, glancing at the pages of a week-old San Francisco "Chronicle." His heavy gray brows were contracted into a frown. Something evidently troubled the "boss."

Presently two of the miners rose, put on their caps, and started briskly down the mountain road. Mr. Alden's eyes followed them anxiously, but he said no word of recall. When he saw that they had not stopped at the sleeping-house, but had gone on down the wagon-road that led toward Angel Flats, he gave vent to an exclamation of annoyance.

"What 's the matter, papa? You don't look happy. Tell your grandmother all about it!"

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And Claire Alden slipped into her favorite place on her father's knee, clasped a pair of brown hands about his neck, and looked into his face with so much fun in her eyes that he smiled in spite of himself.

"It 's nothing, dear, except that Vance and Bine have gone to Angel again to-night, and Fernandez disappeared before supper. I don't like it, but I can't say anything without danger of losing them, and they 're too good miners to spare just at this critical time. Besides," he added, more to himself than to her, "I have not money enough to pay them off. I don't know; if we don't get into ore pretty soon — I don't know —" He broke off with a sigh, and Claire patted his hand sympathetically.

"But why do you mind if the men go to Angel after work, papa?"

"Because it does them no good. They drink and gamble and unfit themselves for work. I declare, I sometimes wish we were at least a hundred miles from that nest of ruffians!"

"Are you sure that 's where the men are going to-night?"

"Where else?"

This was more than Claire could answer.

Suddenly a voice rang cheerily from the door of the superintendent's cottage, a rough shack a little above the "café."

"Ho, sis! Where are you?"

"Here, Clif, what do you want?" And Claire jumped up to meet her twin brother, who came swinging down the road.

They did not look much alike, these two, except for their frank gray eyes and a common tendency toward freckles. Clifford was a broad-shouldered lad, tall for his sixteen years, and with heavy dark hair which was always in picturesque disorder, thanks to a nervous habit of running his fingers through it. Claire was a slender, active girl, as quick and graceful as her brother was strong.

"Where away now, my boy?" asked the superintendent, noticing that Clifford had on his shabby canvas hunting-coat, and that his handsome Winchester was thrown over his shoulder.

"I 'm going to have another try at that deer," said Clif.

"Where are you going this time?"

"Down the road to the Blue Gorge trail, and along that to the lick where the cattle were salted last summer. Larry saw tracks there yesterday. The deer come down at night for the salt."

"Oh, Clif," cried Claire, "I believe I 'll go with you, if you don't mind. It 's going to be glorious moonlight in an hour."

"All right. But go get your coat — it 's going to be cold as well as glorious. Won't you go too, father?"

"Well, no; I think I 'm too tired to-night, and I 've some accounts to go over. You won't be gone late, will you?"

"Depends on that deer. I don't propose to come home without him this time!" Clifford's voice rang with grim determination.

Mr. Alden laughed. "That deer" had been the joke of the camp ever since Clif came. Though he was an excellent shot, the goal of his ambition was still unreached.

The full moon was sending long, slanting rays down the mountain-side as the young sportsman and his companion turned from the descending wagon-road into a trail that skirted the slope. They spoke seldom as they sped swiftly on, Claire following close behind her brother when the hedging birch and manzanita made the trail too narrow for them to walk abreast. The river ran hardly fifty feet below them here. They could see its silvery flash among the alders, and hear the tumultuous rush and gurgle of the icy water as it foamed over rocks and through mimic cañons.

It was, indeed, a glorious night. Every needle on the great evergreens that towered overhead caught its faint share of the moonlight. Across the glimmering slopes that stretched far above them, the long shadows of the trees lay sharply outlined. Among the pine-tops a little breeze was stirring, just enough to "shake the clinging music from their boughs."

"Hark, Clif! What was that?"

"Only a fox barking. Speak low; we 're nearly there."

Silence for a space; then Claire spoke in a whisper:

"Clifford!"

"Yes?"

"You won't kill anything, will you? You know I can't bear to see anything killed."

"Well, I like that!" in a disgusted undertone. "You knew I was after a deer, and teased to come too, and now you 're fussing about my doing the very thing I came for. There 's consistency for you!"

"I know it," very meekly. "I only thought about the moonlight and the walk when I came.

"CLAIRE FOLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND HER BROTHER."

I forgot the poor deer. I s'pose I 'll have to stand it if you get a shot, but I hope you won't!"

"Hush!" breathed Clifford, coming to a sudden stop in the shade of a clump of young cedars, where no betraying gleam of moonlight could flash upon the steel barrel of his Winchester. In front of them the trail widened into an open glade, at the opposite side of which a mighty live-oak cast an impenetrable shadow. From out this shadow came several unmistakable sounds — a snapping of twigs, and the long, snorting breath of some animal. Clifford waited patiently, while his sister peered silently over his shoulder into the moonlit glade. Her heart beat wildly, torn between the hope that Clifford would get his shot and her longing to cry out and warn the poor deer of its danger.

At last! Unsuspicious of peril, the shy animal was coming nearer. Into the moonlight was thrust an antlered head, and the vague outline of a graceful body was faintly visible in the edge of the shadow. Clifford raised his rifle to his shoulder and took deliberate aim.

At this point Claire's fortitude gave way. Clapping her hands over her ears, she turned and ran blindly back along the mountain-side, missing the trail in her excitement, and with no thought in her mind except to get away where she should not hear the shot that was to end that poor, beautiful thing's life. All at once she found herself slipping, sliding, rolling down the steep hillside. The slope was carpeted with slippery pine needles, and try as she might, she could not gain a footing. Down, down, down she went until she landed, uninjured but much chagrined, at the very bottom of the hill, just as the sharp crack of Clifford's rifle rang through the forest.

"Oh, what a goose I am!" moaned Claire. "And how in the world am I ever to get back up that awful hill?"

"Clif — oh, Clif!" she shouted; but the only answer was the rushing of the river now close at her feet — so close, in fact, that she had barely escaped a cold plunge.

Clifford, in the meantime, had quite forgotten that he had a sister. Everything else paled into insignificance before the great fact that he actually had shot a deer! But as he knelt proudly beside its warm, lifeless body, his heart gave a sudden throb of remorse.

"It *was* rather a shame to kill you, my beauty," he murmured. "But I had to, you know. I 've always meant to kill a deer.

"I 've always meant to, and now I 've done it, but I guess one 's enough," he added, getting slowly to his feet and trying to shake off the impression that he had committed murder. It was then that he missed Claire and started back along the trail to look for her.

Again and again he shouted: "Where are you, sis? Come see my big buck!"

"Oh, I don't want to see the poor thing!" answered a voice mysteriously far below him. "And, anyway, I can't. I 'm sitting in a bed of tar-weed down here by the river."

"How did you get there?"

"Force of gravity, I s'pose!"

"Why don't you come up?"

"Not being a fly, I can't climb that perpendicular hill."

"Wait a minute; I 'll come down and help you!"

"Oh, yes; I 'll wait!" Claire was waxing sarcastic.

Clinging to trees and bushes, and digging his heels into the slippery carpet, Clifford swung himself cautiously down the slope. Half the descent was made in safety. Then he began to slip and slide, and the last part of his journey was covered after Claire's own method, so that he landed almost in her lap. Such a merry peal of laughter rang through the woods that a dreaming pine squirrel awoke to protest loudly at this rude disturbance of his beauty-sleep.

"Well, Mr. Deer-slayer, how do you propose to get out of this?"

"Well, Miss Tumble-bug, I 'm open to suggestions!"

"I suppose we can walk back along the river till we come to the place where the road crosses the ford; but it 'll be a frightful walk, all bushes and boulders."

"Guess we 'll have to try it, anyway. There is no place between here and the road where we can climb back to the trail. The water is n't so high but what we can walk on stepping-stones a good deal of the way, and where we can't we 'll have to cut a trail through the bushes. Come on, Claire; we may as well start."

"How about rattlesnakes?" asked his sister, with a shudder, as she followed him.

"Too late in the season, and rattlers don't travel at night, anyway."

"No, I s'pose not; but they probably sleep somewhere, and I can't think of a more probable place than this horrid jungle," retorted Claire, plunging up to her ankle in the river, and at the same time making a great rent in her skirt on a thorny bit of chaparral.

Accustomed though she was to hard scrambles, Claire was fairly gasping for breath before half the distance to the road had been traversed.

Clifford paused. "Stop a minute, sis! I 'll cut you a cane. That will be a little help."

Glad of a minute's respite, she sank on a log to rest. The moon was just overhead, and the world was almost as light as day. In spite of her weariness, she felt a quick thrill of delight at the wonderful beauty of it all — the sparkling ripples of the crystal stream, the pine-clad slopes that stretched far away above her on either side of the ravine. Then something caught her attention.

"Clif, look here!" she cried in a low voice. "What 's that light on the other side of the river, there — back of those willows?"

Clifford looked up from his cane-cutting.

"If I 'm not mightily mistaken, it 's in the deserted shack where that crazy prospector used to live."

"It does n't look very deserted to-night. Who can be there, Clif?"

"Have n't the least idea."

"I 'm afraid. Let 's hurry on!"

"Not till I find out what 's up! You stay here, Claire."

"If you think I 'm going to stay here and die of lonesomeness and rattlesnakes, Clifford Alden, you 're very much mistaken. I 'm going over there if you are."

"All right; come on! But don't make any noise."

Without stopping to take off their shoes and stockings, the two waded across the shallow river. Stealthily they pushed on through the thicket of willows until they were within a few yards of the open door of the cabin. Then they stopped. What they saw was so unex-

pected that Claire would have cried out with surprise had not Clifford squeezed her hand sharply.

"Don't make a noise! They 'll hear you," he whispered.

A single dingy lantern illumined the interior of the cabin, but the light was sufficient to reveal to the startled pair in the willows three familiar faces — those of Vance, the black-browed Cornishman, Bino Carabelli, the Swiss-Italian, and the handsome Spaniard, Fernandez. The rough table around which the men were sitting held bottles and tin cups. They were drinking as they talked. In a corner of the cabin lay a heap of filled ore-sacks. Here was a mystery, sure enough! Holding fast to each other's hands, the twins watched and listened.

"To-morrow morning at sunrise," Vance was saying, and then something about "packing the dirt to the ford," "horses," and "lighting out."

Bino asked a question which they failed to catch, but they saw Vance's face darken as he answered:

"What 's that to do with to-night? Wait till we get the stuff to 'Frisco before you begin to talk of divvying up."

"Hush. Bino 's talking now," said Clif.

"You 're sure dat all de stuff 's out?"

"All there was in that bunch," replied Vance. "We 've picked the prettiest and richest pocket in Wild Bird, all right!"

"And even if there were more in sight," put in the Spaniard's musical voice, "it would not be well to stay here. The boss to-day said he was to open the west drift soon, and when he does — well! we want to be a good way from here. Is it not so, my friends?"

The others laughed, and Vance went on:

"He 'll find some fine holes in that west drift, but he 'll never guess what fine rock came out of them." Vance turned and looked lovingly at the pile of ore-sacks. "There 's a good many thousand dollars for us in there, if there 's two bits. Better wages for three weeks' work than you 've been used to, eh, Bino?"

The night had grown very cold. Vance rose with a shiver and slammed shut the door, putting a sudden stop to the justifiable eavesdropping of the twins.

"Well!" said Clif, very low, "there 's one thing pretty sure. We 'll spoil their little game! When did they say they 'd be at the ford?"

"At sunrise," replied Claire.

"Then we 've got to hustle to get a sheriff from Angel Flats in time. We 'll push on to the road together, and then I 'll cut across to Angel, while you go on up to the mine and let father know. I 'll be too late if I wait to go up with you. Will you be afraid?"

"No, indeed!" but Claire's heart quaked a bit at the thought of the lonely climb up the long, winding mountain road.

There was, in truth, no time to lose if Clifford was to cover the ten miles to Angel Flats and be back with Sheriff Lyon at daybreak. As good luck would have it, they stumbled on the trail which Vance and his companions had made between the cabin and the road.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Clif, under his breath. "This 'll save an hour or two of scrambling. No more rocks and chaparral for the young detectives! Now let 's fly!"

Mr. Alden sat in his office, his brow furrowed with care, so deeply absorbed in the accounts and papers over which he was poring that he had no idea of the lateness of the hour. Matters at the Wild Bird Mine had reached a crisis. Unless help came from some unexpected source he would have to shut down in a week, in spite of the fact that seventy-five feet more drifting in the main tunnel was almost certain to bring him to ore and success. A thousand dollars would do it — would pay up his discontented men and keep things running for a month longer.

Suddenly the office door flew open, letting in a flood of moonlight and a wild-eyed little girl, who threw herself with a sob of relief into her father's arms.

"Why, my blessed child, what 's wrong? Where 's your brother?"

"Gone to Angel for the sheriff," gasped Claire. "And won't you send Sam for the deer — because the coyotes will get it if you don't. And oh, papa, there 's fully a dozen sacks of the ore, and it 's just awfully rich —

Vance said so. He said the gold stuck out of it like freckles on the Alden twins — the horrid wretch!'

"Claire," interrupted Mr. Alden, "stop this nonsense and tell me what has happened. Begin at the beginning, and don't get excited."

"May n't I go, too?"

Mr. Alden smiled.

"I guess you 've had adventures enough for one night. Better go to bed and sleep."

"Sleep!" sniffed Claire. "As if I should shut my eyes!"

"STEALTHILY THEY PUSHED ON THROUGH THE THICKET OF WILLOWS UNTIL THEY WERE WITHIN A FEW YARDS OF THE OPEN DOOR OF THE CABIN."

"Well," replied Claire, somewhat crushed, "I guess anybody 'd be excited."

Then she told him the whole story, and before it was ended Mr. Alden had gotten out of his slippers and into his hobnailed boots, and was reaching for his hat and coat.

"Where are you going, papa?"

"Over to meet Clif and Lyon. They may need help." As he spoke the superintendent was transferring a revolver from a table drawer to his pocket. "I 'll call Larry up to go with me."

"All right. Stay in here and wait, if you like. We 'll try to be back for breakfast. Good night!" and Claire was left alone.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed. "That 's what comes of being a girl! It 's dreadful to stay here in suspense and not get any of the glory of catching the thieves. Anyway, if I had n't slid down that hill they never in the world would have been discovered."

It was very quiet in the office, and there was n't a thing to do. Claire yawned.

"Of course I 'm not a particle sleepy, but I

am tired. I might just lie down here on papa's cot and rest awhile.

The sun was high and shining brightly above the crest of Wild Bird Mountain when Claire opened her eyes with a start.

"Ho, sis!" a weary but exultant voice was shouting in her ear. "Good news! Vance and the others are safe in the jail at Angel, and we 've got the ore. Such ore — oh, my! And, sis, Sam 's frying venison steak for breakfast! Wake up, wake up!"

THE GREAT CLOCK OF WELLS.

By Rosalind Richards.

THE great clock of Wells Cathedral, in Somersetshire, England, is very nearly the oldest and certainly one of the most interesting of clocks in existence. It was built in 1322, by Peter Lightfoot, one of the monks of Glastonbury Abbey, six miles from Wells, where it ran for two hundred and fifty years, until the abbey was dissolved by Henry VIII, and its last abbot hanged over his own gateway. The clock was then removed to Wells, where it has been running ever since.

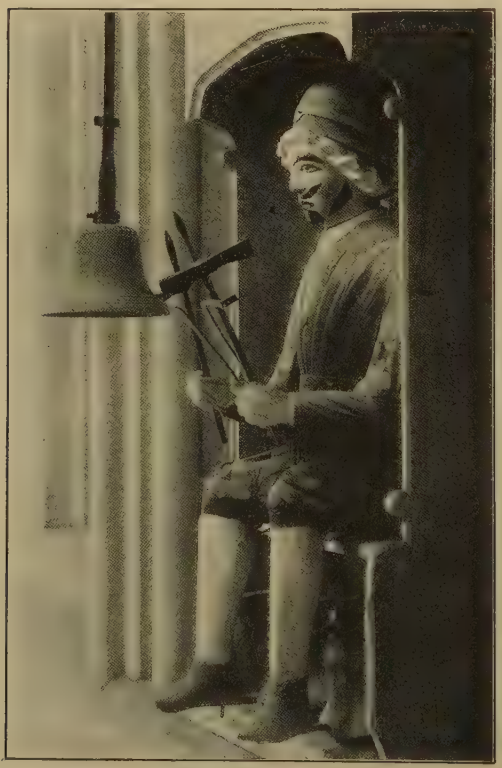
Unfortunately, it has not its original works. About 1850 these were found to be out of order, and were replaced, at a great cost, by an elaborate system of modern mechanism: a change which proved wholly unnecessary, as the old works, after a more careful examination, were cleaned and repaired, and are still running, in perfect order, in the South Kensington Museum — a clock which has ticked for five hundred and eighty years.

The clock stands in the north transept of the cathedral. The interior dial is six feet across. The photograph shows only a blurred mass in the center, as the clock was of course in motion. The face is divided into three circles. On the outer circle, which is painted dark blue with stars scattered over it, are the twenty-four hours; the second circle shows the minutes; and the inner one, the third, the days of the month and

THE INTERIOR DIAL.

phases of the moon. Instead of hands, the hours and minutes are shown each by a large gilt star, or sun, which travels slowly round its orbit.

The striking mechanism of the clock is very curious and elaborate, and there is nearly always a group of people waiting to see it operate. Above the dial is a little battlemented turret, with four knights on horseback, armed with lances, standing guard round it; at some distance from the clock itself, near the end of the transept, is a life-size painted figure, quaintly ugly, with a battle-ax in its hand, while outside the cathedral is a second large dial, guarded by two tall figures of knights in armor. When the gilt stars point to the hour, the painted figure ("Jack Blandivir," as he is called by the country people about Wells, no one knows why) strikes the quarters by kicking his heels against two bells behind him, and then tolls the great bell of the clock by striking it with his battle-ax. The two standing knights in armor strike the outside bell with their halberds, and at the first stroke of the great bell the four knights on horseback over the inside dial start at a gallop, and rush round and round the turret, in a mimic tournament in which one knight is thrown from his horse, and regains his seat, in every revolution.



"JACK BLANDIVIR."

THE OUTSIDE DIAL.

The labor of making the clock must have been immense. The original works are wholly of forged iron, and occupy a space of one hundred and twenty-five cubic feet, while the wrought-iron wheels, some of them nearly two feet in diameter, had all their teeth cut and finished by hand. The evolution of timepiece-making from this old relic to the modern dollar watch would be an interesting study.

AUTUMN AT THE "ZOO."

MAKING THE MOST OF THE LAST DAYS IN THE OUTDOOR CAGE.

GUESSING SONG.

By Henry Johnstone.

Oh, ho! oh, ho! Pray, who can I be?
I sweep o'er the land, I scour o'er the sea;
I cuff the tall trees till they bow down their heads,
And I rock the wee birdies asleep in their beds.
Oh, ho! oh, ho! And who can I be
That sweep o'er the land and scour o'er the sea?

I rumple the breast of the gray-headed daw,
I tip the rook's tail up and make him cry "caw";
But though I love fun, I 'm so big and so strong,
At a puff of my breath the great ships sail along.
Oh, ho! oh, ho! And who can I be
That sweep o'er the land and scour o'er the sea?

I swing all the weathercocks this way and that,
I play hare-and-hounds with a runaway hat;
But however I wander, I ne'er go astray;
For, go where I will, I've a free right of way!
Oh, ho! oh, ho! And who can I be
That sweep o'er the land and scour o'er the sea?

I skim o'er the heather, I dance up the street;
I 've foes that I laugh at, and friends that I greet;
I 'm named in the East and I 'm known in the West,
But I think the Dean Bridge is the place I love best.
Oh, ho! oh, ho! And who can I be
That sweep o'er the land and scour o'er the sea?

"DANDY DASH" AND HOW HE GAVE THE ALARM.

(*A True Story.*)

By Grace Weld Soper.

The black-and-white dog that is seen every day on the bank above the street and the little railroad, blinking with unending curiosity at passers-by, has an every-day name and a "best" name. When timid little girls hurry by to

"DANDY DASH."

school, they whisper, "There 's Dandy!" When boys pass, they call, "Hello, Dandy!" That is his every-day name. It seemed to fit him when he first tumbled out of the box in which he had come all the way from Maine. In great surprise he stood looking about, and everybody looked at him. He had on a dress-suit, a glossy black coat and white shirt-front and white gloves; and on the tip of his tail he carried a gay little tassel, while his hair was parted in the middle. A funny little dog he was, running up to every one, not at all afraid or bashful. All the people in the house wanted to pat his head, and some one said: "Is n't he a dandy!" So he found a name.

With fresh air and three meals every day, and a grove and a lawn for playgrounds, besides the gardens and the hen-yard, he grew fast in size, strength, and liveliness.

"Dear me!" I said, when asked by the clerk of the dog tax to give his name. "I am sure he has outgrown the name 'Dandy.' Put it down 'Dash'; that is more dignified." So his official name became Dash.

When I came back with a big certificate that Dash was a taxpayer, the dog was standing on the lawn motionless and looking fixedly at a distant object in the grass. Suddenly he made a dash in a horizontal line to the other side of the lawn. There was a strange noise as of steam escaping, followed by a scratching and tearing, and the rustling of leaves, a pawing at the roots of a tree, and a frantic barking into the air; there at the base was Dandy, with a little gray cat in the branches. "Sure enough," said I. "Your name is Dash!"

But when his friends heard of the change, they exclaimed: "What, lose our Dandy for a *Dash!* No, indeed, dear old Dandy; his name exactly fits him, and he shall not be called by any other."

Since then he has been called Dandy, often Dandy Dash, but never Dash.

Dandy's lot fell in a dogless neighborhood. On our right lived a prominent citizen, without "chick or child," who considered dogs nuisances. The family on the left neither liked nor disliked dogs: they were indifferent. But in the two houses across the street no one liked dogs; one man even spoke roughly to them.

It hurts his feelings to be repulsed. Sometimes he shows unhappiness by a few barks or growls, but a kind word or pat consoles him.

Dandy is apt to think that tricks are beneath his dignity, and sometimes yawns when urged to show off. He has never been taught by severity, or by the promise of candy, or any reward. He stands listening carefully to what is told him in a quiet tone.

"Now, Dandy, your coat is very rough; where is your brush?"

His eyes sparkle; he gives a well-bred wag of his tail, rushes to the drawer, and drags forth the brush.

In the same school of patience and kindness Dandy has learned to carry baskets and bundles and to find different things, bringing newspapers from one person to another and picking up anything dropped on the floor. If he feels happy and obedient, he likes to bring shoes to people who come home tired from the city: he trots upstairs with much lightness, and quietly brings down the slippers, one at a time. If he happens to be sleepy or lazy, he yawns, shakes himself, and climbs heavily upstairs, making as much noise as he can. After a long, long time he comes back, dragging the shoes, which clatter, clatter, clip, clip all the way.

"Dandy!" I say in a sorrowful way, and then feel obliged to scold a little, until he gives me two white paws and looks up beseechingly with his brown eyes; this means that he is ashamed of himself and will be more obliging next time.

Once Dandy readily exhibited his tricks without being urged or asked. He and I were calling upon a young lady and her dog. Dandy knew "Bouncer" well, but did not like him, and, after a few runs and tumbles, lay at my feet, looking up with his soft brown eyes. Presently he scented something pleasant, sweet, savory, something to eat — cookies, in fact. He turned his head and looked intent and earnest.

"I give my dog a cooky after he performs," said the young lady. "Now, Bouncer, what does Marmion say to Chester?"

The dog "down charged," and a piece of cooky went into his mouth. Dandy sat up and gently wagged his tail.

This time, however, Dandy was anxious to exhibit himself; he evidently thought that his turn had come for a cooky. He gave his paw, sat up, yawned, and barked; he went through his whole round of tricks. He looked jolly for a beggar, but it was a serious matter to him, and after we had laughed and talked to him he received his cooky. Now, when he wants anything very much, he begs in the same manner, like a little pet dog, a ridiculous practice for a great fellow like Dandy.

DANDY DASH'S FAVORITE GAME "TRAMPS' SHOES."

He has a hundred sports of his own, but his favorite plays with others are ball and a game called "Tramps' Shoes." Both are amusing. His ball is kept in the corner of a drawer; when

he feels like playing he will sit by the drawer, with his nose pointed at the corner, and wait patiently until some one takes out the ball. Then the game begins.

"Go out of the room, Dandy," is said. He trots out in a great hurry, and waits until the ball is hidden, no matter how long we may be. "Come!" He dances in lightly, and with a soft, mysterious manner, examines every nook and corner till he finds the ball. Then how his tail wags!

Sometimes he peeks through a crack in the door while it is being hidden, but he is much ashamed if we say: "Oh, Dandy, you peeked!" and goes softly out again with drooping tail and ears.

In playing "Tramps' Shoes" he brings up all the old shoes which he can find in the garret or stable or cellar or anywhere about the place, and shakes them. He has taught many dogs to shake shoes with him, and I am sorry to say that when he has not a stock of shoes on hand he tries to shake the cat, but she always proves to be too nimble for him.

One bright moonlight night in June the whole town was asleep and still, as country places are at midnight. Suddenly some one heard Dandy barking furiously. It was a calm night; not a breath was stirring, and the air was sweet. Probably Dandy was thought to be barking at the moon, for nobody paid any attention to him. After barking a long time, he began to howl, and then to whine and cry. Never had he been so neglected. But, although discouraged, he did not yet entirely despair, and he barked frantically. Then some one went to see what was the trouble. Then arose a cry, startling, and never to be forgotten by those who have heard it — the cry of "Fire!" There stood Dandy, with his fore paws on the window-sill, looking at a blazing barn. He rushed to the one who entered the room, barked loudly, and then, whining, ran back to the window. How the alarm spread, how the engines came and how the crowd gathered, nobody remembered afterward. The barn was burned, but the flames were checked from spreading, and Dandy's alarm saved the house.

How the opinion about dogs changed in that neighborhood! The people on the right said that they had always liked Dandy; the man on the left bought a lively little dog; and, more wonderful still, the man who was inclined to be unkind to dogs bought a large watch-dog. Now Dandy Dash sits on the bank every day, growing more thoughtful as he becomes older. All the passers-by know him, and he is one of the honored residents.

"BOXER" AND THE GOSLINGS.

By L. M. Burns.

"Boxer" was a bird-dog, or was destined to be one when he grew up. As yet he was just a big, funny-looking, anxious-to-please, lovable puppy. Uncle Ted said he would be worth a hundred dollars after he was trained; and Uncle Ted ought to know, for he had as many dogs as the old woman who lived in the shoe had children. Only Uncle Ted knew what to do. There never was a man, Ben and Laura thought, who was as clever with dogs as Uncle Ted.

He never would have left Boxer at grandma's, only a telegram came very suddenly, calling him away.

"Take good care of the dog," he said the last thing, and Ben and Laura with one voice answered, "We will!" They were delighted to think of having such a dear, ridiculous puppy to play with. Uncle Ted had left him chained to a post, but they begged their father to let the poor fellow loose.

"Why, yes," said papa, laying aside his paper. "The farm is big enough to hold him, I guess;

and even if he does get into mischief, I think we can manage him."

When Boxer saw them coming, he wiggled and frisked till his tail almost touched his head.

"*Wuf! Wuf!*" he barked in his funny puppy way, which was to say, "Let me loose! Let me loose! What 's the use of being on a lovely big farm if you have to be hitched to a post by a stupid old chain!"

You should have seen him when he heard the chain drop! He bounded off, and then back again, upset Ben in comical excitement, leaped up to give Laura a kiss, and there is no telling what he would have done next if he had n't caught sight of some chickens scratching away in the flower-bed.

R-r-wuf! And in a twinkling he had chased the last one out.

"Deary me!" ejaculated grandma, from the window. "If we had a dog as smart as that, my sweet peas might have a chance to bloom!"

"He was n't thinking of sweet peas," chuckled papa. "It 's just because he 's a bird-dog. He 'd chase anything with feathers till he 's trained, if it were only an old stuffed owl!"

The children listened with respect and admiration, for papa knew almost as much about dogs as Uncle Ted.

They had a delightful afternoon with Boxer, and he "begged off" so when they took him back to the post that they decided to leave him loose.

Next morning there were seven little green goslings missing at feeding-time. They found them at last, scattered along at the edge of the pond — all dead!

"Oh, dear!" wailed the children, distracted between grief for the goslings and pity for the guilty pup in the punishment that was sure to overtake him. "Why did n't we chain him up? Oh, what will papa do?"

What papa did do was to gather up the goslings and arrange them in a pile, with their poor limp necks all drooping one way. Then he sent for Boxer.

"Naughty dog!" he said sternly, pointing to the goslings. "Bad, bad dog!"

Then he whipped him.

Poor Boxer! He looked at the goslings, and he looked at papa, and if there ever was a penitent puppy, it was he. His brown eyes shone with tears, and he licked papa's hand and whined so sorrowfully that it was all the children could do to keep from throwing their arms about his neck and telling him not to feel sad any more — that it did n't matter, anyhow.

There could not have been a better dog than Boxer was that day. The family thought him a more wonderful creature than ever. He seemed so delighted whenever he pleased any one, and was so heartbroken when he blundered, that no one really had the heart to scold him very much.

So that night they let him loose again, convinced that the lesson had been learned.

Next morning before breakfast he came bounding up joyfully to papa.

"*Wuf! Wuf!*" he said as expressively as if he had said, "Come with me! Come, everybody!"

Everybody came. Boxer frisked along proudly at the head of the procession, and led them straight to the duck-pond.

"*Wuf! Wuf!*" he barked again. "Just see how I did it this time!"

There on the bank were seven more little dead goslings, arranged neatly in a pile, with their bills all pointing one way!

"Well, I never —" began grandma. But papa suddenly stooped over and patted Boxer on the head.

"Good doggy!" he exclaimed in a queer, shaking kind of voice. And then, "Don't you see what he 's done? He thought I whipped him all because he did n't put them in a pile! Good doggy! Yes-sir-ee! Nice old fellow!"

"*Wuf!*" barked Boxer, wagging almost double for joy.

It is doubtful if any of the goslings would have lived to become geese if Uncle Ted had not come that afternoon to take Boxer home. And the next time he visited the farm he was much too wise a dog to chase barn-yard fowls of any kind.

"'THIS IS THE TRAITOR WHO HAS SOLD US!'" (See Page 1077.)

PÓH-HLAIK, THE CAVE-BOY.

By Charles F. Lummis.

IVE hundred years ago the cloudless sun of New Mexico beat as blinding white upon the Pu-yé as it does to-day, and played as quaint pranks of hide-and-seek with the shadows in the face of that dazzling cliff; stealing now behind the royal pines in front, now suddenly leaping out to catch the dark truants that went dodging into the caves.

Now the sun and the shadows are the same, and play the same old game — on one side with eager fire, on the other with pleased but timid gentleness. The playground has changed with the centuries, but not so much as to seem unfamiliar. It is the same noble cliff, lofty and long and castellate, towering creamy and beautiful amid the outpost pine groves of the Valles wilderness. From a little way off there seems no bit of change in it.

But ah, what a change there has been, after all! For the very silence of silences lies upon the Pu-yé. Only the deep breath of the pines, the sudden scream of the piñonero blue jay, ever break it now. And time was when the Boy Sun and the Shadow Girls had here a thousand mates in their gambols: mates whose voices flew like birds, and with pattering feet amid the tufa blocks, and the gleam of young eyes — three things that sun and shadows have not, nor had even when they were so much younger. Once these jumbled stones were tall houses against the white face of the cliff; and the caves into which the shadows crowd so were homes.

Then the great cliff of the Pu-yé was not lonely. Hundreds of faint smoke-spirals stole up its face. Here and there among the gray houses strode stalwart men with bow-case on shoulder, and women bringing water in earthen jars upon their heads. As for children, they were everywhere: sitting in the tufa sand and sifting it through their fingers; shouting "*hee-tah-oó*" from their hiding amid the great pumice blocks fallen from the cliff; chasing each other over the rocks, into the caves, down the slope, in that very game of tag which was invented before fire was; making mud tortillas by the pools of the drying brook; hunting each other in mimic war among the pines, or turning small bows and arrows to bring down the saucy piñonero, whose sky-blue feathers should deck bare heads of straight black hair.

Póh-hlaik, up by the cliff corner near where the estufa of the Eagle clan showed its dark mouth, was enjoying himself as much as any one — and a little bit after the game of the sun and the shadows. He was a tall, sinewy lad, with strong white teeth coming to light very often, and supple hands that could bend a bow to the arrow head. Just now he was down on all fours, crouching, pouncing, charging, and roaring in blood-curdling wise when he had breath between laughs. *Mo-keit-cha*, indeed! I would like to *see* the mountain-lion with such contented victims! Póh-hlaik's were half a dozen brown little sisters and cousins who laughed and shrieked and ran and came back to be devoured anew by this insatiate monster. Sometimes in a particularly ferocious rush some one got tipped over or had a toe stepped on by *Mo-keit-cha;* and then she would make a lip and start off crying — whereat the ravening beast would pat her on the head with clumsy tenderness, and call back her dimples by a still grotesquer caper.

But before the victims had been devoured many more times apiece, a sweet, clear voice of a woman came ringing:

"Póh-hlaik!"

"Here, little mother! What wilt thou?" And the cougar of a moment ago rose on his hind legs and ran obediently on them to where a woman leaned through the tiny doorway of a cave. The adobe floor was spotlessly clean,

and her modest cotton tunic shone like snow. Floor and tunic and feature should have looked strange enough to the unguessed and unguessing world beyond the seas. But in the face was a presence which any one should know, down to a smallest child, and anywhere — the mother look, which is the same in all the world.

"A goodly man will he be!" she murmured absently, with soft eyes resting on her strong young son. "Ay! It is to seek thy father, carrying this squash and dried meat of the deer. For by now he will be hungry, so long as he is in the estufa. And pray him come, if he will, that he may hear the baby, what it says."

Reaching back, she brought forward a little flat cradle with buckskin flaps laced across it; and from under its buckskin hood peered a brown lump of flesh, with big eyes black as tar.

"Ennah, handful-warrior!
Ennah, little great-man!"

she crooned, tossing the bundle gently on level palms. A funny little crack ran across the fatness, and the eyes lighted up as if they really knew something; and from that uncertain cavity came a decided "dă-dă"— which is just as far as a baby of his age gets with all the civilized progress of this year of grace 1903. We start about even; and it is fairly wonderful in knocking about the world to find how little difference there is, even in the first speech. There is no home nor blood where "papa" and "mama" are not understood. English words? Not a bit of it! They are *human* words, everywhere current, everywhere dear — perhaps remnants to us, with a few more of childhood, of before the Tower of Babel. And everywhere is as great joy when the uncertain lips first say "dă-dă" as was now in the house of Kwé-ya.

"Already he is to talk!" cried Póh-hlaik, with a delighted grin; and patting his mother on the shoulder and the baby on the cheek, he went running and leaping over the rocks like a young deer. Directly he was at the Eagle people's estufa, where the men of his father's clan all slept as well as counseled; for in the queer Indian society, which was not society at all, the men lived in their big sacred room, the women and children in their little houses. Póh-hlaik entered the small door, and stood a moment before his eyes grew used to the darkness. Then he saw his father sitting by the wall smoking a rush, and went to him.

"Here is to eat," he said, handing the bundle. "And my mother says if you will come! For already the small-one calls you!"

"He does? It is good — I will go." The tall, stern-faced Indian rose with slow dignity which was belied by a something in his eyes and voice. Like some men I have remotely heard of in more modern times, P'yá-po was not so "weak" as to betray feeling. But he was strong enough to *have* it — and sometimes a very tiny token of it would leak out in spite of him. Now, though nothing would have induced him to show unseemly haste, he was clearly losing no steps; and already the stately strides had carried him several yards as he turned to say to Póh-hlaik:

"Son, at the White-Corn people's estufa, if thou see Enque-Enque, tell him I would speak with him before the night."

"So I will say," answered the boy, respectfully, turning to go to his own estufa — for since his mother was of the White-Corn people, so was Póh-hlaik. With Indians almost everywhere descent is reckoned from the mother's side, and not, as with us, from the father's. Furthermore, a man cannot marry into his own clan, so his sons belong to a different estufa.

Sure enough, Enque-Enque was at the Man-house of the White-Corn clan, and he received the message with a grunt. He was a little sharp-faced man, with the look of one gone sour. If P'yá-po with his mighty head and frame had a lion-like air, this other as clearly suggested the fox. Even the acute features contributed less to this than a way he had of cocking his chin down and to one side, and looking at something else, but seeing you. And it is a thing I have had occasion to learn, that when you are with one of these men who sees all you do without using even "half an eye," you will have none too many eyes to watch him if you use all you have.

Enque-Enque did not so much as look at Póh-hlaik; but the boy (who could have given lessons in these things to any one of us, if able to phrase what he knew) understood that the subordinate Shaman had weighed his face to a

feather. Not that there was any secret to read there — he had merely delivered a message of which he knew no import back of the words. He did not *like* Enque-Enque; but trust an Indian face to say nothing of that — and as for his tone, it was the respectful one which no Pueblo boy ever failed to use to an elder. And now he suddenly felt *afraid* of his father's fifth assistant — suddenly, without the slightest tangible excuse, for nothing had happened.

"Shall I say to my father anything?" he ventured at last.

"I will go," answered the man, shortly — which Póh-hlaik needed no interpreter to tell him meant also "Now clear out, boy."

"But that is a queer one!" he was thinking to himself, as he went skipping down the slope. As he turned to come away, he had caught glimpse of about an inch of notched reed projecting from the lion-skin case on Enque-Enque's back. "For the feathers are put differently, and it will be longer, too — since it stands above the rest."

It was a very trifling matter to annoy any one; but that arrow seemed to stick in the boy's mind. You can have no possible notion how tiny a thing the Indian will notice, nor how much it can say to him; for he has kept the eyes that nature gave man to start with, and that we civilized folk have largely frittered away.

At the foot of the slope, where some enormous boulders hid him from the village, his trot dropped to a walk; and presently he sat down upon a block of tufa and began looking very intently at his feet. Whatever he saw there did not serve; for in a few minutes he rose, with a still clouded face, and began climbing a zigzag trail to the left. Here the cliff tapers into a long slope; and after a short trudging over the pumice fragments, he came upon the brow of the mesa among the junipers. A little farther yet, and he suddenly stepped from the woods into a large clearing, in whose center stood a great square pueblo, three stories high, built of tufa blocks from the same white cliff. Here were other brown folk, little and big; for this was the "up-stairs town" of the cave pueblo, its ultimate refuge and fortress, and the permanent home of some of its people.

"Ka-ki!" sung out a voice; and a boy of Póh-hlaik's own age came scrambling down a ladder from the tall housetops. "I was just to go for thee. Come, let us make a hunt in the cañon, if we may find the Little-Old-Mountain-Man* — for now he is very fat."

"It is well!" answered Póh-hlaik, brightening. "And if not him, we 'll at least get trout."

Both boys had their bow-cases on their backs, and in five minutes they had descended the slope and were crossing the plateau to the brink of the cañon. This rift in the upland, four hundred feet deep, was shadowy with royal pines and musical with a lovely brook — as it is to this day. Póh-hlaik and Ka-be descended the precipitous side noiselessly, and began creeping along the brook in the thick underbrush. Fat trout flashed in the pools; but the boys paid no attention to them, for from a thicket on the other side of a little natural glade came the "gobble-obble-obble" and then the *skir-r-r!* of the wild turkey.

"No!" whispered Póh-hlaik to his companion's suggestion. "We will wait here — for he will come out to the brook with his family. But if we try to get to the other side, he can run without our seeing him for the bushes."

They lay quietly in a thick clump of alders, grasping each his bow, with an arrow at the string. The gobbler repeated his cry — and suddenly it was echoed from behind them! The boys exchanged startled looks, and Ka-be was about to speak, but Póh-hlaik put his finger to his lips, with a curious flicker in his eye.

Just then there was a faint sighing sound overhead; and close in front of the thicket whence the first gobble had come, an arrow, fallen from the sky, stood quivering in the sward. A tiny rustle in the bushes, and a dark, bare arm reached out and plucked the arrow back out of sight.

Ka-be wore a dumfounded look, but Póh-hlaik's face showed even more of terror than of wonder. He thought he had seen that arrow before! Now there were no more turkey-calls, but dead silence reigned in the cañon.

"Now he will not come!" whispered Ka-be. "Let us creep up the brook and around upon him before that other gets him."

* The wild turkey.

"For your heart, hush you!" breathed Póh-hlaik in the ear of his chum. "See you not that there are no turkeys? And that hand — is that a hand of the Grandchildren of the Sun? It is for us to get to the pueblo *now*, and unseen! For not *our* lives only, but many more, are in the shadow. See!" he added nervously — for two or three fresh alder-leaves came slipping down the current, and then there was the faintest tinge in the limpid water, as of sand stirred up far above. "Come! But more noiseless and hidden than the snakes!"

He stretched upon his belly, and began moving down stream, lizard-like, the still puzzled Ka-be following him. When they had traversed a few hundred feet in this tedious fashion, Póh-hlaik turned to the right, up a little ravine dense with bush. It led to the top; and in a few moments the boys peered from the last bush on the brink of the cañon out among the scattered pines. All was still.

"Now, friend, it is to run as for life — and not straight, but dodging between the trees. Come!" Springing from their shelter, Póh-hlaik dashed off. Ka-be was at his heels — for, though his face showed that he was still mystified, he was one of those who follow.

No living thing was in sight; but before the runners had made four bounds there was a vicious *ish-oo!* and an arrow split the lobe of Póh-hlaik's ear and fell five yards ahead of him. Ka-be gave a wild yell, and leaped ahead like a scared fawn; but as for Póh-hlaik, he only clapped his hand to his ear even as he swerved past a big pine so as to throw it in line behind him. There was another whizz, but not so near; and then no further token.

"Not a word now!" said Póh-hlaik sternly, as they came, still at a smart run, to the cave-village. "For none must know save the Men of Power. My father will know what to do."

Ka-be promised — though a little sullenly at loss of the sensation he wished to noise abroad — and went off along the cliff. Póh-hlaik drew his father into an inner cave-room, and there told him everything just as it had befallen, without comments or surmises. Only, at the end, he could not refrain from adding: "As for the arrow which went as a message to the *barbaro*, I think I saw it once before!"

"Ahu? Was it with Enque-Enque? For if there be a traitor, it is he. It is because he is thought to be treating with the Tin-néh that I summoned him. Two say that they have seen him coming secretly from where the hostiles were. He has never been content since the elders laughed at his pretensions to be Chief Shaman. So in his quiver was the arrow? Well hast thou done, son! Keep the heart of a man and the still tongue. As for me, we will see what is to do."

There was but one thing to be done, in the opinion of the Captain of War. Those who had shot at two boys of the pueblo must be of the savage Tin-néh,* who from time immemorial had harassed the town-dwellers. Since they were in the cañon, he would teach them! Old Mah-quah had been dead but a year, and this was his successor's first chance. He would have no barbarians prowling about the peace-loving cave-town of the Pu-yé!

In less than half an hour a strong band of warriors, headed by the War Captain and the Chief Shaman, were stealing down into the cañon noiselessly as so many shadows. "Come thou," P'yá-po had said to his son; "for to-day may be the chance to prove thyself a man."

But Póh-hlaik replied: "Wilt thou not let me stay here by the mother? For in my heart something tells me."

"As thou wilt!" his father had given short answer. As he strode off he was thinking: "Will my first son be a mouse?"

But it was not that which kept the boy at home. He dared not say it to his father, but to him the plan of the War Captain seemed reckless. "What if it were even so that Enque-Enque wishes? For else why did he shoot at me again, after failing to kill? Was it not that I might report there were *barbaros* in the cañon, so he would get the warriors sent there? But how shall one dare think so, when the Men of Power decide otherwise?"

But, despite the inbred reverence for authority, Póh-hlaik could not convince himself that all was well; he wandered about restlessly. As the sun went down, the men sat in little

* The great tribe now known as Navajos.

groups talking of the matter, ill at ease; for after so many months of quiet, the savage foe was back at the old game. Dusk was closing in as Enque-Enque came strolling around the western turn of the cliff, his stone hoe in his hand. He had been at his field, he explained carelessly; and violent were his curses upon the Tin-néh when he heard the news.

Even as he spoke there came a far clamor — yells of rage, mingled with the fierce war-cry.

"They have trapped ours!" shouted Enque-Enque, leaping upon a rock. "Come! we must run to their help, for the enemy are many."

A hundred men sprang forward at the word of the sub-Shaman, clutching their bows; but Póh-hlaik stood before them, crying shrilly:

"Not so! This same is the traitor who has sold us to the Tin-néh, and now he would strip the town of its men! Go not, if ye will hear the words of a boy!"

It was an unheard-of thing, thus to defy a medicine-man; but even so he stood erect, so stern and gray-faced that grizzled men looked at him in awe and back to the accused.

Enque-Enque's foxy air did not change in the least. "Bewitched is the boy!" he sneered, running his eyes back along the cliff. Then a sudden light broke across his face, and from his throat poured a wild whoop, even as he drove a swift shaft through the neck of the First Lieutenant of War. In answer rose a hideous yell from all about, and the darkening rocks swarmed with darker forms, and the twilight buzzed with wasps that had need to sting but once. A score of the men of the Pu-yé fell before one had time to turn; and among them was Póh-hlaik, an obsidian-tipped arrow through his shoulder and another deep in his thigh.

The conspirator's plans had worked very well. His hated chief and a majority of the warriors were gone out to the ambush he had laid for them; and his failure to send off the rest of the fighting strength of the town was like to be counterbalanced by the complete surprise. The startled Pueblos fought desperately; but the savages were nearly two to one, and pushed them to the very doors of the caves.

As for Póh-hlaik, he had fallen between two great lava-blocks, fainting with pain and loss of blood. For a few moments he lay there; and then, suddenly gritting his teeth, began dragging himself toward his mother's house. She was alone with the little one.

All around him raged the fight. The air hurtled with arrows, and everywhere were savage whoops and dying screams and the sickly smell of blood. Once two grappled foemen wrestled across him, wringing a howl of pain from him with their tread; and again, he had to crawl over a stark form. But he hunched himself painfully along behind sheltering rocks till close to the cave that was his home. He was about to call out, when suddenly, against the darkening sky, he saw a figure backing out of the low doorway, dragging something. Had he been standing he could not have made it out; but from his prostrate position that dark silhouette against the west was unmistakable. It was Enque-Enque! His bow was gone; but between his teeth was something which could only be the cruel obsidian knife, and both his hands were clenched in the long hair of a woman — who seemed to be bracing against the doorway to keep from being dragged out.

Póh-hlaik's heart lost its count for a moment. His father's enemy knew well where to strike! And at thought of the fate that overhung his mother, he turned deathly sick.

The victim's hold was slipping — already her head and shoulders were through the door. Enque-Enque, as he hauled away, was hidden now by a tall tufa block; only his long, sinewy arms and their prey showed against the sky.

"The Trues give me eyes!" breathed Póh-hlaik devoutly, tugging the bowstring to his ear, though the effort seemed to drive a hundred darts through the wounded shoulder. Truly it was an ill mark, in that grim dusk and from the ground! But the twang of the cord was followed by a howl of rage and pain. The head popped within the doorway again; and Enque-Enque sprawled backward, scrambled up, and fled into the gloom — his two hands spitted one to the other by the clever shaft.

And then there was a new uproar — but this time from the east! And arrows rained doubly thick, and the enemy-yell of the Hero Brothers soared above the savage howls of the Tin-néh. P'yá-po and his men were back, and at last the barbarians fled down the slopes, leaving their

dead among the rocks. It would be long before they should forget the Pu-yé. P'yá-po's counsel had saved the impetuous War Captain from the full disaster of the ambuscade: and, scattering that small force by a flank movement, they had hurried back to the village—well understanding now the whole manœuver.

When all was over and the Chief Shaman came to his wife's house, he found a badly wounded lad crouched within the door, his bow clutched tightly and his lips set. "I have kept them safe for thee, father!" he said huskily—and, with the words, lurched fainting to one side. P'yá-po laid him along the floor and stanched the blood, and sat beside him.

"The heart and the hand of a Man!" he said, with a little shake in the sonorous voice. "And when he is well of his wounds he shall take the place of the unworthy one who has gone."

"He is his father's son!" whispered Kwé-ya proudly. And just then the little one, who had slept through the jaws of death, stirred in the buckskin cradle and called, "Dă-dă!"

THE CLEVER NURSE
BY Margaret Johnson
Said this clever little nurse
"I'm not a gaby.
I can do more things than tend
this infant, maybe!"
And she trotted, sang & read,
As she plied her nimble thread,
And every one was pleased—
except the Baby

The Proud Bun

(A Song of Fate.)

By Isabel Frances Bellows.

The baker-man was kneading buns,—
His trough was deep and wide,—
When, much to his surprise, he heard
A small voice by his side.

"Oh, make me large and fat," it said,
"And stuff me full of plums,
So that I may attract ap-
plause
From every one who comes."

"Oh, put a piece of citron in,
And make me rich and rare,
That I may serve for dukes
and earls
Who sumptuously do
fare."

The baker chuckled in
his sleeve
To hear him talk so
big,
But thought, "I 'll put in
everything,
And let him run his
rig!"

He put in all he had on hand,
And made him rich and rare,
And set him in the window-pane,
To make the natives stare.

For, swelled to twice his natural size
With yeast and plums and pride,
He scorned the doughnuts, pies, and cakes,
And elbowed them aside.

"I 'm waiting for the duke," he said,
"With whom I am to dine!"
Just then two newsboys came along
Whose appetites were fine.

"My eye!" they cried, "come
over here
And see this jolly bun;
Let 's buy him for our sup-
per, quick!"
And so the thing was
done.

Two morals to this little
song
Are had at easy rates:
'T is ill to wait for dukes
and earls
In these United
States.

And when the baker kneads his dough,
If then you are begun,
No matter what he may put in,
You 'll always be a bun!

THE SORROWS OF THREE LITTLE COONS.

Drawn by E. W. Kemble.

OFFICER TOWSER: "SO I 'VE CAUGHT YOU AT LAST, YOU YOUNG RASCALS. STEALING MY MASTER'S CORN, HEY? I 'VE BEEN WATCHING FOR YOU ALL THIS WEEK, AND NOW WE 'LL SEE WHAT WILL HAPPEN."

FARMER JENKINS: "CAUGHT THEM EATING AND SHUCKING MY CORN, DID YOU, OFFICER? WELL, I 'M RATHER SHORT OF HANDS THIS FALL, SO YOU MAY TAKE THEM TO THE BARN AND SET THEM TO WORK."

BR'ER COON: "THIS IS THE MEANEST TRICK WE HAVE EVER HAD PLAYED ON US. CORN, CORN ALL AROUND, AND NOT A GRAIN TO EAT! LOOK OUT, THERE 'S THAT OFFICER PEEPING IN THE WINDOW."

A TRIP THROUGH THE NEW YORK ASSAY OFFICE.

By Joseph Henry Adams.

(*With Illustrations by the Author.*)

Down on Wall Street, a block below Broadway, and opposite Broad Street, in New York city, there is a little old building of quaint colonial architecture that nestles close under the protecting shadow of the massive Subtreasury. To the hurrying throng that passes up and down the street daily this old structure holds but little interest apart from its antiquated appearance and striking contrast to the beautiful new buildings all around it.

To the banking concerns, the jewelry and silverware manufacturers, and to the well-informed persons, however, it is a mine of interest; for within its walls enough gold and silver in bars and bricks is stored to fairly dazzle the eyes of the observer, were the full extent of its riches shown at one time.

Over the doorway on a weather-beaten sign appears the inscription, "United States Assay Office"; but there is nothing to inform the passer-by all that the name implies. One would scarcely suspect that within its vaults many millions of dollars' worth of gold and silver bricks are stored, seldom less than fifty and sometimes

WEIGHING GOLD AND SILVER TO "CHECK UP" IN PASSING FROM ONE DEPARTMENT TO ANOTHER.

exceeding one hundred million dollars' worth. The sight of so many millions in gold is itself quite worth the visit, for nowhere in this country can so much pure gold be seen at one time.

The assay office is devoted solely to the refining of gold and silver, and casting these metals into bricks. It is open to the public for inspection, and as it is under the supervision of the government, every opportunity is extended to the visitor to observe the interesting features of the assaying and refining processes.

As you enter the office a trusty doorkeeper makes mental note of you; and he is such a good character-reader that often suspicious persons are not admitted beyond the hallway.

If you appear to be unobjectionable, however, and there are not too many in the party, you may be introduced to Mr. Murray, the guide and detective; but you need not feel hurt if he stays close to you during the trip through the works, for, no matter how honest you may be, his watchword is, "Trust no man." His vigilance will not be annoying, but you may feel quite sure that he is not the only one who is watching every move of the visitors.

The greatest precaution is taken in handling the precious metals to avoid loss, and no matter how unconcerned the workmen may seem to be, they are always on their guard; for the slightest loss in their department would mean rigid investigation, whether they or the visitors were connected with the deficiency.

The first department visited is the receiving-room, where all deposits are accepted from any one having gold and silver to be refined or sold in amounts of one hundred dollars or more.

Each depositor is given a numbered receipt on which the weight of the metal is recorded, and a duplicate slip is dropped in the tray containing the deposit. This number follows the

THE NEW YORK ASSAY OFFICE (TO THE RIGHT), SHOWING THE UNITED STATES SUBTREASURY AND STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

deposit through all the stages of the assaying process, so that it may be identified, and accurate payment can be given for the value of gold and silver, less the cost of melting, separating, and refining, which amounts to a very small proportion of the entire value of the deposit.

It is very interesting to watch the deposits come in from various sources — at one time from a jewelry manufacturer and consisting of broken and worn rings, bracelets, chains, bench-sweepings, and gold filings, together with all sorts of plated jewelry, sadly broken and bent. At another time a banker's deposit will arrive, in which are all sorts of uncurrent and mutilated coins, both United States and foreign.

RECEIVING-ROOM, WHERE ALL THE GOLD AND SILVER, SPECIE, AND MUTILATED SCRAP ARE RECEIVED AND WEIGHED.

It is sometimes a temptation to the employees to purchase some of the curious things that appear in these deposits; but the government is not in the "antique" business, and an invariable rule forbids, as everything handed in must be melted and cast into ingots, on which the deposit number is stamped in large numerals.

From the mines all over the country deposits are received, direct or through banking-houses, of nuggets, bars, dust, and "sand," as fine grains of gold and silver are termed; but this material must be in metallic state, and not in the shape of ores, as crude smelting is not done here.

Then perchance a sackful of quaint old silverware and gold ornaments comes in, the deposit of a pawnbroker or money-lender; and often among the articles are some things that would be of great interest to the connoisseur or collector of antiques.

These deposits are all reduced to bars of uniform size and shape, and stored on the shelves of Uncle Sam's vaults for future use.

From the receiving-room the deposit is taken to the first foundry on the ground floor, where it is reduced in a crucible over a white-hot fur-

MR. ANDREW MASON, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE NEW YORK ASSAY OFFICE.

nace, and cast into an ingot, or several of them, according to the size of the deposit.

A chip is taken from both ends of each ingot and sent to the assaying department, which is in charge of Dr. Torrey, the chief assayer, who has occupied this position for nearly a quarter of a century, having succeeded his father in this position.

The chips, or "assays," as they are termed, are carefully weighed on scales so accurate that the millionth of an ounce can be recorded, and they are then wrapped in a thin piece of sheet-lead and placed on a small bone-ash cup or cupel. A number of these cupels are passed into the assayer's oven at one time, where they are allowed to remain in the fierce heat for several minutes.

The air passing into the oven and over the assay unites with the lead and base metals contained in the cupel, and forms oxids, which the bone-ash absorbs, so that nothing but a "bead," or "button," of pure gold and silver remains. This little button of metal is cooled, and weighed on the fine scales. Its weight subtracted from that of the original chip gives the weight of base metal.

The button must now be separated into gold and silver, so it is rolled out into a thin, flat strip, and with nitric acid the silver is dissolved, leaving the gold, whose weight determines the gold fineness of the sample, except in cases where special treatment is required. After this process, which requires about four days, the value of the whole deposit is ascertained by calculation, and is paid to the depositor in money, or gold and silver bricks, as desired, and the original deposit then becomes government property.

The banks and mines usually take the value of deposits in money, but the manufacturers of gold and silver wares draw gold and silver bars, which they convert into new articles.

Such infinite care is taken that nearly every

THREE MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF GOLD BRICKS IN SIGHT.

ounce of metal can be accounted for annually, and errors are hardly ever made.

The New York assay office is the largest and most important in the country. It is in charge of Mr. Andrew Mason, who has been connected with it since 1854, and who has been its superintendent since 1883.

Nearly twice as much bullion is assayed and refined here as in any other United States office, the yearly average being about $50,000,000; but often it exceeds this amount, as in 1898, when the value was $81,465,425.19.

Having inspected the assaying department, you will next enter the second weighing-room, where all deposits are recorded before they are melted. Here we see piles of ingots being weighed on the large beam-scales, which are so nicely balanced that from pounds to hundredths of an ounce the weight can be accurately determined.

WASHING THE GOLD "MUD" WITH HOT WATER PREPARATORY TO PRESSING INTO CAKES.

Over this room is the boiling-room, where all crude ingots are melted together and poured into large vessels containing water to make the metal take a granular form, resembling coal ashes, in order that the sulphuric acid in which it is to be boiled can act readily in reducing it to chemical form. The process employed for the small test-assays is too long and expensive a one to be used in refining metals in large quantities, so another method, known as the sulphuric-acid process, is employed. The acid used is strong enough when cold to eat up almost anything, but when at boiling temperature metals dissolve in it almost like lump sugar in hot water.

This process takes place in the next room, in which several large cast-iron kettles are set in brick and iron foundations under which fire-boxes are arranged. Each kettle has a capacity of about one thousand pounds of acid, and these are the kettles in which the granular silver of Uncle Sam's cook-shop are boiled. The greatest care must be taken not to lose any of the valuable fluid contained in these kettles after the boiling is done, for the reason that it is rich in silver and copper, with a percentage of other metals.

In these kettles all metals, with the exception of the gold, are reduced to "sulphates," —sulphate of copper, sulphate of silver, etc., —and are in liquid chemical form. When cool, this is siphoned off into a lead-lined tank on the floor below.

At the bottom and sides of this tank are pure metallic copper plates, and as soon as the solution is heated by means of steam the silver begins to deposit on the copper plates as pure metallic silver, it being replaced in the solution by an equivalent weight of the copper.

The silver is in the form of a white spongy material resembling mud, which is collected and washed with hot water to free it from any remaining copper or acid. It is then pressed into

cakes, dried in an oven, and finally melted in a crucible and cast into silver bricks of various sizes and $\frac{999}{1000}$ fine, that is, only $\frac{1}{1000}$ of foreign material to $\frac{999}{1000}$ pure silver.

The solution of copper that has released the silver is siphoned off into lead-lined tanks in which thick strips of lead are suspended, and the process of crystallization begins that results in thousands of pounds of a beautiful blue crystal known as bluestone, or sulphate of copper.

A VALUABLE BAKE-OVEN. THE TEN CAKES SHOWN HERE ARE WORTH $250,000.

This is packed in barrels and sold to paint manufacturers, dyers, and bleachers; and a large quantity of it is exported to the grape-growing countries, where it is reduced to a solution and sprayed on grape-vines to prevent their destruction by the many varieties of worms and insects that would otherwise ruin the crops.

The gold left in the bottom of the kettles is in the form of a reddish brown mud which contains some traces of silver.

This is reboiled with fresh acid which takes up the remaining silver, and after the solution is siphoned off, the gold mud is washed with hot water, pressed into cakes worth about twenty-five thousand dollars each, and dried in an oven. These cakes are melted and cast into bricks valued at four hundred, five thousand, and eight thousand dollars each, and ranging from $\frac{996}{1000}$ to $\frac{998.5}{1000}$ fine. They are then turned over to the cashier for payment on deposits, or added to the thousands of others that are stored in the great vault, whence they may eventually find their way to the mint and be converted into coin, or used for export in remitting payments to Europe and other foreign countries.

You will notice some men in this room whose clothing is eaten by acid, and who are never without a rubber apron and rubber gloves, for a drop of this fluid on the skin or clothes means a bad burn.

We see piles of bricks and boxes full of ingots lying about for the last test and marks before being placed in the vaults. These are of the purest metal, and are cast from the silver and gold cakes that were baked in the ovens. While it is against the rules for visitors to touch anything, perhaps Mr. Murray will let you lift a gold brick, one of the eight-thousand-dollar kind. It will feel good to hold it for a few seconds, but to carry it far would be a task, for it will weigh about thirty-five pounds, gold being much heavier than most people are accustomed to think.

Judging from the very small size of a gold dollar, one would think it quite possible to lift and carry at least one hundred thousand of them with ease; but you can very quickly figure that if gold is worth twenty dollars an ounce, it would only take one thousand ounces to make a brick worth twenty thousand dollars, and this would weigh about sixty-three pounds (avoirdupois), a very heavy load when in the form of a solid brick.

The whole refining process reminds one of the operations in a huge bake-shop, for the mixing, ladling, boiling, and baking results in the making of yellow and white cakes, too hard to eat, however, but singularly attractive to possess.

In passing through a weighing-room one day at lunch-time, the writer noticed an apparently poor old man, shabbily dressed, sitting on a box of ingots, while spread out on a newspaper on another box was his frugal lunch. To the friendly inquiry as to the value of his dining-table and seat, he casually glanced at each in a very contented manner, and said his table was worth about $750,000, while the value of the seat was something like $175,000.

A WORKMAN USING A SEAT WORTH $175,000, AND A TABLE WORTH $750,000.

Between each process all metals are weighed and recorded, and a most perfect check system is maintained from receiving-room to vault. So perfect is each, and each isolated from the others, that one weigher does not know what another is doing, nor is there any way for them to compare notes. This applies also to the little assays at the beginning, and one man's work is gone over by another, so that one practically verifies the other, or detects an error, which latter case is a rare one.

All the men at work in the foundries wear clothes that do not leave the building. Aprons, hats, shoes, clothing, boxes, tubs, barrels, wooden benches, and sweepings are periodically burned, smelted, and assayed, and yield a handsome return.

June is house-cleaning month, and while Uncle Sam is not a slovenly housekeeper, it is not his policy to do too much dusting and cleaning, for no one knows what valuable particles may be lying around on ledges, over doorways, or in dust under benches, to say nothing of the accumulation of precious matter that works into the wooden flooring, or in furnace ashes, all of which are carefully collected and reduced to a paying basis.

The carpets in offices, sweepings from roofs of buildings near the furnace chimneys, and the floor plankings are occasionally burned and reduced to ashes, from which a goodly sum is realized.

On the ground floor near the first foundry the large vaults are located, and you will be allowed to look between the bars of the steel doors and into the rooms in which vast sums of money are represented in the thousands of bricks stored on the shelves. Very few persons are ever allowed inside. The vaults cannot be opened by the cashier except in the presence of one other man, who, with him, knows the lock combination.

Like all large vaults, the doors are provided

with time-locks, and should a person happen to remain within the vault after the door had been closed and the lock set, nothing but a charge of dynamite would set him free until the hour had come for which the clock was set.

As the assay office is under the supervision of the government, the same rigid civil-service rules and examinations apply to the employees as to others entering the government employ, and this accounts for the very long period of service to which many of the assay office employees can lay claim. The late doorkeeper, to whom every bank-runner and manufacturer's representative was known, passed his quarter-century of service at the Wall Street entrance before his death. His faculty for remembering a face was remarkable, and occasionally he would recognize a person who had been in the office many years before, but whom he had not seen during the intervening period.

Both Mr. Mason and Dr. Martin, the chief refiner, were connected with the Philadelphia Mint as far back as 1850, and came to New York when the assay office was established in the early fifties. Many of the workmen can look back more than thirty and forty years to the day they entered the service as young men. They become so used to seeing precious metal lying around in bulk, and handling it as so many truck-loads of sand, mud, and bricks, "dishing" it up with shovels, boiling and baking it and ladling it out, that it ceases to represent value to them. The only place which they connect mentally with money is the cashier's desk, where they receive their weekly salaries.

Apart from the vigilance exercised within the building for the protection of the treasure, there are secret means of communication with the police and detective bureaus at short notice, so that a planned attack or robbery could be frustrated almost before it was attempted; and, should fire attack the building, everything could be accounted for and practically nothing of value lost. This was shown in the recent fire which destroyed much of the interior of the old building on the second floor. While the firemen were working away from the exterior and through the roof, the most perfect discipline was maintained by the clerks and workmen within, and no one was permitted to enter or leave the building until every ounce of the precious metal in the front or Wall Street building was safely locked within the fireproof vaults.

GOVERNMENT MARKS SHOWING WEIGHT AND VALUE.

THE GOLD BRICK (UPPER) IS WORTH EXACTLY $5448.13, AND THE SILVER BRICK (LOWER) IS WORTH ABOUT $115.00. (THE BRICKS ARE NEARLY THREE TIMES THE SIZE HERE SHOWN.)

WHAT 'S THE JOKE?

By Carolyn Wells.

Now what do you suppose these merry heads are smiling at? It must be something very funny to cause such a broad, jolly, irrepressible grin on each stony face. Perhaps they had their pictures taken the day before Christmas, or just after school closed for the summer vacation. Or perhaps it is a laughing class, like the one in the school which the Wonderland Gryphon attended, where they taught laughing and grief. Or they may be simply models for assorted smiles. You know

> There once was a man with a child
> Who the neighbors said never had smiled,
> But the father said, "See,
> Smile in this way, like me,
> And then folks will know when you 've smiled."

And perhaps that child *could n't* learn to smile like his father, however hard he tried, and so the kind old gentleman had these smilers carved out of stone and hung round his child's room, that the boy might imitate some one of them at least.

But these theories, though plausible, are uncertain, and all that is really known about the smiling heads is that they were found buried in the earth, away down in Mexico, and were recently to be seen smiling, from the shelves of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in Central Park, at whoever cared to look at them.

The heads are nearly as large as life, and are made of terra-cotta of a reddish color. Archæologists who have studied the subject have come to the conclusion that they are the work of the ancient Toltecs, a people who lived in Mexico about a thousand years ago. The Toltecs were a strong, highly developed, and well-governed race, and their history is one of exceeding interest. Their great capital city, Tollan, was thirty miles northwest of the city of Mexico, and the site is now occupied by a small village called Tula.

The Toltec people were skilled in many of the arts, and are said to have invented the processes of cutting gems and casting metals.

But few of the thousands of relics which have been unearthed are so interesting and so mysterious as this group of ten smiling heads. They are carefully finished, and modeled with an astonishing degree of sculptural merit; besides which they imply some meaning or intent more subtle than is shown by many of the ancient sculptures of their period.

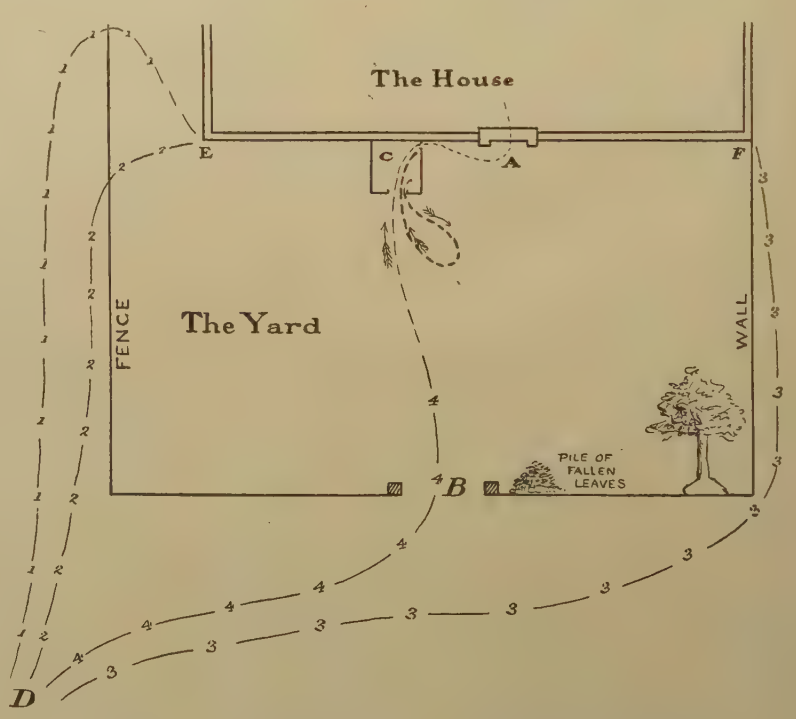
But whatever may be their history, they prove that a smiling countenance is worthy of being immortalized, and a few moments' observation of the visitors looking at these heads in the museum will convince you anew of the truth of the well known saying:

Laugh and the world laughs with you.

HOW "NAPOLEON" REACHED THE HOUSE.

By G. M. L. Brown.

The barn, the wagon-shed, and the garden all lay some distance from the house in the direction marked D in our diagram. Here "Napoleon" spent most of his time, sleeping, hunting, and basking in the sun. Here, also, his master affirms, he spent much time in study, although few people can credit that. The fact is, two volumes had long been missing from the house — one a geometry, the other a treatise on military tactics, and Napoleon was said to have them hidden in the haymow, where he consulted them whenever he got into difficulties. Be that as it may, he was a very clever cat, and if he did not study books he certainly, like "Paddy's owl," did a "sight o' thinkin'."



One of the most daring of Napoleon's feats, a feat that he repeated daily, was to avoid "Bruno" when he wished to get into the house. Bruno was a savage bulldog, and lived in a kennel marked C, near the kitchen door A. Why they did not chain up such a violent fellow Napoleon could not understand; nor, for that matter, could the stable-boy, the baker, the ragman, and everybody else who had to cross the back yard.

Two of Napoleon's former routes were those marked 1, 1, 1, and 2, 2, 2. Both led to the same point — E, where he had to remain, peeping and crouching, till he was assured that Bruno was asleep. Then, like a whirlwind, he would fly straight for the side of the kennel, clear it at a bound, and reach the kitchen door before Bruno was fairly awake.

Now this was all very well if the door was open, but if it happened to be closed poor Napoleon had to dash for the brick wall beyond, with Bruno in mad pursuit. Of course he always scaled the wall,— his master declares that a cat could climb a polished granite monument if it set its mind to it,— but his claws suffered greatly, and so did his reputation for agility.

Sometimes, indeed, he used to start from the top of this wall F, which he reached by route 3, 3, 3. Then if the door was closed he would push on for the fence, clearing the kennel in the opposite direction.

But his usual route was 4, 4, 4, direct to the gate B, where he had a better view of both door and kennel. From this point he would advance with cautious steps, instantly turning

back if Bruno showed himself. It was a proceeding very similar to "stealing a base" in baseball, and, though dignified when compared to the scramble up the wall, was not at all to Napoleon's liking. He determined, therefore, to outgeneral Bruno without any retreats whatever, and this is how he managed it.

Napoleon had observed, whenever he made his descent from the gateway, that Bruno did not run directly toward him; but circled toward the door, knowing well where his opponent was bound. Now he had explored the kennel one day when Bruno was absent, and found, to his satisfaction, that there was a good-sized opening at the back — large enough, in fact, for him to run through, but not large enough for Bruno. Pondering on this discovery, he resolved on a daring plan, and the very next day proceeded to carry it out.

This time, as he approached the gate, Napoleon took pains to announce himself by sundry little skurries among a pile of fallen leaves. Then, sure that his enemy was alert and ready, he dashed boldly toward the open door. This was the chance Bruno had long been looking for. With an eager grunt, he bounded forward and intercepted his oncoming prey. But imagine his surprise when Napoleon, without an instant's hesitation, swerved slightly to the left and vanished within the kennel. Perfectly indignant, yet now quite sure of getting the impudent fellow, Bruno rushed in after him — only to see a frizzed tail disappearing through the opening at the back. Of course by the time Bruno had turned around and got out, Napoleon had reached the kitchen, where outside quarrels could never be taken. Napoleon had proved himself worthy of his name.

THE HARVEST MOON.

Chico asleep
Chico trying to find his brother behind the hand glass
Chico taking his lunch
The engaging smile with which Chico meets his keeper
Chico's little game with his keeper

"CHICO" AT HOME IN CAPTIVITY.
(DRAWN FROM LIFE.)

"CHICO" THE CHIMPANZEE:

A REMINISCENCE.

By W. T. Hornaday.

THIS WAY TO CHICO ☞ said a freshly painted sign at the foot of the stairs in the "old armory building" at the Central Park Zoo, and a friendly hand pointed upward. Upstairs a crowd of people stood all along one side of a big bare room, fended off by a rail from a wall of glass that formed the side of another large room. Behind the glass, in a roomy and comfortable iron-barred cage, once lived "Chico," the largest chimpanzee ever seen on this side of the Atlantic.

Chico was immense, ugly, and wonderful. My first glimpse of him, which came over the shoulders and under the hat-rims of the crowd, was of a mighty pair of pinky-black arms covered with a thin growth of very short and straight black hair, and muscles like a gymnast. These brawny limbs terminated in a pair of enormous hands of a dull pinkish-yellow color, bony and wrinkled. The thumbs were very small, very short, and placed so far back on his hands as to be of very little use to him. They were "opposable" to his fingers only when the hand was closed, and were of so little use that his index-fingers had to do double duty in handling or picking up things.

"What a fearfully ugly brute!" exclaimed a young lady visitor, with a shudder. "How very brutal and repulsive!" said an elderly matron. And so he was, beyond question. But I could not help thinking that, ugly and repulsive as he was in many ways, yet in some respects he seemed more human than the Australian savages we read about. The Australian black fellows are quite as ugly and repulsive as Chico, but they can talk more, and have better thumbs; so they can be considered as on our side of the line.

Chico was caught in his west African home when a baby, and taken to Lisbon, where he lived with Portuguese keepers for seven or eight years. He was apparently about four and a half feet in height when he stood erect, and I should say weighed about a hundred and forty pounds. In general appearance he was a black animal, with face, ears, hands, and feet of a dull pinkish-yellow color. His hair was everywhere thin, straight, and black, save on his back, where it was slightly inclined to gray.

Our artist's series of excellent portraits on the opposite page represent his form and characteristic attitudes much better than could any description of mine. In walking he never stood erect on his legs alone, but always used his hands, walking on the outside of the middle joint of his fingers instead of the palm of his hand. He sat down on the carpeted floor of his cage quite like a man, and if he wished anything from his keeper he clapped his hands as a sign,—just as a member of Congress does when he wants a page!

Chico's keeper said he was the most intelligent animal he ever had to do with, and with proper training when younger he might have been taught a great number of things. But even as he was he held a mirror up to human nature in a way that was quite startling. For instance, he loved to look at the reflection of himself in a pan of water. When he looked into a hand-mirror, he often tried to reach behind it to touch the fellow he saw in the glass.

He had no regular meal-times, but was fed whenever he was hungry, like an Eskimo. After he had eaten, he would take a damp rag, carefully wipe his face and hands, and return the cloth to his keeper. If he refused to eat a certain thing, the keeper often persuaded him to do it by saying in Portuguese, "*Esta bueno!*" (it is good).

When he got something in one of his eyes, or a sliver in his finger, he came at once to his keeper, close up to the bars, and patiently sat there to be doctored.

At night, when it was time for him to go to

sleep, he turned down the cover of his bed, got in, drew up the blankets, covered himself up snugly, and went to sleep with his head on a pillow, exactly like a human being.

Chico's temper was by no means angelic, and his great strength caused him justly to be feared. His keeper did not dare to enter his cage, because Chico would not let him out again. When angry he stamped on the floor of his cage, coming down viciously with his heels, quite like a spoiled boy. There was only one thing in the world he was afraid of, and that was an elephant!

As to Chico's strength, one of the stories told seemed so incredible that I refused to believe all of it until it had been corroborated by two eye-witnesses, one of whom was the keeper himself. Shortly after Chico's arrival at the Central Park menagerie, he became enraged about something, tore a half-inch iron bar out of his cage, and threw the two pieces upon the floor. Knowing the popular doubts that have for years been attached to Paul du Chaillu's gorilla and musket-barrel story, I investigated the story of Chico's iron bar with keen interest, and was finally convinced that it all happened as stated. The keeper showed me the pieces of a trapeze-bar of one and a half inch oak which Chico had also broken a short time previously.

One of Chico's performances greatly amused the crowd. He took a newspaper, sat down tailor-wise on the floor, *with the paper right side up*, and seemed to read it all through. He held it in both hands, read the telegraphic news on the first page, opened it wide, and glanced leisurely and critically through the editorial and local columns. When he had finished he laid the paper down, looked up, and clapped his hands twice.

FATHER SQUIRREL STORING PROVISIONS FOR THE WINTER.

THE TWINS.

By Anna B. Craig.

Said Mary to Ned
And his twin brother Fred:
"I surely must learn it by heart,
To tell which is Fred
And which one is Ned;
But I always know Donald apart."

THE "BIRD MAN" OF PARIS.

By J. A. D.

On any fine afternoon in summer, sauntering through the beautiful Tuileries gardens in Paris, — that city of novel sights,— one may run across an old gentleman, with generally an interested group gathered about him, who has been known familiarly to Parisians for the past twenty years. He spends his time in feeding their eagerness for their meal; but should a bystander venture to advance in their direction, in a moment the crumbs are deserted and the flock take wing. Then, further to show the confidence the birds have in him, the good-natured old man puts his hands once more into his pockets, draws forth a fresh supply of

"INSTANTLY THE SPARROWS FLY UP AND TAKE THEIR FOOD DIRECTLY FROM HIS HANDS."

the sparrows and pigeons of the city, entirely for his own pleasure and amusement; for certainly he asks no alms, nor has he anything for sale.

Drawing from his coat-pocket a handful of crumbs, he sprinkles them in the path; and instantly, as if the birds had expected him,— and no doubt they do,— the sparrows fly from the near-by trees and flower-beds, and soon thickly cover the ground all about him, greedily picking up the food. They have no fear whatever of the giver, but hop right up to his very feet in crumbs, and, holding them at his fingers' ends, throws his arms into the air, and instantly the sparrows fly up and take their food directly from his hands.

One cannot easily imagine the amount of patience and perseverance that must have been practised by this good-hearted old gentleman in order so to gain the confidence of such a wary little feathered creature as the ordinary street sparrow, and the sight shown in the accompanying photograph is one long to be remembered.

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.*

By Howard Pyle.

Chapter XVI.

Now it hath been told how Sir Percival assured Sir Percydes of his intent to assay a contest with that evil enchantress, the Lady Vivien.

So Sir Percival and Sir Percydes went over the bridge, where Sir Percydes had been chained to the stone pillar, and they went toward that wonderful enchanted castle. And Sir Percival said to Sir Percydes, "Stay where thou art." And Sir Percydes did so and Sir Percival went forward alone.

Now as he drew nigh to the castle the gate thereof was opened and there came forth thence an extraordinarily beautiful lady surrounded by a court of esquires and pages, all very beautiful of countenance. And this lady and all of her court were clad in red, so that they shone like to a flame of fire. And the lady's hair was as red as gold, and she wore gold ornaments about her neck, so that she glistered exceedingly, and she was very wonderful to behold. And her eyebrows were very black and fine, and were joined in the middle like two fine lines drawn together with a pencil, and her eyes were narrow and black, shining like those of a snake.

And when Sir Percival beheld this lady he was altogether enchanted with her beauty, so that he could not forbear to approach her. And lo! she stood still and smiled upon him, so that his heart stirred within his bosom like as though it pulled at the strings that held it. And she said to Sir Percival, speaking in a very sweet and gentle voice: "Sir Knight, thou art very welcome to this place. It would please us very greatly if thou wouldst consider this castle as though it were thine own and wouldst abide within it with me for a while." And when she had spoken thus courteously, she smiled again upon Sir Percival more cunningly than before, and she reached toward him her hand.

Then Sir Percival came toward her with intent to take her hand to kiss it, she smiling upon him all the while.

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Now in the other hand this lady held an ebony staff of about an ell in length. And when Sir Percival had come close enough to her, she lifted this staff of a sudden and smote him with it very violently across the shoulders, crying out at the same time, in a voice terribly piercing and shrill, "Be thou a stone!"

Then did that charm that the Lady of the Lake had hung around the neck of Sir Percival stand him in good stead, for, excepting for it, he would that instant have been transformed into a stone. But, as it was, the charm of the sorceress did not work upon him, being prevented by that golden amulet.

But Sir Percival knew very well what the sorceress Vivien had intended to do to him, and he was filled with a great rage of indignation against her. Wherefore he shouted out with a loud voice and seized the enchantress by her long golden hair, and drew her so violently forward that she fell down upon her knees. Then he drew his shining sword with intent to sever her long neck — so slender and white like alabaster. But the lady shrieked with great vehemence of terror and besought him mercy. And when Sir Percival beheld how smooth and beautiful was her skin, and that it was like white satin for softness and for smoothness, and when he heard her voice,—the voice of a woman beseeching mercy,— he could not find heart within him to strike off her head with his sword.

So he bade her to arise, though he still held her by the hair; and the lady stood up, trembling before him.

Then Sir Percival said to her: "If thou wouldst have thy life I command thee to transform back to their own shape all those people whom thou hast bewitched as thou wouldst have bewitched me."

Then the lady said, "It shall be done." Whereupon she smote her hands very violently together, crying out, "All ye who have lost your proper shapes, return thereunto."

Then, lo! upon the instant a great multitude of round stones that lay scattered about became quick, like to eggs; and they moved and stirred as the life entered into them. And they melted away, and, behold! there arose up a great many knights and esquires, and several ladies, to the number of fourscore and eight in all.

And certain other stones became quickened in like manner, and as Percival looked, lo! there stood the horses of those people, all caparisoned as though for travel.

Now when those people who had been thus bewitched beheld the Lady Vivien how Sir Percival held her by the hair of her head, they made great outcry against her for vengeance. But Percival waved his sword before her and said: "Not so! Not so! For this lady is my prisoner, and ye shall not harm her unless ye come at her through me."

Then, when he had thus stilled them, he turned to the Lady Vivien and said: "This is my command that I lay upon thee: that thou shalt go unto the court of King Arthur and shall confess thyself to him, and that thou shalt fulfil whatever penance he may lay upon thee to perform because of thy transgressions. Now wilt thou do this for to save thy life?"

And the Lady Vivien made reply, "All shall be done according to thy command."

Therewith Sir Percival released his hold upon her and she was free.

Then, finding herself to be thus free, she stepped back a pace or two and looked into Sir Percival his face, and she laughed. And she said: "Thou fool, didst thou think that I would do so mad a thing as that which thou hast made me promise? For what mercy could I expect at the hands of King Arthur — I who have destroyed the enchanter Merlin, who was his right adviser? Go to King Arthur thyself and deliver to him thine own messages!"

So saying, in an instant she vanished from the sight of all those who stood there. And with her vanished that castle of crimson and ultramarine and gold; and nothing was left but the bare rocks and the barren plain.

Then, when those who stood there recovered from their great astonishment, they turned to Sir Percival and gave him great worship and thanks without measure, and they said to him, "What shall we do in return for that thou hast saved us from the enchantment of this sorceress?"

And Percival said: "Ye shall do this: ye shall go to the court of King Arthur and tell him how that young knight Percival, whom he made a knight, hath liberated you from the en-

chantment of this sorceress." And they said, "It shall be as thou dost ordain."

But Sir Percydes said: "Wilt thou not come to my castle and rest thyself there for the night? For thou must be a-weary with all thy toil." And Percival said, "I will go with thee." So Sir Percydes and Sir Percival rode away together to the castle of Sir Percydes.

So endeth this marvelous adventure of Sir Percival and Sir Percydes.

Chapter XVII.

HOW SIR PERCIVAL MET A CERTAIN VERY FAMOUS KNIGHT IN BATTLE — ALSO HOW HE PUNISHED SIR KAY FOR THE AFFRONT TO THE DAMOISELLE IN QUEEN GUINEVERE'S PAVILION.

Now while Sir Percival and Sir Percydes sat at supper in the castle of Sir Percydes, Sir Percival chanced to lay his hand in love upon the sleeve of Sir Percydes's arm, and that moment Sir Percydes saw the ring upon Sir Percival's finger which the young damoiselle of the pavilion had given unto him in exchange for his ring. And when Sir Percydes saw that ring he cried out in great astonishment and said to Sir Percival, "Where didst thou get that ring?"

Then Sir Percival said, "I will tell thee"; and therewith he told Sir Percydes all that had befallen him when he first came down from the mountain into the world, and how he had entered the yellow pavilion and had discovered the damoiselle who was now his chosen lady. And when Sir Percydes heard that story he laughed in great measure, and then he said, "But how wilt thou find that young damoiselle again when thou hast a mind for to see her once more?" To the which Sir Percival made reply: "I know not how I shall find her; nevertheless I shall assuredly do so. But, indeed, the world is much wider and greater than I had thought it to be when I first came down into it; wherefore I know not how I shall find that lady when the fit time cometh to seek her."

Then Sir Percydes said: "Dear friend, when thou desirest to find that damoiselle to whom belongeth the ring, come thou to me and I will tell thee where thou mayst find her. But why dost thou not go and find her now?"

And Sir Percival said: "Because I am yet so young and so unknown to the world. For, first of all, I would render myself worthy of her ere I seek her; and to this end I lay this as a vow upon myself: that I shall first overcome one and twenty knights in her honor ere I go to seek her, and one of these I have already overcome, and that is Sir Boindegardus, who offered insult unto the Lady Guinevere."

To this Sir Percydes said: "That will be a great thing to do — to overcome one and twenty knights; but I do believe that thou wilt accomplish that thing in no very great while."

Nor did Sir Percival ask Sir Percydes who that lady was whom he held in his heart, nor what was her name and condition: for he was very reserved in all matters, and asked but few questions that were not direct to his purposes.

When the next morning had come, Sir Percival took leave of Sir Percydes and went his way out into the world again in search of such adventures as he might find therein.

Now the way that Sir Percival took led him by the outskirts of the forest, so that somewhiles he would be in the woodland and somewhiles he would be in the open country. And about noontide he came to a certain cottage of a neatherd that stood all alone in a very pleasant dale. And a little brook came bickering out from the forest and ran down into this dale and spread out into a little lake, beside which daffydowndillies bloomed in such abundance that it appeared as though all that meadowland was scattered over with an incredible number of yellow stars that had fallen down from out of the sky. And, because of the pleasantness of this place, Sir Percival here dismounted from his horse and sat him down upon a little couch of moss under the shadow of an oak-tree that grew nigh to the cottage, there to rest himself for a while with great pleasure. And as he sat there there came a bare-legged lass from the cottage and brought him fresh milk to drink; and there came a good, comely housewife and brought him a hunch of bread and some cheese made of cream; and Sir Percival ate and drank with great appetite.

Then, when he had satisfied his hunger and thirst, he said: "I prithee tell me, is there any place hereabouts where I may find such adventure as may bring credit to my knighthood?"

To this replied the goodwife who had served him food: "Yea; if thou wilt go forward a league or more upon this way thou wilt find a certain spur of the forest that runneth out into the level plain. In that forest spur there abideth a knight who hath there taken up his inn for these ten days past and who challenges all comers to contest at arms with him. Already he hath overthrown three knights in these ten days, greatly to their discredit — for he is terribly strong and valiant, and I believe there are very few who may hope to stand against him."

Upon this Sir Percival said: "Meseems that this is a very good adventure for me to undertake, and I give thee gramercy for telling me of it." Whereupon, when he had thanked that goodwife and the lass for the entertainment they had given him, he mounted his horse and went upon his way very joyfully.

Now when he had gone about a league away, as the goodwife had directed him, he came to that spur of the forest of which she had spoken to him.

And it was as she had said touching that knight-challenger. For as Sir Percival drew nigh he was aware of a knight, very large of frame and bold of mien, who came riding out of the forest toward him. And Percival saw that the shield of the knight was much cracked and defaced with many battles; and he saw that his armor likewise was defaced and stained as though with battle. And when that knight drew nigh he cried out to Sir Percival: "Sir Knight, I make demand of thee why thou comest hitherward."

To this Sir Percival made reply: "Messire, I come hither for no other purpose than to meet thee and to have to do with thee. Wherefore I would ask thee to give me the favor of an encounter at arms."

And the knight said: "Messire, it shall be as thou dost ask."

So each knight took such a stand as pleased him; and each dressed his spear and shield and made him ready for the encounter. And when they had prepared themselves in all ways, each shouted to his horse, and drave spur into its flank, and rushed the one against the other, with such terrible noise and violence that the sound thereof was echoed back from the woods like to a storm of thunder.

So they met in the midst of the course with such a vehement impact that it was terrible to behold. And in that encounter the spear of the knight-challenger held, but the spear of Sir Percival was burst all into fragments; wherefore Sir Percival was overthrown very violently into the dust behind his horse.

But indeed this was no great wonder; for any knight who was young in knighthood as was Sir Percival might easily suffer a like overthrow. And it was affirmed by many that Sir Launcelot himself had been overthrown twice, or even thrice, in the beginning of his adventures ere he found himself fitted to the saddle for such encounter. Wherefore, if it so befell Sir Launcelot of the Lake, it was no wonder, nor was it any shame, that such a mishap should befall even so excellent a knight as Sir Percival of Gales.

But Sir Percival very quickly regained his feet, and drawing his shining sword, he besought that knight very courteously for to come down from his horse and to fight with him afoot.

Unto this the knight-challenger said, "Sir, I would not have to do with you in so serious a fashion as that."

But Sir Percival said: "Messire, I am a very young knight, and as yet unskilled in arms; wherefore I have suffered an overthrow at thy hands. But I hope to be able to redeem myself in another way; wherefore I make demand of thee that thou do presently come down from off thy horse and fight with me afoot."

To this that knight said, "Sir, it shall be as thou dost desire; albeit, when we have ended thou mayst not have so much stomach for battle as thou dost now enjoy."

Thereupon he immediately came down from his horse and drew his sword, and straightway they fell to at that famous battle which was the first that Sir Percival had ever undertaken in his knighthood.

Now the knight with whom Sir Percival was

engaged was none other than Sir Lionel, who, next to Sir Launcelot, his brother, and next to Sir Percival, was one of the greatest knights in all the world and was one very well tried in arms. But Sir Percival was extraordinarily innocent in such matters, and knew not the distinction of one knight from another knight in prowess of arms. Wherefore he fought his battles with all the will that lay in him, and though he suffered many grievous blows and sore wounds, yet did he stand up with the utmost courage and constancy to the encounter.

And Sir Lionel was greatly amazed at the strength and determination of that young knight, for no one had ever withstood him before as did this knight. Wherefore a sort of wonder began to take hold of him, and he was a-doubt, so that he said to himself, "What if it should be that this young, raw knight should overcome me in this battle?" Thereupon he struck with great fury and with all the power that lay in him, and the fire flew in a thousand sparks from Sir Percival's armor.

Sir Percival overcometh ye Enchantress Vivien

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

So they did combat for more than an hour and a half an hour, and in that time the armor of each was stained and all red with the blood that flowed down upon it. Now at the end of that time Sir Lionel's throat was all parched with thirst; wherefore he cried out to Sir Percival, "Sir Knight, stay thy fury for a while!" And at his word Sir Percival rested and leaned upon the pommel of his sword, panting very greatly, whiles his wounds bled in many places.

Then Sir Lionel said, "Messire, I am athirst, and I crave as a boon of thee that thou wilt permit me to drink at yonder fountain."

And Sir Percival said, "Sir Knight, I shall not stay thee from drinking."

So Sir Lionel laid aside his helmet, and he went to the fountain where it ran down over the

stones, and he washed the blood from his face and he drank very deeply of the cold water. Therewith he was greatly refreshed and revived in spirit, so that when he came back to that battle again he fought as though with a new heart.

Then, after they had fought awhile longer, Sir Percival found himself to be terribly athirst. Wherefore he said to Sir Lionel, "Messire, I crave of thee a boon, that thou wilt let me also drink a draught from yonder fountain."

Now Sir Lionel perceived that he had upon his hands the greatest battle that he had ever fought. Wherefore he said to himself: "If I let this man drink, haply he will be so greatly refreshed thereby that he will overcome me in the end, and that will be great shame to me, who am so well approved a knight, to be overcome by a raw knight such as this." So he said to Sir Percival, "Sir, let us first finish this battle, and then thou mayst have to drink thy fill."

At this Sir Percival was filled with entire indignation. So he cried out in a great voice: "Ha, thou discourteous knight! Wouldst thou refuse me that favor which I freely granted unto thee?" Therewith such rage took possession of him that he went all blinded and mad. Wherefore he threw down his shield, and, seizing his sword in both hands, he ran upon Sir Lionel and smote him so woeful a blow that he entirely beat down that knight's shield from its defense. And therewith he smote him again, and the sword-blade cut through the helmet of Sir Lionel and wounded him very deeply in the head.

Then the strength all went away from Sir Lionel like to water; his thighs trembled and he sank down upon his knees. Then Sir Percival catched him by the neck and flung him down violently upon the ground. And Sir Percival set his knees upon Sir Lionel's bosom, and he drew his misericordia and set it to Sir Lionel's throat, and he said, "Sir Knight, thou shalt yield to me or else I will slay thee as thou liest here."

Then Sir Lionel spake in a very weak voice, saying, "Sir Knight, I yield me to thee, and beseech thee for to spare my life."

Upon this Sir Percival said, "What is thy name?" And the other made reply, "It is Sir Lionel, and I am a knight of King Arthur's court and of his Round Table."

Now when Sir Percival heard this he was very greatly grieved, and he said: "Alas! what have I done for to fight against my own brother in knighthood! For I too am a knight created by King Arthur; wherefore it grieves me to the heart to have done such harm to thee as I have done."

Therewith Sir Percival assisted Sir Lionel to arise to his feet. But both knights were so weak from that woeful battle and from all their many hurts that they had received that they could hardly stand. Wherefore they went to a tree that overhung the fountain of water, and after Sir Percival had quenched his thirst they both lay them down for to rest their bodies. Then Sir Lionel turned his eyes very languidly upon Sir Percival and he said, "What is thy name?"

And Sir Percival answered, "It is Percival."

Then Sir Lionel said: "Sir Percival, thou hast done to me this day what no one in all the world hath ever done before. And though I say it who haply should not say it, yet it is truly so that thou shalt have great glory by this battle. Now thou hast overcome me in a fair battle, and I have yielded myself unto thee; wherefore it is now thy right to command me to thy will."

Then Percival said, "Alas, dear Sir Knight! It is not meet that I should lay command upon such as thou. But if thou wilt do so, I beseech thee, when thou art come to the king's court, that thou wilt tell the king that I, who am his young knight, have borne myself not unbecomingly in my first battle. And I beseech thee that thou wilt greet Sir Kay the Seneschal from me, and that thou wilt say to him that by and by I shall meet him and shall repay him in full that buffet which he gave to the beautiful young damsel in the queen's pavilion."

And Sir Lionel said, "It shall be as thou dost desire."

So thus it was that Sir Percival fought his first battle with great credit to his knighthood. And after that day, and for several days, he lodged at a monastery of monks that was not

very far from that place. And he remained with those monks until he was entirely cured of his hurt.

Now after that time Sir Percival did his endeavor many times in the same manner, and each time he overcame the knight against whom he contended, whether it was in a friendly or in a serious bout at arms. And every time he overcame a knight in that manner he would command him to the court of King Arthur to make announcement of what he had done. And each knight he bade for to bear that message to Sir Kay — that by and by he would repay him in full measure that buffet he gave to the beautiful young damoiselle in the queen's pavilion. And when Sir Kay found what a worthy knight he had become he was very uneasy in his mind because of that reminder of his discourtesy.

So the fame of Sir Percival was presently spread very widely through all those parts, and all men talked of him and his doings.

So by the time that the spring and the summer and the autumn had passed and the winter had come, Sir Percival had overthrown eighteen knights besides Sir Boindegardus and Sir Lionel, and all these knights he had sent, as aforesaid, to King Arthur's court to avouch for him. And besides these knights he had slain a wild boar that was a terror unto all who dwelt nigh to the Forest of Umber, and he had also slain a very savage wolf that infested the moors of the Dart. So now there remained but one knight more for him to overcome ere he should be relieved of his pledge and should be able to seek that lady of the yellow pavilion unto whom he had pledged his troth.

Now one day, toward eventide of a very cold winter season, Sir Percival came to a hermit's hut in the heart of the Forest of Usk, and it was the same hermit with whom King Arthur and Sir Pellias had taken harborage when they had been so sorely wounded. And Sir Percival abode all that night with that hermit; and when the morning had come he went out and stood in front of the hut.

Now it had befallen that there had come snow during the night. And it likewise had befallen that a hawk had struck a raven in front of the hermit's habitation, and that some of the raven's feathers and that some of its blood lay upon the snow.

And Sir Percival saw the blood and the black feathers upon that white, and he said to himself, "Behold! that snow is not whiter than the brow and the neck of my lady; and that red is not redder than her lips; and that black is not blacker than her hair." And therewith the thought of that lady took such great hold upon him that he sighed so deeply that he felt his heart lifted within him because of that sigh. And so he stood and gazed upon that white and red and black, and he forgot all things else in the world than his lady-love.

Now it befell at that time that there came a party riding through those parts, and that party were Sir Gawaine and Sir Geraint and Sir Kay. And when they saw Sir Percival where he stood leaning against a tree and looking down upon the ground in deep meditation, Sir Kay said: "Who is yonder knight?" (For he wist not that that knight was the same youth who had come into the queen's pavilion clad in armor of wattled willow.) And Sir Kay said further, "I will go and bespeak that knight and ask him who he is."

But Sir Gawaine perceived that Sir Percival was altogether sunk in deep thought, wherefore he said: "Nay; thou wilt do ill to disturb that knight; for either he hath some weighty matter upon his mind, or else he is bethinking him of his lady, and in either case it would be a pity to disturb him until he arouses himself."

Unto this Sir Kay made reply, "Ha! who could any knight be that would dare not to observe such noble knights of high degree as we be?" So Sir Kay went to where Sir Percival stood, and Sir Percival was altogether unaware of his coming, being so deeply sunk in his thoughts. And Sir Kay said, "Sir Knight," but Sir Percival did not hear him. And Sir Kay said, "Sir Knight, who art thou?" But still Sir Percival did not reply. Then Sir Kay said, "Sir Knight, thou shalt answer me!" And therewith he catched Sir Percival by the arm and shook him very strongly.

Then Sir Percival aroused himself, and was filled with indignation that any one should have laid rough hands upon his person. And he

saw that there was a tall knight clad in full armor who shook him by the arm; but he did not know Sir Kay because Sir Kay wore a basinet with an armor of chain that covered his cheeks and his chin. Then Sir Percival said: "Ha, sirrah! wouldst thou lay hands upon me?" And therewith and in haste and without thought he raised his hand and smote Sir Kay so terrible a buffet beside the head that Sir Kay instantly fell down as though he were dead and lay without sense of motion upon the ground. Then Sir Percival perceived that there were two other knights standing not far off, and therewith his senses came back to him again, and he was aware of what he had done in his anger, and was very sorry and ashamed that he should have been so hasty as to have struck that blow.

Then Sir Gawaine came to Sir Percival and spake sternly to him, saying: "Sir Knight, why didst thou strike my companion so unknightly a blow as that?"

And Sir Percival said: "Messire, it grieves me sorely that I should have been so hasty, but I was bethinking me of my lady, and this knight disturbed my thoughts; wherefore I smote him in haste."

To this Sir Gawaine made reply: "Sir, I perceive that thou hadst great excuse for thy blow. Ne'theless I am displeased that thou shouldst have struck that knight. Now I make demand of thee, what is thy name and condition?"

And Sir Percival said: "My name is Percival,

Sir Kay interrupts ye meditations of Sir Percival:-

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

and I am a knight late of King Arthur's making."

Now when Sir Gawaine and Sir Geraint heard what Sir Percival said, they cried out in great amazement; and Sir Gawaine said: "Ha,

Sir Percival! this is indeed well met, for my name is Gawaine, and I am a nephew unto King Arthur and am of his court; and this knight is Sir Geraint, and he also is of King Arthur's court and of his Round Table. And we all have been in search of thee for this long time for to bring thee unto King Arthur at Camelot. For thy renown is now spread over all this realm, so they talk of thee in every court of chivalry."

And Sir Percival said: "That is good news for me. But, touching the matter of returning unto King Arthur's court with you, unto that I crave leave to give my excuses, for I must first betake me to my lady, for to claim her approval of what I have done; for this knight whom I have struck in my haste makes the twenty-first whom I have overthrown since I left her."

Now by this time Sir Kay had half arisen from where he had fallen, so that when Sir Gawaine heard the words that Sir Percival had said, he fell a-laughing beyond all measure; and by and by he said: "Sir Percival, this is one to whom thou dost owe a great debt of vengeance; yet that blow which thou gavest him will very well repay a certain buffet that he gave to a young damoiselle in thy presence. For this is Sir Kay the Seneschal."

Upon this Sir Percival exclaimed in great astonishment and he said: "How wonderful it is that I should unwittingly have repaid that affront with another affront of the same sort. And how wonderful it is that this knight whom I have thus overthrown with my naked hand should have been the twentieth and first of those whom I have cast down. For now, through him, I have been able to complete my vow, and I am now free for to go to find that lady of whom I was thinking just now."

And Sir Gawaine said: "Who is she?" And Sir Percival said, "I know not as yet, but I believe that she is the daughter of a king."

Then Sir Gawaine said to him: "It is necessary for thee to come to the court of King Arthur as soon as possible, for such are King Arthur's commands. But, according to all rules of chivalry, thou must first keep thy obligations to thy lady; for that obligation is superior even to the commands of the king."

But all this while Sir Kay was very much cast down and abashed, and he could find no words to speak for himself.

So those knights abode together until they had broken their fast, and then Sir Gawaine and Sir Geraint and Sir Kay returned to the court of King Arthur, and Sir Percival went his way in quest of that lady unto whom he had vowed his fealty.

And now you shall hear how Sir Percival found that lady once more.

Chapter XVIII.

How Sir Percival went to Sir Percydes, and how Sir Percydes told him where he should find the lady of his faith — also how Sir Percival fared in his quest.

So when Sir Percival had parted from Sir Gawaine and Sir Kay and Sir Geraint, he went his way in that direction he wist, and by and by, toward eventide, he came again to the castle of Sir Percydes. And Sir Percydes was at home, and he welcomed Sir Percival with great joy and congratulations. For the fame of Sir Percival was now abroad in all the world, so that Sir Percydes gave him great acclaim therefor.

So Sir Percival sat down with Sir Percydes, and they ate and drank together, and for the time Sir Percival said nothing of that which was upon his heart; for, as aforesaid, he was of a very reserved nature and was in no wise hasty in his speech.

But after they had satisfied themselves with food and drink, then Sir Percival spake to Sir Percydes of that which was upon his mind, saying: "Dear friend, thou didst tell me that when I was ready for to come to thee with a certain intent, thou wouldst tell me who is the lady whose ring I wear and where I shall find her. Now I believe that I am a great deal more worthy for to be her knight than I was when I first saw thee; wherefore I am now come to beseech thee to redeem thy promise to me. Now tell me, I beg of thee, who is that lady and where does she dwell?"

Then Sir Percydes said: "Friend, I will declare to thee that which thou dost ask of me. Firstly, that lady is mine own sister, named Yvette, and she is the daughter of King

Pecheur; secondly, thou shalt find her at the castle of my father, which standeth upon the west coast of this land. Nor shalt thou have any difficulty in finding that castle, for thou mayst easily find it by inquiring the way of those whom thou mayst meet in that region. But, indeed, it hath been several years since I have seen my father and my sister, and I know not how it is with them; for when last I saw my sister she was but a small child."

Then Sir Percival came to Sir Percydes, and he put his arm about him and he kissed him upon either cheek, and he said: "Should I obtain the kind regard of that lady, I know of nothing that would more rejoice me than to know that thou art her brother. For, indeed, I entertain a great deal of love for thee."

Then Sir Percydes laughed for joy and he said, "Percival, wilt thou not tell me of what house thou art come?"

And Percival said: "I will tell thee what thou dost desire. My father is King Pellinore, who is a very good, noble knight of the court of King Arthur."

Then Sir Percydes cried out with great amazement and he said: "That is very marvelous! I would that I had known this before, for thy mother and my mother are sisters. So we are cousins german."

Then Sir Percival said, "This is great joy to me!" And his heart was expanded with pleasure at finding that Sir Percydes was of his kindred and that he was no longer alone in the world.

So Sir Percival abided for two days with Sir Percydes, and then he betook his way to the westward in pursuance of that adventure. And he was upon the road three days, and upon the morning of the fourth day he came, through diligent inquiry, within sight of the castle of King Pecheur. And the castle of King Pecheur stood upon a high crag of rock, from which it rose against the sky, so that it looked to be a part of that crag of rock. And it was a very noble and stately castle, having many tall towers and many buildings within the walls thereof. And a village of white houses of the fisher-folk gathered upon the rocks beneath the castle walls, like chicks beneath the shadow of their mother's wings.

And, behold, Percival saw the great sea for the first time in all his life, and he was filled with wonder at the huge waves that ran toward the shore and burst upon the rocks, all white like the snow. And he was amazed at the multitude of sea fowl that flew about the rocks in such prodigious numbers that they darkened the sky. And he was filled with amazement at the fisher-folk that spread their white sails against the wind and floated upon the water like swans. Wherefore he sat his horse upon a high rock nigh to the sea and gazed his fill upon those things that were so wonderful to him.

Then after a while Sir Percival went forward to the castle. And as he drew nigh to the castle he became aware that a very reverend man, whose hair and beard were as white as snow, sat upon a cushion of crimson velvet upon a rock that overlooked the sea; and two pages, richly clad in black and silver, stood behind him. And the old man gazed out across the sea, and Sir Percival saw that he neither spake nor moved. But when Sir Percival came near to him the old man arose and went into the castle, and the two pages took up the crimson velvet cushion and followed him.

But Percival rode up to the castle, and he saw that the gateway of the castle stood open, wherefore he rode into the courtyard of the castle. And when he had come into the courtyard, two attendants immediately appeared and took his horse and assisted him to dismount; but neither of these attendants said aught to him, but both were as silent as deaf-mutes.

Then Percival entered the hall, and there he saw the old man whom he had before seen, and the old man sat in a great carved chair beside a fire of large logs of wood. And Sir Percival saw that the eyes of the old man were all red and that his cheeks were channeled with weeping; and Percival was abashed at the sadness of his aspect. Ne'theless he came to where the old man sat, and saluted him with great reverence, and he said, "Art thou King Pecheur?" And the old man answered, "Ay, for I am both a fisher and a sinner" (for that word Pecheur meaneth both fisher and sinner).

Then Sir Percival said: "Sire, I bring thee greetings from thy son Sir Percydes, who is a

very dear friend to me. And likewise I bring thee greetings from myself; for I am Percival, King Pellinore his son, and thy queen and my mother are sisters. And likewise I come to redeem a pledge; for, behold, here is the ring of thy daughter Yvette, unto whom I am pledged for her true knight. Wherefore, having now achieved a not dishonorable renown in the world of chivalry, I am come to beseech her kindness, and to redeem my ring which she hath upon her finger, and to give her back her ring again."

Then King Pecheur fell to weeping in great measure, and he said: "Percival, thy fame hath reached even to this remote place, for every one talketh of thee with great unction. But, touching my daughter Yvette, if thou wilt come with me I will bring thee to her."

The Lady Yvette the Fair.

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

So King Pecheur arose and went forth, and Sir Percival followed him. And King Pecheur brought Sir Percival to a certain tower; and he brought him up a long and winding stair; and at the top of the stairway was a door. And King Pecheur opened the door, and Sir Percival entered the apartment. And the windows of the apartment stood open, and a cold wind came in thereat from off the sea. And there stood a couch in the middle of the room, and it was spread with black velvet. And the Lady Yvette lay reclined upon the couch, and lo! her face was like to wax for whiteness, and she neither moved nor spake, but only lay there perfectly still — for she was dead.

And seven waxen candles burned at her head, and seven others at her feet, and the flames of the candles spread and wavered as the cold wind blew upon them. And the hair of her head (as black as those raven feathers that Sir Percival had beheld lying upon the snow) moved like threads of black silk as the wind blew in through the window; and the Lady Yvette moved not nor stirred, but lay like a statue of marble, all clad in white.

And, for the first, Sir Percival stood very still

at the doorway, as though he had, of a sudden, been turned into stone. And then he went forward and stood beside the couch and held his hands very tightly together and gazed at the Lady Yvette where she lay. And so he stood for a long while, and he wist not why it was that he felt like as though he had been turned into a stone, without such grief at his heart as he had thought to feel thereat.

For, indeed, his spirit was altogether broken, though he knew it not. Then he spake unto that still figure, and he said: "Dear lady, is it thus I find thee after all this long endeavor of mine? Yet from Paradise haply thou mayst perceive all that I have accomplished in thy behalf. So shalt thou be my lady always to the end of my life, and I will have none other than thee. Wherefore I herewith give thee thy ring again, and take mine own in its stead." Therewith, so speaking, he lifted that hand (all so cold like the snow) and took his ring from off her finger and put her ring back upon it again.

Then King Pecheur said, "Percival, hast thou no tears?"

And Percival said, "Nay, I have not."

Therewith he turned and left that place, and King Pecheur went with him. And Sir Percival abode in that place for three days, and King Pecheur and his lady queen and their two young sons who dwelt at that place made great pity over Sir Percival, and they wept a great deal. But Sir Percival said but little in reply, and wept not at all.

And now I shall tell you of that wonderful vision that came unto Sir Percival at this place upon Christmas day.

On the third day (which was Christmas day) it chanced that Sir Percival sat alone in the hall of the castle, and he meditated upon the great sorrow that lay upon him. And as he sat thus this very wonderful thing befell him: He suddenly beheld two youths enter that hall, and the faces of the two youths shone with exceeding brightness, and their hair shone like gold, and their raiment was very bright and glistering like to gold. And one of these youths bare in his hand a spear of mighty size, and blood dropped from the point of the spear; and the other youth bare in his hand a chalice of pure gold, very wonderful to behold, and he held the chalice in a napkin of fine cambric linen.

And at first Sir Percival thought that that which he beheld was a vision conjured up by the deep sorrow that filled his heart, and he was afeard. But the youth who bare the chalice spake, and his voice was extraordinarily high and clear; and he said: "Percival, Percival, be not afraid! That which thou here beholdst is the sangreal; and that is the spear of sorrow. What, then, may thy sorrow be in the presence of these holy things that brought with them such great sorrow and affliction of soul that they have become entirely sanctified thereby? So, Percival, should thy sorrow so sanctify thy life and not make it bitter to thy taste. For so did this bitter cup become sanctified by the great sorrow that tasted of it."

And Percival said, "Are these things real or is this a vision that I behold?"

And he who bare the chalice said, "They are real." And he who bare the spear said, "They are real."

Then a great peace and comfort came to Sir Percival's heart, and they never left him to the day of his death.

Then they who bare the sangreal and the spear went out of the hall, and Sir Percival knelt there for a while after they had gone, and prayed with great devotion and with much comfort and satisfaction.

And this was the first time that any of those knights that were of King Arthur's Round Table ever beheld that holy chalice, the which Sir Percival was one of three to achieve in after years.

So when Sir Percival came forth from that hall, all those who beheld him were astonished at the great peace and calmness that appeared to emanate from him. But he told no one of that miraculous vision which he had just beheld, and though it appeareth in the history of these things, yet it was not then made manifest.

Then Sir Percival said to King Pecheur, his uncle, and to his aunt and to their sons: "Now, dear friend, the time hath come when I must leave you. For I must now presently go to the court of King Arthur in obedience to his commands and for to acknowledge myself unto my father."

So that day Sir Percival set forth with intent to go to Camelot, where King Arthur was then holding court in great estate of pomp. And Sir Percival reached Camelot upon the fourth day from that time, and that was during the feasts of Christmas-tide.

Now King Arthur sat at those feasts, and there were sixscore of very noble company seated with him. And the king's heart was greatly uplifted and expanded with mirth and good cheer. And whiles all were feasting with great concord there suddenly came into that hall an herald-messenger; of whom, when King Arthur beheld him, the king asked what message he brought. Upon this the herald-messenger said: "Lord, there hath come one asking permission to enter here whom you will be very well pleased to see." And the king said, "Who is it?" And the herald-messenger said, "He said his name is Percival."

Upon this King Arthur arose from where he sat, and all the others uprose with him, and there was a great sound of loud voices; for the fame of Sir Percival had waxed very great since he had begun his adventures. And King Arthur and others went down the hall for to meet Sir Percival.

Then the door opened, and Sir Percival came into that place, and his face shone very bright with peace and good will; and he was exceedingly comely.

Then King Arthur said, "Art thou Percival?"

And Percival said, "I am he."

Then King Arthur took Sir Percival's head into his hands, and he kissed him upon the brow. And Sir Percival kissed King Arthur's hand, and he kissed the ring of royalty upon the king's finger, and so he became a true knight in fealty unto King Arthur.

Then Sir Percival said, "Lord, have I thy leave to speak?"

And King Arthur said, "Say on."

And Sir Percival said, "Where is King Pellinore?"

And King Arthur said, "Yonder he is."

Then Sir Percival perceived where King Pellinore sat among the others, and he went to King Pellinore and knelt down before him. And Sir Pellinore was very much astonished, and he said, "Why dost thou kneel to me, Percival?" Then Sir Percival said, "Dost thou know this ring?"

Then King Pellinore cried out in a loud voice, "That is my ring; how came ye by it?"

And Percival said, "My mother gave it to me; for I am thy son."

Upon this Sir Pellinore cried out with great passion; and he flung his arms about Sir Percival, and he kissed him repeatedly upon the face. And so ardent was the great love and the great passion that moved him that all those who stood about could in no wise contain themselves, but wept aloud at that which they beheld.

Then, after a while, King Arthur said, "Percival, come with me, for I have somewhat to show thee."

So King Arthur and King Pellinore and Sir Percival and several others went unto that pavilion which was the pavilion of the Round Table, and there King Arthur showed Sir Percival a seat which was immediately upon the right hand of the seat Perilous. And upon the back of that seat there was a name emblazoned in letters of gold, and the name was this:

PERCIVAL OF GALES.

Then King Arthur said: "Behold, Sir Percival, this is thy seat, for four days ago that name appeared most miraculously, of a sudden, where thou seest it. Wherefore that seat is thine."

Then Sir Percival was aware that that name had manifested itself at the time when the sangreal had appeared unto him in the castle of King Pecheur, and he was moved with a great passion of love and longing for the Lady Yvette; so that, because of the strength of that passion, it took upon it the semblance of a terrible joy. And he said to himself: "If my lady, haply, could but have beheld these, how proud would she have been!"

But he held his peace and said naught to any one of those thoughts that disturbed him.

So endeth this story of Sir Percival, with only this to say: that he and his father brought his lady mother down into the world again, and that thereafter they were all exceedingly happy in being together, united into one family.

And Sir Percival lived unmarried, as he had vowed to do, for all of his life; for he never paid court to any lady from that time, but ever held within the sanctuary of his mind the image of that dear Lady Yvette to whom he had been betrothed.

So part I from you after this year in which I have told you, to the best of my power, the history of King Arthur and of sundry of his knights unto this time; and if so be they make you think that it is worth while to live a brave and true and virtuous life, doing good to those about you, and denying yourselves all those desires which would be ill for others and for yourselves for to yield to, then that which I have written hath not been written amiss.

Farewell.

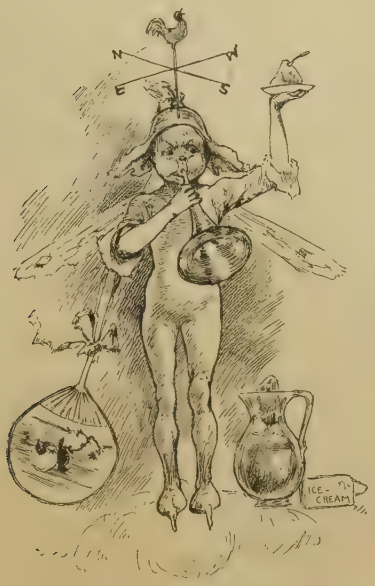
THE END.

THE SCHOLARLY PORCUPINE.

By Malcolm Douglas.

Said a scholarly old porcupine,
"It 's most absurd, I think,
To go through life with all these quills
And never a drop of ink."

THE WEATHER HERALDS.



THE HERALD OF HOT WEATHER.

THE HERALD OF RAINY WEATHER.

THE HERALD OF COLD WEATHER.

THE FLYCYCLE.

AN AUTUMN FANTASY

By Sara Bliss Thresher.

"HIS SCHOOLMATES NOW EAGERLY FOLLOWED HIS TRACKS,
CLIMBED UP TO THE WINDOW, AND PEEPED THROUGH THE CRACKS."

"Jimmy Jenkins, why is it you 're idle of late?
Come show to me now what you have on your slate.
Dear me! Not a single example is worked!
It 's really disgraceful the way you have shirked.
You don't come to school to make pictures of things
So silly as bicycles flying with wings."

The boy hung his head with a mortified mien,
But faltered, "That picture 's a flying-machine
I 'm making. 'T will go on the telegraph wires,
Which run in the grooves where you fasten the tires.
I shall use father's cycle, the old-fashioned kind,
With a big wheel in front and a small one behind."

Excited and breathless, our poor Jimmy gazed
Up into the teacher's grave face, but, amazed,

"THE GEESE, WITH LOUD CACKLINGS, JOINED IN AS HE FLED."

Saw only displeasure and ridicule there,
And heard, as he sadly returned to his chair:
"Darius Green surely would laugh at your slate,
To see his own foolishness brought up to date."
But genius is never discouraged so soon,
And gladly the boy went to work that same noon.

The stable once reached and the oaken door locked,
What matter how rudely the rabble had mocked?
His schoolmates now eagerly followed his tracks,
Climbed up to the window, and peeped through the cracks.

With feathers, wires, sticks all around on the floor,
Unmindful he worked. Some one knocked at the door;
His father called sternly: "The pigs are not fed;
Your mother is waiting for wood from the shed;
The horse is not watered; the turkeys have strayed;
The chickens are starving; you are, I 'm afraid,
A goose for your pains." But Jim's mother drew near,
And pronounced him "a wonderful genius, the dear!"

The flycycle now was completed at last;
Each feather was glued and each rivet made fast,

And soon it was noised through the village around
A genius of mark in their midst had been found.
So, when the time came to display the machine,
The people in crowds came out on the green.

A shout of derision went up from the boys;
The people all laughed, and the geese made a noise;
While the teacher severely remarked: "As a rule,
A boy 's no account who is idle in school."

"THE LIGHTNING EXPRESS, AS IT CAME ON BELOW,
TO THIS MODE OF TRAVEL SEEMED SLUGGISH AND SLOW."

Some mocked, and all doubted, but waited with glee,
For *something* would happen, they plainly could see.
"I 'll show them," declared clever Jimmy, with pride,
"How fast an inventive young Yankee can ride!"
A bow to the crowd, and he sprang to his seat,
And headed the flycycle up the main street.

For a moment it wabbled and then gave a bound,
And then with a crash fell plump on the ground,

Our hero, undaunted, soon mounted again,
More cautiously started the pedals, and then
He spread out his wings as he 'd seen the geese do,
And up like a streak o'er the village he flew.
Aloft o'er the heads of the wondering crowd
The flycycle rose; and they shouted aloud.
"Hi, hi, hip hooray for Jimmy!" they cried,
For his wondrous success caused a turn in the tide.

As soars the great eagle, Jim rose through the air;
The wheels were adjusted with accurate care

To telegraph wires, and along them he sped.
The geese, with loud cacklings, joined in as
he fled.
The lightning express, as it came on below,
To this mode of travel seemed sluggish and
slow.
Men's figures looked smaller, their cheers
became faint,
As on the boy sped without check or restraint.

Companion of birds, from all duties set free,
He laughed and he shouted, exulting with glee.
Still harder his feet to the pedals he bent,
And faster and faster each moment he went.
As riders vault hurdles, the cross-bars he
cleared,
The dogs loudly barked, while the children
all cheered.

How the journey might end Jim did not reflect,
But soon came a chance he did not expect:
A telegraph pole had been blown to the
ground,
And down the slack wire he came with a bound;
With a thump and a crash he was spilled on
the earth —
And scarcely presented a subject for mirth.

A moment, quite stunned, by the roadside
he lay;
Then looked for his hat, which had rolled
far away.
He rubbed his poor head with a sorry
grimace,
And wiped the salt tears and the mud from
his face.

The daylight was fading low down in the
sky,
The owls and the bats were beginning to
fly;
He thought of the supper his mother would
spread,
And longed for repose in his own humble
bed.
So, quickly again to his cycle he turned;
He was tired — and no longer for glory he
yearned.

But alas for his wings and that bicycle bold!
The whole grand machine was a sight to
behold.
There was scarcely a feather or spoke in its
place,
And Jimmy turned homeward *on foot* in dis-
grace.

That night, in his bed, Jimmy made up his
mind
That, maybe, somewhere in his lessons he 'd
find
A little more knowledge that useful would be
In future inventions; for Jim, don't you see,
Was not for a moment discouraged — not he!

HUNTING WEATHER.

By Mary Austin.

When misty, misty mornings come,
When wild geese low are flying,
And down along the reedy marsh
The mallard drakes are crying;
When cattle leave the highest hills,
And blackbirds flock together —
By all these signs the hunter knows
Has come good hunting weather.

COUNTING.

By C. K. Wead.

Can you count? Of course you can rattle off a string of numbers, one, two, three, four, etc.; but can you count a lot of things and count them twice alike? If you can, it is more than most people can do. For, easy as it is to say the numbers, it is so hard to keep the mind steadily on the task that one is very likely to "lose the count." So ingenious people have invented all sorts of contrivances to help in this very necessary and very tedious work of counting; and doubtless bright folks are constantly re-inventing some of these helps. They are the more necessary if the count is to continue for a long time.

Some of the simplest helps are: to take out a token or tally for each thing to be counted, as a lump of coal or a potato for each basketful carried into the house; to tie a knot in a string for each article to be counted, or to cut a notch, as the savage does on his weapon for each animal or enemy he has killed; to drive a nail, as the Romans kept count of years by driving one annually in the temple of Minerva; to make a mark for each item, grouping the marks by fives, or spacing them as the Phenicians did. In all these cases the memory is relieved from carrying the count through perhaps hours or days; and for the counting of the original things there is substituted a quick count of the same number of tallies or marks.

Another simple help is to collect the objects into uniform groups, and count the number of groups; then, of course, we have to multiply the number of groups by the number of objects in each group. Thus the grocer, instead of counting out twelve eggs, will pick up twice from the basket three eggs in each hand; a boy counting his money will divide it into equal piles, as 25 cents in each; the bank teller keeps his bills in packages and his coin in bags of $100, $500, $1000, etc. A lot of coins just alike are sometimes counted by taking a board with, say, 100 holes or pockets, each just large enough for one coin, and brushing a handful of coins over the board so as to fill all the holes, and repeating the operation till all the coins are counted. Postage-stamps are sold in sheets of 100, and envelopes in packs of 25, counted by machinery. Very rapid sounds may be counted in this way. Thus by grouping in his mind into fours the rapid sounds called "beats," and calling out once for each group, a musical friend counted beats as fast as sixteen in a second. The squares on an engineer's "section-paper," or the designer's "point-paper," or the worsted-worker's canvas are grouped by colored lines; and on a foot-rule the uniformity of fine lines is broken by making them of different lengths.

When the objects are in motion it is very easy to make a mistake. Suppose a line of men marches by, one man passing you every five seconds, and you begin to count them, one, two, three, etc.; when half a minute is up you will be saying seven, at the end of a minute, thirteen, of two minutes, twenty-five; so it will not do to divide the whole number of men passing by the time, unless you begin naught, one, two; in other words, the number to be divided is the difference between the numbers called at the end and beginning of the time — in this case, six, twelve, twenty-four.

This kind of mistake is so common that it is not usual to find in physical laboratory work a boy who can count correctly the numbers of swings of a pendulum in, say, a minute; he will generally get the number one too great.

When a lot of things close together are to be counted, some means must be taken to insure counting them all and to avoid counting any twice. So the man who buys ties for a railroad puts a mark of red chalk or paint on the end of each tie when he counts it, as everybody who rides on the cars has seen. In the British Parliament, when a vote is taken, the members present go out into the lobby and then pass back into the hall, those voting "Ay" through one gate, and those voting "No" through another gate, and as they pass through they are

counted by tellers. Similarly in our Congress some votes are taken by having the members pass by tellers.

Besides these simple helps to counting, there are many ingenious mechanical devices in use. Perhaps the most familiar of these is the fare-register seen in street-cars, on which a pointer moves one division over a dial every time a fare is rung up. Very similiar in principle are the counters used on printing-presses to tell how many papers are printed, though the papers come off faster than a person can count them; and the little counters look something like a watch, that one may use, say, to count the number of lines of men that pass in a procession. The voting-machines used in some cities at the last election are in principle counting-machines, and so are the devices for packaging envelopes and so forth.

The cyclometer on your bicycle differs in principle from these instruments only in having the dial divided so as to give, not the number of turns the wheel makes (which you do not care to know), but the number of turns multiplied by the circumference of the wheel and the product reduced to miles; so a cyclometer made correctly for a 26-inch wheel, if used on a 24-inch wheel, would read twenty-six miles when you had gone only twenty-four miles. Similarly a pedometer really counts the number of one's steps, but, if properly adjusted for length of step, the dial will give in miles the distance one walks. This story is told of a man walking a long distance on a wager: at one time he got considerably ahead of his watchers, who were following him in a carriage; when they found him he was in a hotel, dancing, and, according to his pedometer, he had traveled many more miles than they had done. If you wish to have any instrument tell the truth you must treat it fairly.

A clock or watch is in fact a counter of the swings of the pendulum or balance-wheel. During one day these swings number not less than 86,400 (except in tower clocks), and in what is known as a "railroad watch" they number five times as many. But nobody cares to know how many swings happen to have been made since noon or midnight: we want them grouped into seconds, minutes, and hours; so the wheelwork and dials are made to perform this grouping and reduction. The "fork-clock" of the Paris instrument-maker Koenig has, instead of a pendulum, a tuning-fork which makes 512 single vibrations in a second!

The most striking application of machinery to the purposes of counting is in the electrical machines used in the census office. In the last census, thousands of enumerators all over the country were busy writing down on large sheets of paper the names of all the people in the United States, their age, color, sex, place of birth, occupation, etc. If the only thing wanted were the number of people in the country, it would be enough to count the names on all these sheets and add them together. But the census experts wished to find out perhaps a thousand other things: as how many native-born white men there are aged twenty, twenty-five, etc.; how many foreign-born white men there are of these ages; similarly for women and colored people; then there are the questions of place of birth, occupation, etc., to be answered, as how many Texans were born in Ohio. Now imagine that all the people in the United States could march in a few months before a thousand officials, each one of whom counted only the people of one particular class or description, as white males, white females, white carpenters, Italian girls ten years old, negro farmers, etc.; then there would be obtained the various facts for which the census is taken.

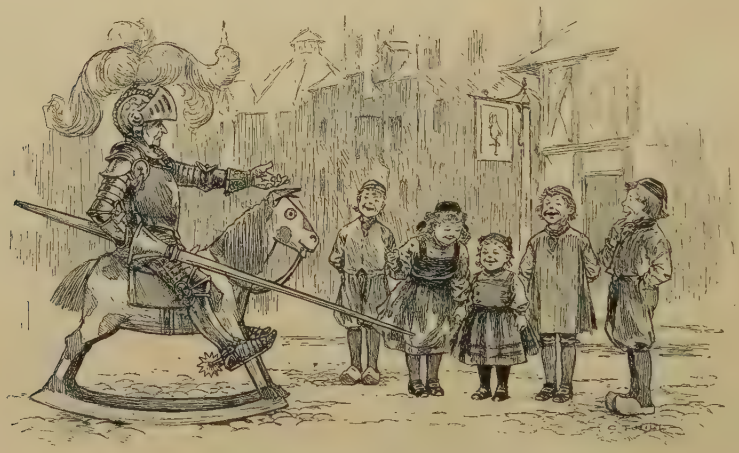
The practical operation of the census gives the same results as this imaginary operation. It comes about in this way: For each one of the 77,000,000 people of the country a card a little larger than a postal-card is prepared, containing all the information on the enumerator's sheets except the name, a number being used instead. This information is expressed by punching holes in certain places: thus a hole in one place means "white," another "male," another "35 years," another "blacksmith," and so on.

These millions of punched cards represent one by one the individuals of the nation, and they may be passed before the eyes of the supposed thousand officials, each of whom is to note his special facts. Going a step farther

in simplifying the work, instead of the official counters mechanical counters may be substituted; and instead of trying to use a thousand at once, a smaller number may be used, and the cards be gone over several times. The machine will pick out the facts it is told to pick out, and no others.

The apparent intelligence of the machine may be explained thus: when the card is put into the machine, some two hundred and fifty spring needles are brought down on it; wherever there is a hole one needle goes through and down into a drop of mercury, and so closes an electric circuit and causes the pointer on a counter to move forward one number. Thus, as many of the items on the card can be counted at once as the operator finds desirable; then another card is put in the machine and the same items are counted if they are on it. Besides this, the machine can be arranged to count several items in combination, as native-born white male doctors; and it is intelligent enough to ring a bell and refuse to count if the card is not put in properly, or is punched to read widower aged ten years, woman aged twelve, female blacksmith, or any other of a score of improbabilities or impossibilities.

What a long road it has been from the savage counting that runs only to four, up to these machines that have the patience of material things and an intelligence that seems almost human, and a capacity and rapidity of work that far exceeds anything that man can do without mechanical helps!



A little man in a suit of mail got on a hobby-horse
And said to the children watching him, with dignity and force,
"This is the way the knights so bold
Rode in the good old days of old;
Only, if all of you laugh like that, I can't look fierce, of course!"

UNNATURAL HISTORY.

By Alice Brown.

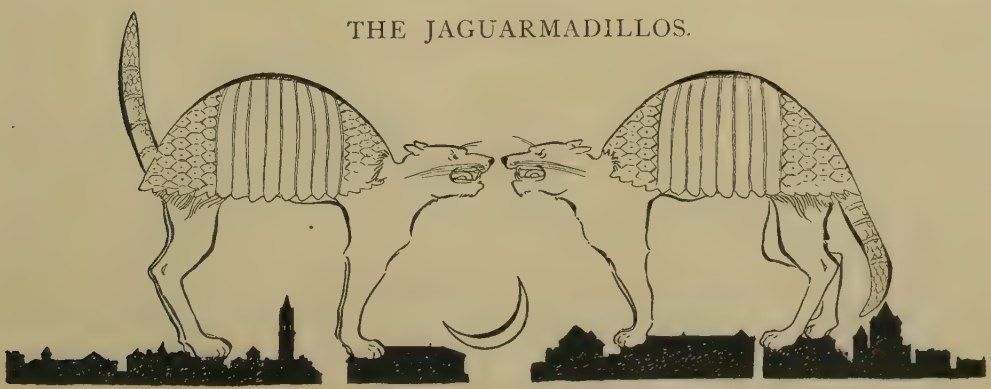
THE ALLIGATORTOISE.

The Alligatortoise goes yawning about.
He is very much bored, there 's no manner of doubt.
But still, do you see, it may very well be
Something *might* wander in that might *not* wander out!

THE TOUCANTELOPE.

The Toucantelope feeds on the Pteracle tree,
Which no one, as yet, has been able to see.
It has neither fruit nor leaf, trunk nor root;
Yet it suits the Toucantelope to a degree.

THE JAGUARMADILLOS.



Two Jaguarmadillos, renowned in debate,
Came out to talk over some questions of state.
Said each, "My dear sir, now would you prefer
To be torn into tatters at once, or to wait?"

QUEEN WILHELMINA'S LESSONS.

(From particulars obtained by the author directly from one of the queen's former teachers.)

By Annie C. Kuiper.

There is a story about Queen Wilhelmina having been naughty one day when she was a little princess of six or seven years. She would not give way; she wished to follow her own little head and to do exactly as she liked, and not as her governess wished her to. But her anger and her indignant tears were of no avail.

Photograph by Kameke.

QUEEN WILHELMINA AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

Her mother and her governess — of the latter, too, she was very fond — quietly showed her that they were not going to be indulgent; and the little princess, who knew she would be a queen one day, lost all self-control and passionately cried out: "If my people only knew how I am being treated here! They would — they would — "

She did not finish the sentence, but the outburst evidently gave some relief to her feelings, for it was not long before her anger calmed down and she became her bright little self again, for a very bright and sunshiny little maiden Queen Wilhelmina was from her birth, and exceedingly rare were those fits of naughtiness without which she would indeed hardly have seemed a "real" child. Her English governess, Miss Saxton Winter, and all the teachers she had — a good many — were delighted with her as a pupil, and, without exception, praise her quick intellect, her warm interest even in dry particulars of state affairs, her eager questioning (especially where the history of her country was concerned), and her bright sense of humor.

With unceasing devotion and zeal, Queen Wilhelmina's brave and clever mother — who during Wilhelmina's later girlhood was the queen regent — did whatever she could to make her daughter's education a truly excellent one. Among the names of those who taught the young queen, Queen Emma's name deserves a fair place. It was the queen regent herself who regulated and superintended all the lessons of Wilhelmina, being present at most of them, and taking quite as much interest in them as her little daughter.

Shall I give you a list of all the "branches of learning" with which the Queen of Holland had gradually to become acquainted? I doubt whether any other girl of her age ever had so much to learn. Still, notwithstanding all the duties which had to be performed, never was the truth forgotten that "all work and no joy makes Jack a dull boy."

But she *had* to work hard. By the time she was seven years old she spoke French and English well, having been taught French by Mlle. Liotard, and English by Miss Saxton Winter, who stayed with her until she was about sixteen years old. Dutch and German she spoke well too, her Dutch naturally having a slight German accent because her mother was born a German. She soon lost this accent, though, when she had lessons in Dutch reading and writing. Being a queen, she natu-

rally had all her lessons by herself,— there was no pleasant intercourse with school-fellows for her!—and now and then the absence of other pupils was made up for by the presence of a doll called "Susanne," by means of which learning was made more amusing and interesting.

She gradually got more lessons as she grew older, studying hard and thoroughly, and being, in all, taught by no less than seventeen different teachers. She had reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, natural history, physics, Dutch history, geometry, algebra, French language and literature, Dutch literature, general history, religion, German language and literature, English literature, political economy, history of the fine arts, minute particulars about the army and the navy, drawing and painting, music, and needlework.

Which lessons did she like best? It would be difficult to say. But she was, as a matter of course, exceedingly fond of hearing about her own country, and about the history of that brave little nation, which she loves with all the sincerity and warmth of her young heart.

Photograph by Kameke.

WILHELMINA AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.

It was a clever professor of the Leyden University who regularly came to the palace to give her lessons in Dutch history. The queen regent was always present, occupying herself with some embroidery and listening to the lecture with the utmost attention.

But Queen Wilhelmina's zeal never flagged, her enthusiasm about Holland's history never diminished, and countless were the questions she used to put to the learned professor. Indeed, so strong was her desire to be well informed about anything and everything concerning her country that she kept on asking, and almost breathlessly awaited the answer to each question. Needless to say, though, that her unbounded interest was very gratifying to her teachers.

It would be impossible in this sketch to give particulars about *all* Queen Wilhelmina's lessons; suffice it to say that they were all liked by pupil and teacher, and doubtless also by Queen Emma and the English governess, Miss Winter, who were present at most of them, Miss Winter understanding Dutch to perfection.

There were other things, though, which Holland's queen learned and which she loved as dearly as history and literature, things widely different, but none the less attractive: these were riding and skating, and driving her own pretty carriages, and tending her flowers, and making bouquets for her mother and her favorite friends among the court ladies, and sewing comfortable garments for poor children, and, when she was a little girl — cooking all sorts of dishes on her cooking-stove and nursing her thirty dolls. Then there were painting and music and fancy-work. To the girl-queen of Holland the time *did* pass quickly.

It was again her mother who in many of these things was her first teacher. Being herself an excellent needlewoman, the queen regent knew how to make her little girl understand how to handle needle and thread, and very quiet and industrious the little princess was when the wardrobe of her much-beloved dolls had to be increased or some work of art had to be done in the fascinating cross-stitch.

Until she was fourteen her mother regularly went on teaching her needlework. After that the young queen received "finishing" lessons in this art from a lady at The Hague.

Queen Wilhelmina did not like to have her mistakes ignored or overlooked. Once, when she was doing some fine needlework for her teacher, she found her task somewhat irksome, and it took all her patience to sit perfectly still and give her eyes and thoughts to her work.

Photograph by Wollrabe.

WILHELMINA AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN.

When she had finished, she put it down with a sigh of relief. "It is quite right, is it not?" she asked eagerly, when the teacher examined it. The sewing was very neatly done, but there were a few slight mistakes, and of course the teacher pointed them out to her. Poor Wilhelmina was disappointed, and felt as if she could not begin again. "Shall I—will it have to be undone?" she asked. "I certainly would advise it, your Majesty," was the answer. "I will take it out for you, if you wish." The girl looked at the work and was silent. Then she said: "What do you think best?" "Well, to be frank, your Majesty, I think it would be best if you were to do it yourself." Her Majesty sighed; she felt so very little inclination to undo the numerous neat little stitches. However, she said bravely: "Of course I *will* do it myself, then."

So, although she was a queen, she had to work quite as hard as other girls, if not harder. She knew what it is to be busy when the sun shines and everything looks tantalizingly lovely out of doors.

Once on her morning drive through The Hague, she passed a large house, and saw two young girls in the midst of their lessons run eagerly to the window to see her. Queen Wilhelmina and those two girls became great friends, for the queen took good care every day after that to pass the house at the same time, and the girls were always there to bring her their enthusiastic morning greeting.

Queen Wilhelmina is a grown woman now, and a reigning queen. Her musical voice sounded clear and strong when, in the solemn hour of her investiture in Amsterdam's beautiful old church, she delivered her first public speech and recited the oath to the Constitution. The speech has been in many papers, translated into many different languages; everybody has been able to read it, everybody knows it.

But what everybody does not know is that the girl-queen wrote it herself, as she did also the "proclamation to her people."

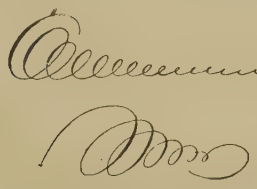
ABNER BROWN, THE PENMAN.

By Garrett Newkirk.

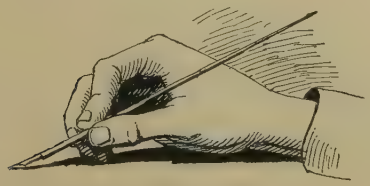
The writing-master's name was Brown—
A penman good was he,
Who knew the rules Spencerian,
As well as A, B, C.

"Right curves—left curves—straight lines—
and loops:

These simple forms," he said,
"Make all the letters in the world."
He spun them out like thread.

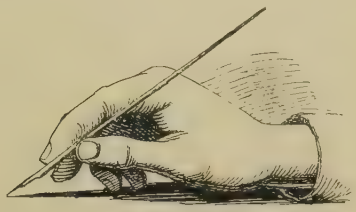


The way some pupils gripped their pens
Quite filled him with dismay:
It almost seemed as if they feared
The pens would fly away.



"Your thumb and fingers one and two
Should guide your pen," said he,
"And on the fingers third and fourth
The hand can rest, you see.

"Your hand or wrist should never touch
The table or the page;
You 'll not write well till this you learn
If you should live an age."



At first the children wrote like this:

Of men of many minds

And many men who don't agree

And birds of many kinds.

With lessons twelve they wrote quite well
Their letters,—A to Z,

Procrastination—thief of time

And Fishes in the sea.

Now, Many men of many minds
Seemed very neat and trim,
And Many birds of many kinds
Exactly suited him.

Brown studied law, and at the bar
His name became enrolled;
And then his writing grew so poor
'T was painful to behold.

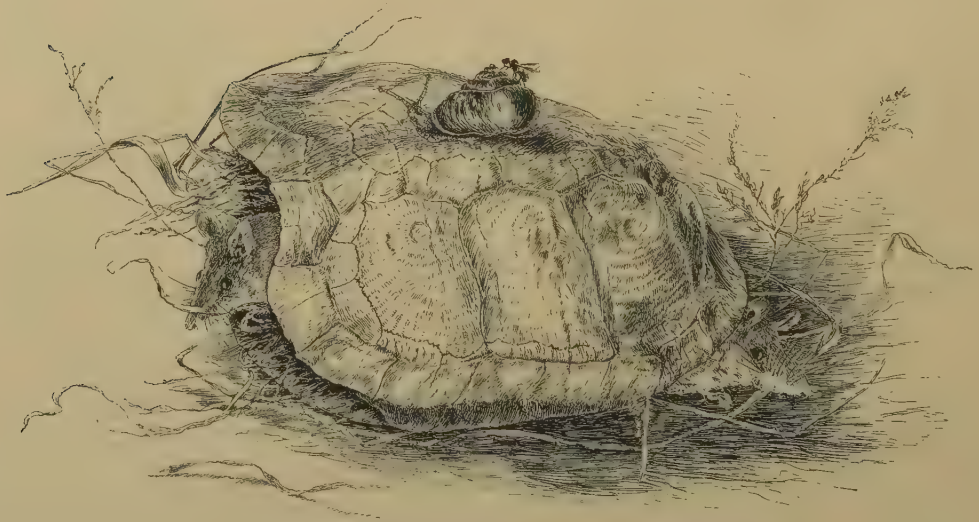
That he could write a line like this,

To whom it may concern

Should make us all resolve at once
To practise what we learn.

When Brown got into politics,
And went to Congress, too,
He wrote to a constituent,
As Congressmen will do:

Dear Jones: —
For much of my success
I have yourself to thank.
I send today Reports and seeds,
All under my own frank:
Remember me to Jim and Jess,
And also Mrs Jones,
How I would like to have today
One of her sweet corn-pones.
I'll soon be home from Washington,
And when you come to town
Please call upon me without fail
Yours Truly, Abner Brown



MRS. MOUSE: "ALEXANDER, MY DEAR, WHAT IS THE NOISE ON THE ROOF?"

A SPOOL SCHOOL.

By Jessie Macmillan Anderson.

Little Ludella Smith was a dressmaker's little girl. You will think she was very lucky when I tell you that not only her mama, but her Aunt Jane and her sister Lily May, were dressmakers. How much fun she must have had making dolls' dresses out of all those pieces! Ah, but now comes the sad thing: she had n't any dolls!

From Monday morning to Saturday night, especially Saturday night, mama and Aunt Jane and sister Lill just sewed and sewed to get things done. And it did n't do a bit of good getting one thing done, for there were always two or three other things that ought to have been done long ago. So mama would cry, and then Aunt Jane would say, "There is no use spoiling your eyes, Sarah."

Mama always sent back the "pieces"; but the rule was, "Anything smaller than your hand, Dell!" And Ludella did wish her hand would grow faster.

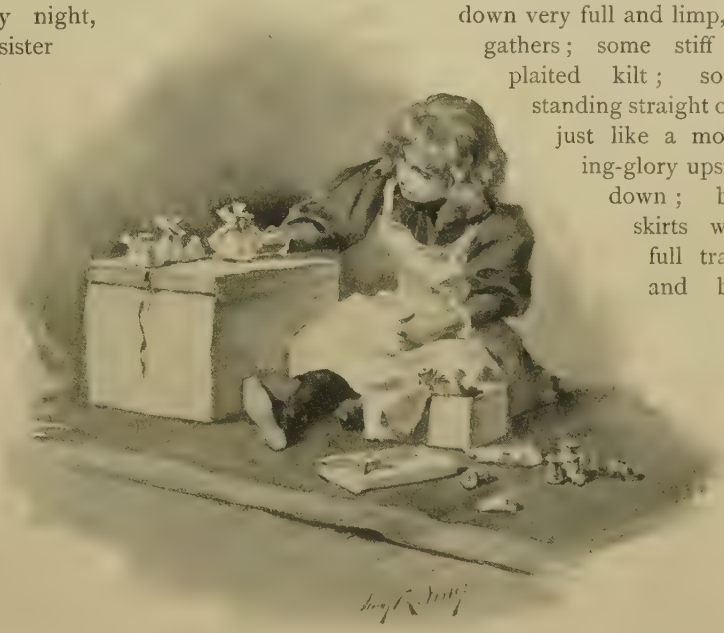
Yet there were mountains of tiny bits, and one big boxful Ludella had stored away under her bed — silk and satin, velvet and Bedford cord, ladies'-cloth and cheviot and camel's-hair, gingham and percale and satine, chiffon and ribbon and lace. Under the bed was another box devoted to empty spools.

Every winter afternoon, when she came home from school, Ludella would say as she opened the door, "Any more spools? Any more pieces?" Then out would come those two boxes, and dressmaker Number Four would set to work as seriously as the others.

Did I say Ludella had no dolls? What is it she keeps in box Number Two?

Big spools, little spools! Fat spools, thin spools! Spools all waist, and spools with no waist at all! All decked out in more colors than the rainbow!

Their dresses are mostly skirt, but all the easier to fit. And what a variety of skirts! Some hanging down very full and limp, in gathers; some stiff in plaited kilt; some standing straight out, just like a morning-glory upside down; bell skirts with full train, and bell skirts with demi-train; skirts with ruffle round the bottom, and skirts with panel down the side.



"She placed Laura Penelope at one end of a row of spools."

"Here," said Ludella, gravely, — one day I listened, while her sister was trying on my new gown, — "here, children, did n't you hear the bell? School 's begun! Order! I have the pleasure of in-tro-ducing to you a new pupil — Laura Penelope Martindale."

Here she pulled up a jolly little twist-spool, with a flaunting pink silk skirt of the upside-down morning-glory shape, and a wide blue ribbon which was both sash and necktie.

She placed Laura Penelope at one end of a row of spools, saying:

"You 'll have to begin at the foot of the class; but if you study hard and improve, you 'll soon be at the head."

Then, in a squeaky voice, she made Penelope say: "Don't you have any boys in this school?" And she answered: "No; horrid, rough things! We don't *allow* 'em."

Then began the spelling lesson: "Grace Martha, spell *needle*."

"N-e *ne*, d-e-l *del*, *nedel*."

"Next!" sternly.

"N-e *ne*, d-l-e *dle*, *nedle*."

"Wrong. Next!"

"N-e-a *nea*, d-l-e *dle*, *neadle*."

And so, down the whole class, till she came to the new pupil.

"N-double-e *nee*, d-l-e *dle*, *needle*."

"That 's right, Laura Penelope. You may go to the head. *You* 've studied your lesson."

"Penelope 's just come. I don't see when she studied it," I said, to tease the child.

"She probably paid attention to what the teacher said in the last school she was in," she answered severely; and I fancied the other spools looked a little ashamed.

I was sorry I could not stay to hear the geography class recite; but my dress was fitted, and I had to go.

I offered to save up my spools for Ludella; but she said she would rather have me save up girls' names: she had some trouble in finding enough to go around; and she *did n't* wish to have two or three by the same name, as they had in common schools.

GNOR is a gnome, and he makes his home
In the oak-tree hollow and dark;
And the wind of the sky brings fear to his eye,
Lest it choose his house for a mark.

And that is why, aright and awry,
He twists the oak-tree's roots,
To anchor his house when the red leaves fly,
The leaves that the north wind loots.

And he hides away in the tree-trunk warm,
While above it creaks and sings,
When the night marches by, a-cloaked with the storm,
And its lantern of lightning swings.

OCTOBER

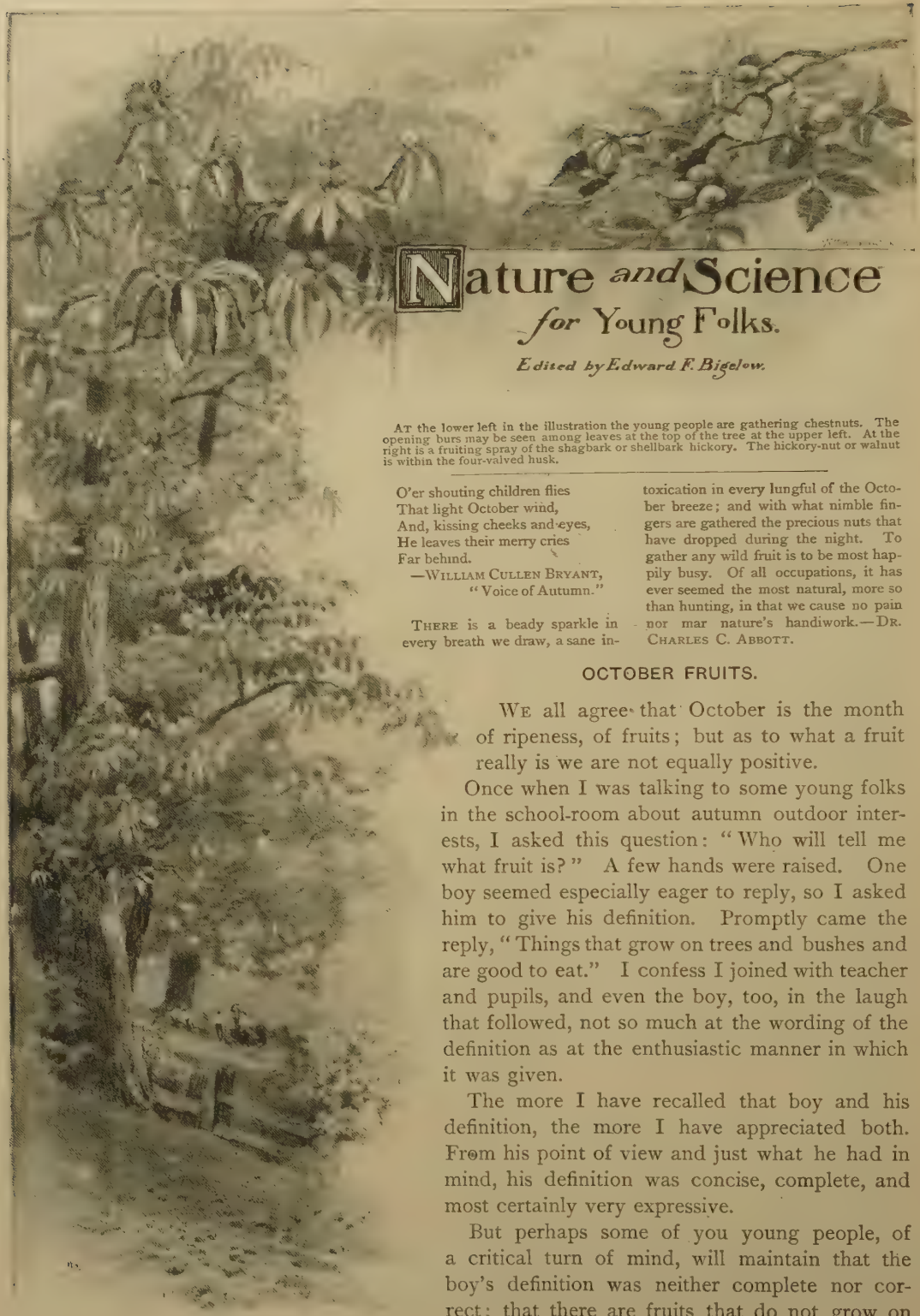
A NONSENSE CALENDAR.

By Carolyn Wells.

You would n't believe
On All Hallow Eve
What lots of fun we can make,
With apples to bob,
And nuts on the hob,
And a ring-and-thimble cake.

A paper boat
We will set afloat,
And on it write a name;
Then salt we 'll burn,
And our fortunes learn
From a flickering candle flame.

Tom said, "When it 's dark
We can strike a spark
From the fur of the big black cat."
But I said, "No!
'T would tease kitty so —
And I love her too much for that."



Nature and Science for Young Folks.

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

AT the lower left in the illustration the young people are gathering chestnuts. The opening burs may be seen among leaves at the top of the tree at the upper left. At the right is a fruiting spray of the shagbark or shellbark hickory. The hickory-nut or walnut is within the four-valved husk.

O'er shouting children flies
That light October wind,
And, kissing cheeks and eyes,
He leaves their merry cries
Far behind.
—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT,
"Voice of Autumn."

THERE is a beady sparkle in every breath we draw, a sane intoxication in every lungful of the October breeze; and with what nimble fingers are gathered the precious nuts that have dropped during the night. To gather any wild fruit is to be most happily busy. Of all occupations, it has ever seemed the most natural, more so than hunting, in that we cause no pain nor mar nature's handiwork.—DR. CHARLES C. ABBOTT.

OCTOBER FRUITS.

WE all agree that October is the month of ripeness, of fruits; but as to what a fruit really is we are not equally positive.

Once when I was talking to some young folks in the school-room about autumn outdoor interests, I asked this question: "Who will tell me what fruit is?" A few hands were raised. One boy seemed especially eager to reply, so I asked him to give his definition. Promptly came the reply, "Things that grow on trees and bushes and are good to eat." I confess I joined with teacher and pupils, and even the boy, too, in the laugh that followed, not so much at the wording of the definition as at the enthusiastic manner in which it was given.

The more I have recalled that boy and his definition, the more I have appreciated both. From his point of view and just what he had in mind, his definition was concise, complete, and most certainly very expressive.

But perhaps some of you young people, of a critical turn of mind, will maintain that the boy's definition was neither complete nor correct: that there are fruits that do not grow on

SHEAVES OF GRAIN PILED IN SHOCKS.
The cultivated fruitage of the fields.

Professor Bergen tells us:

It is not easy to make a short and simple definition of what botanists mean by the term fruit. It has very little to do with the popular use of the

WILD GRAPES.
An uncultivated edible fruitage of the fences. Three other fruitages of stone walls and rail fences are very conspicuous in October —the ornamental Virginia creeper, the clematis, and the poison-ivy.

trees or bushes, and that all fruits are not good to eat.

Well, if you will insist on taking a view of fruits wider than that which the boy had in mind, you probably will make it difficult for us to insist that the definition was just right. But we will get even with you. If you keep thinking and thinking of fruits that the boy did not have in mind, you will make it the more difficult for yourself to tell just what a fruit is. The more you advance from that boy's point of view, the more you know about plants and their products, the greater will be the difficulty.

Professor Coulter, a very learned botanist, says: "The term 'fruit' is a very indefinite one, so far as the structures it includes are concerned." He mentions as fruits such plant products as seeds of clematis, dandelion, wild carrot, burdock, nutmeg, maple seeds, etc. Not all of these are "good to eat!"

THE CHIPMUNK ON THE WALL ENJOYING THE FRUITAGE OF THE HAZEL-BUSHES.
The upper part shows the common hazel-nut and the lower part the beaked variety.

word. Botanically speaking, the bur, beggar's-ticks, the three-cornered grain of buckwheat, or such true grains as wheat and oats, are as much fruits as is an apple or a peach.

Then as to the edible parts. Do we eat the seeds or the parts around the seeds? Perhaps our boy, thinking only of the apple or pear, would at once claim the thing around the seeds. You, thinking a little wider, of the nuts, would say the seeds and not the thing (bur or husks) around them.

THE QUEER FRUITING SPRAY — A LEAFY CLUSTER — OF THE HORNBEAM.

Then, perhaps, some thoughtful girl might say, "There is one fruit that I like of which I eat neither the seeds nor the thing around it, but the thing that holds up the seeds." You see, she is thinking of the strawberry, of which the edible part is what the botanist would call "an enlarged pulpy receptacle," on the surface of which are the tiny seeds—the real fruit.

Then some one, trying to surpass all the rest, tries, conundrum-like, to make us guess a fruit of which "we eat not the seed, nor the thing around it, nor what holds it up." The wild grape seems to fit that definition, for the juice is the only part that tempts us.

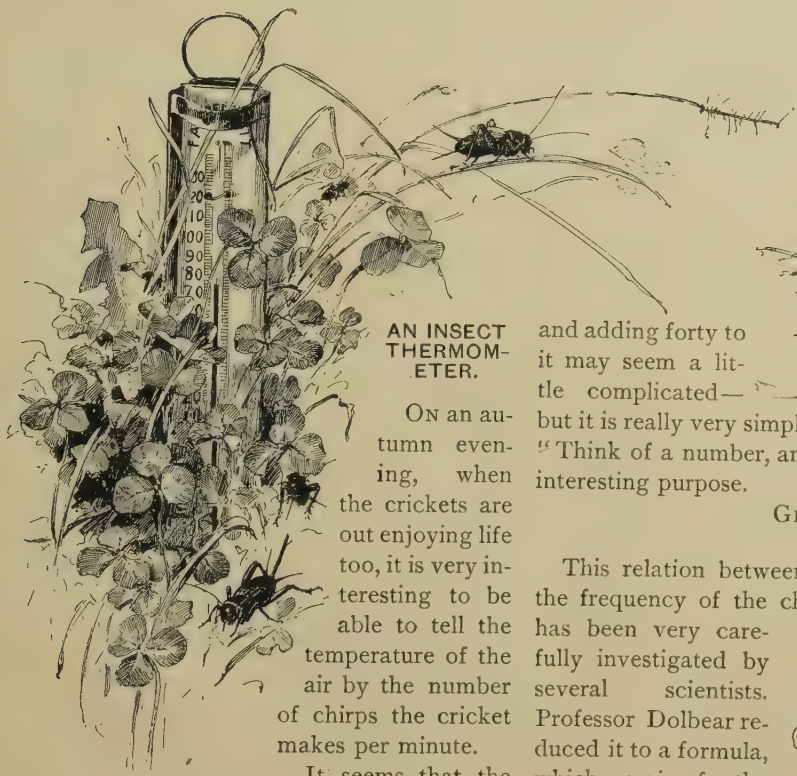
In this broad view of the word fruit—so extensive, as we have seen, that the botanist has difficulty in defining it—what a variety there is in uses, sizes, forms, and color! This variety, with the variegated colors of the foliage, in its ripeness and in its tintings by Jack Frost is, I suppose, what suggested to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher the name "the picture month."

Perhaps that boy, in his impulsiveness, defined better than he was aware of. Is not the fruitage of the year, to the naturalist, the things on the trees and other plant life that are good to "eat," with our mental as well as with our physical appetite? Certainly all is highly and deliciously seasoned with the October sunshine.

INTERESTING FRUITS OF THE MARSHES.

Cat-tails. Notice the beautiful down bursting out of the heads.

Fruiting of Jack-in-the-pulpit (Indian turnip). Cluster of scarlet berries on a slender stem.



AN INSECT THERMOMETER.

On an autumn evening, when the crickets are out enjoying life too, it is very interesting to be able to tell the temperature of the air by the number of chirps the cricket makes per minute.

It seems that the rate of chirps is affected by the temperature, and the exact relation of the temperature to the number of chirps has been estimated. With a little care in counting, one soon becomes expert enough to tell the temperature within one or two degrees Fahrenheit.

One meets with many discouragements at first as he tries hard to count every chirp: the cricket stops before the minute is up; other insects' notes drown out the cricket's; the noise of passing vehicles, etc., are very apt to interrupt at the critical moment of counting. But a little patience will easily overcome such difficulties.

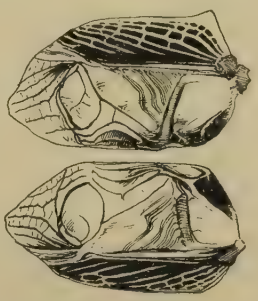
When one has the average number of chirps per minute, take one fourth of that number, and add forty to that; the result will be the temperature within a degree or two of the actual temperature as read from a thermometer hung out of doors.

Another experiment is to capture a cricket and take him into the house and see how much faster he chirps when he is warm.

To count the chirps per minute, taking one fourth of that number and adding forty to it may seem a little complicated— but it is really very simple, and is like the game, "Think of a number, and double it," put to an interesting purpose.

Gertrude Hastings.

This relation between the temperature and the frequency of the chirpings of the cricket has been very carefully investigated by several scientists. Professor Dolbear reduced it to a formula, which we give for the benefit of our older readers and those of the young folks who have a fondness for mathematics.



THE WINGS OF THE CRICKET.

He makes the "chirping" by rubbing one of these rough wings on the other.

Let $T =$ the temperature in degrees (Fahrenheit) of the thermometer; $N =$ number of chirps per minute. Then

$$T = 50 + \frac{N - 40}{4}$$

This would give 100 chirps for 65° F. That is, you substitute 65 in place of T and you will see that 100 must be substituted in place of N "to preserve the equation," as our algebra students would express it.

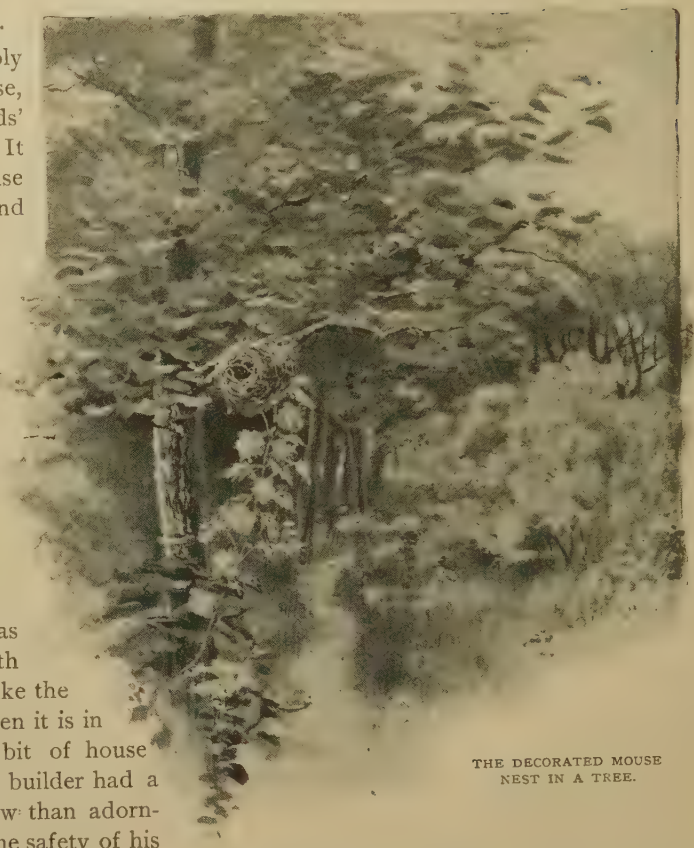
It will be observed that Miss Hastings has simplified this equation to its lowest terms

$$T = 40 + \tfrac{1}{4} N$$

to make it easier for our youngest readers.

A BIT OF HOUSE DECORATION.

The house was a nest, probably the nest of a white-footed mouse, for it often uses the deserted birds' nests in bushes and small trees. It was in this case woven by the mouse himself: a compact, long, round bag, a little like the Baltimore oriole's pocket nest, except that his is far more loosely woven. It was placed on one side in the fork of a small tree, about seven or eight feet from the ground, and the little round entrance was at one end, so that it was roofed all the way. It was September when I found it, and, no doubt, had been made for the second or third brood of mice.



THE DECORATED MOUSE NEST IN A TREE.

The remarkable thing about it was that at its closed end was fastened a long vine covered with gauzy leaves and looking very like the feathery tufts of the clematis when it is in seed. It looked like a novel bit of house decoration, but the clever little builder had a much more practical aim in view than adorning his dwelling, and that was the safety of his little ones. To any one approaching the nest from the rear, it looked for all the world like a vine climbing over the tree, and not a bit of the nest was visible. Of course, in front the bright-eyed little mother was always alert and watchful. I should like to have seen the building of the nest. The moss of feathery stuff was unbroken, and though it was light in weight, it was a large load for a mouse to carry. The white-footed mouse is rather an exception in liking tree nests. Most of the field-mice have little balls of grass, or burrows in the hay, or ground nests for their broods, and it is said that tree-sparrows sometimes take shelter during the cold winter nights in such places if they should chance to be deserted by the mice. So it is a fair exchange when the white-footed mouse finds a bird's nest to his mind and adapts it to his family needs. I wonder if it is a common thing to decorate or conceal it with vines and leaves after the fashion of my ingenious little householder?

THE WHITE-FOOTED MOUSE.

E. F. Mosby.

STUDYING BIRDS' NESTS.

The above account of the interesting manner in which a mouse decorated its nest suggests the careful examination of birds' nests, to note their decorations, structures, and methods of concealment.

October and November are the best months for studying nests. They may even be collected now without injury to parent birds or young.

A bird's nest. Mark it well within, without.
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join—his beak was all.
And yet how neatly finish'd! What nice hand,
With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another?—Hurdis.

"BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW"

St. Nicholas
Union Square,
New York.

TINY BITS OF LIFE THAT GIVE LIGHT.

HAMPTON, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I was walking on the beach one summer evening I noticed a little phosphorescent light moving on the sand. It moved in feeble hops and I caught it easily. When it was in the light it looked like a common sand-shrimp, though only about an eighth of an inch long. It was a sort of transparent bluish-white color with tiny black eyes. But in the dark it was luminous. Do all shrimps shine this way? Can you tell the ST. NICHOLAS readers more about this strange insect?

THE BEACH-FLEA.

ELIZABETH FULLER (age 14).

The specimen you send is the beach-flea (*Orchestia agilis*). It was infected by tiny light-giving bacteria. Other larger crustacea, even lobsters, are sometimes so infected, and in all such cases are eventually killed by the bacteria.

EVEN A FISH MAY HAVE PARASITES.

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received some fish and tadpoles for my aquarium. After about a week some of the fish died. I wondered what was killing them, and upon the body (near the tail) of the last one that died I found a strange water-creature. It was small, round, flat, greenish, six-legged, and almost transparent. It had two minute eyes and a forked tail. I found four on the tail of one of my tadpoles and two on the tail of another. I will inclose two and a rude drawing. Will you please let me know what they are and if they were killing my fish?

Yours truly,
JOHN HOLLOWELL PARKER.

The specimens you sent were badly crushed in the letter, but from your drawing I judge them to be one of the many forms of fish-lice, a species of *Argulus*. They are not killing nor injuring the fish, but were there probably because the fish were sick and getting weak. The lice are not supposed to have any direct action on the health of the fish.

"LIKE A COLONY OF LAMP-SHADES."

"THE CASTLE,"
TARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON,
N. Y.

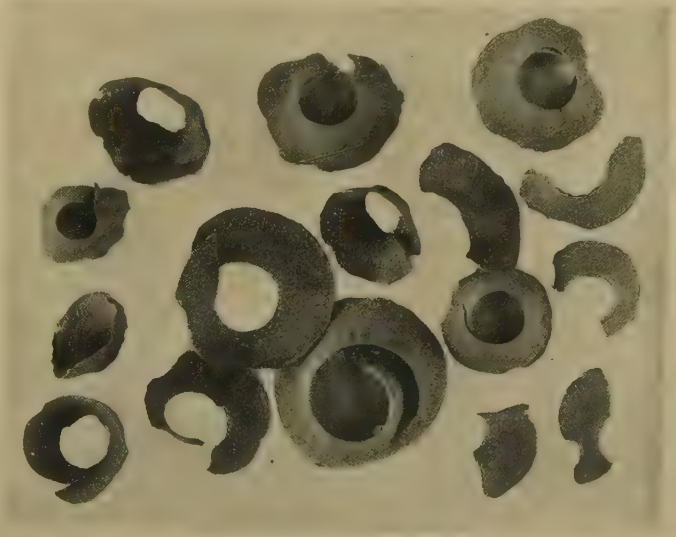
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This last summer a friend of mine found some queer sand formations below low-water mark at Indian Harbor, Maine. She was out in a boat when her attention was called to these queer things under the water. There were a great many of them, looking like a colony of lamp-shades. They are just the shape of a lamp-shade, but instead of having the two ends joined together and being like one whole piece, the ends overlap each other. They are very thin and easily broken, and are made of common gray sand. When you hold them up to the light you can see that they are full of tiny holes. They are not rough, but perfectly smooth on both sides. I will send you some by this mail. Can you tell me what they are and how they are made?

Your young friend,
DOROTHY A. BALDWIN (age 14).

THE MICROSCOPIC ANIMAL THAT ATTACHES ITSELF TO YOUR FISH.

Drawing from your specimen by Dr. Alfred C. Stokes.

These are the queer egg-cases of the snail *Polynices heros* (sometimes called *Lunatia* or *Natica heros*). This small snail glues together particles of sand in a thin sheet, curved so that the ends come nearly together or overlap.



"LIKE A COLONY OF LAMP-SHADES."
(The egg-cases of a snail.)

In this gelatinous substance the eggs are deposited in regular order. It is these transparent eggs, or egg-places, in the sheet that you describe as "tiny holes." Your description of the appearance of a mass of the cases is very fitting—"like a colony of lamp-shades." Mrs. Arnold, in "The Sea-beach at Ebb-tide," tells us that they have "the form of a basin with the bottom knocked out and broken on one side."

THE SHELL OF POLYNICES HEROS.

Boys especially will agree with Ernest Ingersoll that this "glue-like mass covered with sand-grains has much the shape of a 'stand-up' collar," and we will all agree that it is "one of the curiosities of the beach."

QUEER EGGS AND WHAT THEY CONTAINED.

Hopkinsville, Ky.

Dear St. Nicholas: Will you please tell us whether these are eggs on this twig, or what they are? We found them in the woods, on a post-oak sapling, and imdiately decided to "write to St. Nicholas about it." We think it is so nice to be able to find out what such things are. Your very interested readers,

Mary S. Whitaker,
Daniel W. Perry.

This is an egg cluster of the wheel-bug, a member of the family of insects known as the assassin-bugs (*Reduviidæ*). The eggs are especially queer, and I do not wonder that you wanted to know what they are. Professor Howard, in his "Insect Book," states:

The eggs of nearly all reduviids are of very strange appearance, and are frequently distinguished by some form of protective resemblance.

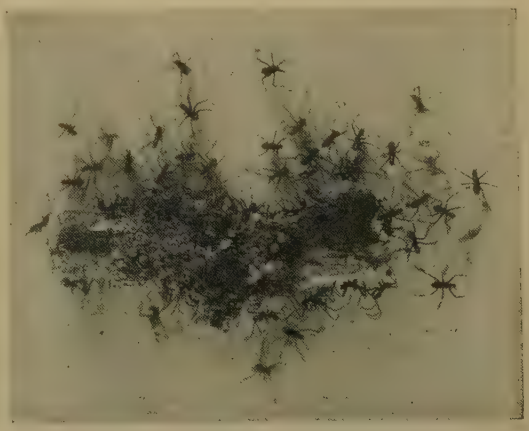
The eggs of the wheel-bug look like miniature leather bottles standing on end and in hexagonal clusters, seventy or more in a group, and attached to the bark of trees, on fence-rails, or wherever the female

THE EGGS ON THE STICK.

chances to be. In this stage the insect passes the winter. In the late spring the cap of the bottle is pushed off and the young bug emerges. The young insect has a blood-red abdomen and its thorax is marked with black. In walking it frequently elevates the abdomen, curving it over forward. It feeds upon soft-bodied insects, its attacks, while young, being confined mainly to such weak, delicate species as plant-lice. As they grow larger they attack larger insects, and when full-grown destroy large caterpillars.

I photographed, late in the afternoon, the specimen you sent. Fearing that the light was not good enough for a sharp photograph, I left the specimen overnight. Fortunately I had obtained a fairly good negative from that exposure, for the next morning when I went to the laboratory I found the "whole thing alive," as my little daughter expressed it. Without in any way disturbing the specimen, I took another photograph from the same spot.

This second photograph shows the little insects that, like "jacks-in-the-box," had pushed off the "caps" of the little "bottles" and crawled out. As the caps spring back, the empty eggs look about the same as they did before the insects came out.



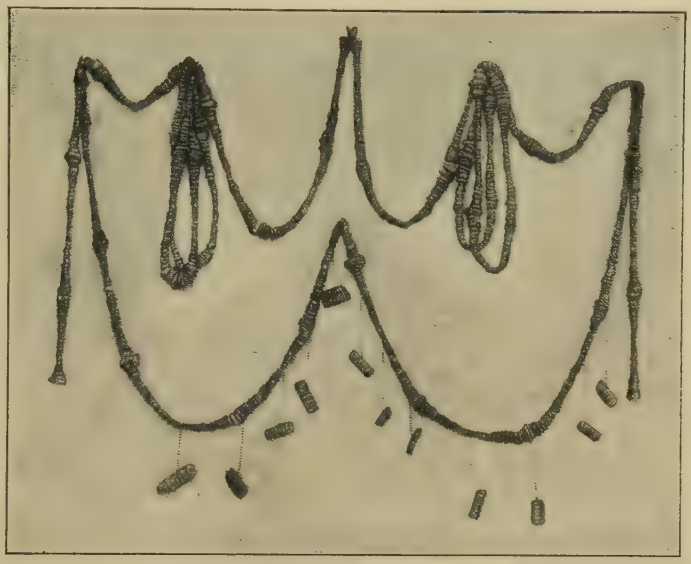
"NEXT MORNING I FOUND THE 'WHOLE THING ALIVE.'"

STONE-LILY OR CRINOIDS.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Where we spent last summer, at South Haven, Michigan, we found washed up by the waves a little round stone that is called "lucky-stone" by everybody up there. When we looked it up we found that they were named "fairy-stones," but most often called "St. Cuthbert's beads," and were used a great deal for rosaries. They were called St. Cuthbert's beads from a myth that the old English monk used to sit on a rock in the Holy Isle by moonlight, and forge the stones, using another rock as a forge. But we found that they were really sections of the stone-lily, or crinoid. One year I strung two thousand of them, and they looked like an old Indian necklace. I inclose a few of the disks, also what we call "double luckies," or pieces of the stem in the form in which they grew. Yours truly,

HELEN E. JACOBY (age 13).



A NECKLACE OF "ST. CUTHBERT'S BEADS."
Photograph sent by the writer of the accompanying letter.

Crinoids are now rare, and to obtain a living specimen is a great treat to naturalists.

"LUCKY STONES."
Portions of the stems of fossil crinoids. From specimens sent by the writer of the accompanying letter.

Several years ago Lieutenant-Commander C. D. Sigsbee, who later was captain of the "Maine" when she was destroyed in the harbor of Havana, was in command of a vessel engaged in scientific work near Cuba. He describes collecting living crinoids as follows:

About one and a half miles east from the entrance to Havana harbor, and at the third haul with a dredge, in 177 fathoms (about 1000 feet), up came six beautiful "sea-lilies." Some of them came up on the tangle attached to the dredge and some on the dredge itself. They were as brittle as glass. The heads soon curled over and showed a decided disposition to drop off. At a haul made soon after we got more, and being afraid to put so many of them in the tank together, I tried to delude the animals into the idea that they were in their native temperatures by putting them into ice-water. This worked well, although some of them became exasperated and shed some of their arms. They lived in the ice-water for two hours, until I transferred them to tanks. They moved their arms one at a time. Some of the "lilies" were white, some purple, some yellow; the last was the color of the smaller and more delicate ones.

FOSSIL CRINOIDS AS THEY OCCUR IN THE ROCKS.
Photograph supplied by S. Ward Loper, curator Wesleyan Museum, Middletown, Conn., collected at Crawfordsville, Ind.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

IN APPLE-TIME.

(*Gold Badge.*)

LONG shadows lie across the lea,
And in the western sky afar
There hangs a single lovely star,
The promise of the night to be.

The cool wind stirs among the trees,
And deeper in the darkening wood
The birds pour out a silvery flood
Of clear and joyous melodies.

And in the twilight stillness here,
And in low-laden trees we read
The full fruition of the seed,
The fulfilled promise of the year.

Josephine Potter Davis (age 15).

"FROM LIFE." BY E. GRACE HANKS, AGE 16. (CASH PRIZE.)

"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY ELIZABETH OTIS, AGE 15. (A FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

JO MARCH, John Halifax, Leatherstocking, Maggie Tulliver, all of Dickens's boys and girls, Alice in Wonderland, and a full score of others: these are the "favorite characters in fiction" that the young prose-writers of the League have chosen, to champion and to praise. Never have there been more earnest or better contributions than those received in this competition. Never has it been harder to judge which of all the many good things that came could be printed in the narrow space allowed for the League. Hard as it was, sometimes, for the young authors to decide on their favorites, it was harder still for the editor to decide on their contributions. We shall be obliged to have another competition on this subject, for never have our young people written with more spirit than they have in telling of their favorite heroes and heroines that their favorite authors have made so real.

If we had been asking for a vote, as well as for contributions, then Jo March of "Little Women" must have won. What a place Miss Alcott has made for herself in the hearts of her readers! And Jo, of all her characters, is most widely known, most fondly adored. "Dear Jo March!" "Dear old Jo!" — thus is she addressed by those who write of and to her. And the admirers of Jo outnumbered those of any other more than two to one. Carol Bird had admirers, too, and Lorna Doone, and Ivanhoe, while of the later books "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" had most supporters. Patient, cheerful Mrs. Wiggs! Time will not dim the luster of her happy philosophy nor scatter the laurels she has won. She has become one of the dream people who are more real than many who live and move about us — one of those who make us remember William Blake's words: "The world of imagination is the world of eternity." Oh, it is a wonderful country where they dwell! A land of wide landscapes, broad oceans, of narrow city streets. There do they sorrow and make merry as the years pass; there, indeed, do they endure forever, — always within our reach, always ready to entertain and to comfort, — our favorite characters in fiction!

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 46.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Josephine Potter Davis** (age 15), 67 Pembroke St., Toronto, Canada, and **Marie Margaret Kirkwood** (age 15), Box 202, "Durantwald," Nottingham, Ohio.

Silver badges, **Kate Huntington Tiemann** (age 15), 211 Berkeley Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Philip Stark** (age 13), Sawkill, Pike Co., Pa.

Prose. Gold badges, **Jessie E. Wilcox** (age 16), 296 Clermont Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Anne L. Parrish** (age 14), Colorado Springs, Col.

Silver badges, **Dorothy Nicoll** (age 13), Babylon, L. I., N. Y., **Ruth Bamberger** (age 12), 104 Chadwick Ave., Newark, N. J., and **Helen J. Beshgetour** (age 9), Allegany, Catt. Co., N. Y.

Drawings. Cash prize, **E. Grace Hanks** (age 16), 651 Palisade Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

Gold badge, **Elise Donaldson** (age 15), cor. 14th and State Sts., Flushing, L. I., N. Y.

Silver badge, **Frances Varrell** (age 11), 6 Austin St., Portsmouth, N. H.

Photography. Gold badge, **Ada Harriet Case** (age 16), 398 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Bernard A. Cromwell** (age 12), Topsham, Me., **Cora Edith Wellman** (age 11), "Woodside Hall," Cooperstown, N. Y., and **John Mitchell** (age 7), Box 117, Manchester, Mass.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Young Long-eared Owl," **Arthur Davenport Fuller** (age 13), 80 Court St., Exeter, N. H.

Second prize, "Young Butcher-bird," **Dunton Hamlin** (age 14), Box 82, Orono, Me.

Third prize, "Young Herons," **J. Foster Hickman** (age 15), West Chester, Chester Co., Pa. R. F. D. No. 8.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Marjorie Fay** (age 15), 52 Marlboro St., Wollaston, Mass., and **H. A. Bunker, Jr.** (age 14), 158 Sixth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Thurston Brown** (age 14), Middleburg, Va., and **Leonard Barrett** (age 12), Claremont, N. H.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Harold M. Sawyer** (age 12), 416 Chemung St., Waverly, N. Y., and **Olga Lee** (age 16), 27 Manhattan Ave., N. Y. City.

Silver badges, **Elsie Turner** (age 15), 217 Delaware Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., and **Rosalie Aylett Sampson** (age 16), Box 375, Shelbyville, Ky.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of St. Nicholas readers for the encouragement of literary and artistic taste and of mental ingenuity.

The membership badge and instruction leaflet will be sent free on application.

"FROM LIFE." BY ELISE DONALDSON, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN FICTION.

BY JESSIE E. WILCOX (AGE 16).

(*Gold Badge.*)

DEAR Jo March! Noblest and naughtiest of the four "Little Women." You were not patient like Beth, nor good like Meg. You were more like Amy, but you did n't have any of her little airs. You were just brave, honest, outspoken Jo! How I have loved and admired you! Many are the times my thoughts have wandered to the cottage where the happy little group, with "Marmee" in the center, played such an important part in the life of the shy, fascinating boy Laurie. You were the first of the group, Jo, to brighten Laurie's tedious life.

I have laughed heartily over the writings by the members of the "Pickwick Club," and enjoyed immensely the contributions of "Augustus Snodgrass."

You always made the best of things, Jo, in your happy-go-lucky way. One could not feel sorry for you when you found that you had no suitable dress for the party, but laughed with you in your efforts to patch up the much dilapidated gown.

I never was so happy as when you married the kind-hearted German professor.

I still loved you when you had all your "Little Men" to love you and look to you for comfort.

You had left the home of your girlhood, and still I held the memory of the picturesque little cottage, shaded by apple-trees, in my heart.

I longed to see with my own eyes the home where the four dear girls spent so many happy years.

At last my dreams were realized. I went to Concord, and was happy in the thought that the cottage was before my eyes, and that I was sitting on the very porch where, for so many evenings, Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy had sat.

But you were not there, Jo. I saw your peaceful

resting-place in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. When I came away, I loved and revered you in a new way. Since then, to me, Jo March has been the noble-minded, admirable woman.

The mischievous, fun-loving Jo is a person of the past.

Illustrated Poem.

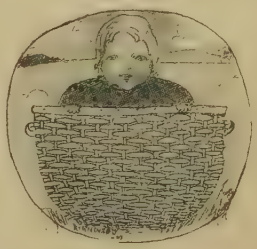
BY MARIE MARGARET KIRKWOOD (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)

How pleasant is the level meadow; the tender grass just springing up;
The violet hiding in the shadow; what wealth is in the buttercup!
All rose and white the tent above us that playful sprites do gaily fling;
Fantastic shapes of blue gleam through it—the orchard's fair when it is spring.

Oh, tell me, which one hath most beauty, the blossom pink or apple gold,
The little child so young and guileless, the kindly man now growing old,
The promise of the coming harvest supporting us in work and pain,
The coming of the grand fulfilment that shows our labor not in vain?

And autumn, too, contains its promise; 't is better, greater, and more kind:
Another spring beyond the winter, a calm across the raging wind;
A land whose gates no sorrow enters; a place that turmoil ne'er shall break;
A flowery lane without a turning; a dream from which we ne'er shall wake.



APPLE-TIME. (SEE POEM.)

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN FICTION.

BY DOROTHY NICOLL (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

Among the characters in the many books of fiction which have been written, my favorite is the hero in one of Sir Walter Scott's famous Waverley Novels. He is a character who seems to me one of the bravest, most chivalrous men who have ever figured in fiction—Wilfred, knight of Ivanhoe.

Of course he was not perfect; but Ivanhoe's merits, I think, outbalanced whatever faults he had.

He was certainly brave. Few men would have faced Brian de Bois-Guilbert in single combat, as he did. Yet, though scarce twenty-five, my hero unhorsed the proud Templar, who, as one of the spectators of the tournament remarked, "rolled thrice over, grasping his hands full of sand at every turn."

Certainly no one could say that Ivanhoe was not chivalrous. He was not ashamed to fight for a Jewess, though he himself was a good Catholic. A meaner man might have ungratefully ignored Rebecca in her trouble, but Ivanhoe remembered how she had healed his wounds, and, despite the prejudices against her race, fought for what he believed to be right—and won.

Ivanhoe's loyalty to his rightful king was one of his best characteristics. While Prince John and his colleagues—among whom were some of England's champion knights—endeavored to gain control of the government, many brave men remained true to King Richard. Ivanhoe is depicted as one of these, and as a great favorite of Cœur-de-Lion.

As Sir Walter Scott has shown this hero of fiction, he was a knight who, had he really lived, might have aided Richard Lion-heart greatly. I almost think, as I read of him, that he did live—brave, chivalrous, true to what he believed to be right, loyal to king and country.

BY FRANCES VARRELL, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

APPLE-TIME.

BY PHILIP STARK (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

I HEAR the blackbirds singing,
I hear the south wind sigh,
I hear the merry laughter
That comes from branches high.

The apple-trees are laden
With crimson and with gold:
Each bough with fruit is bending—
As much as it can hold.

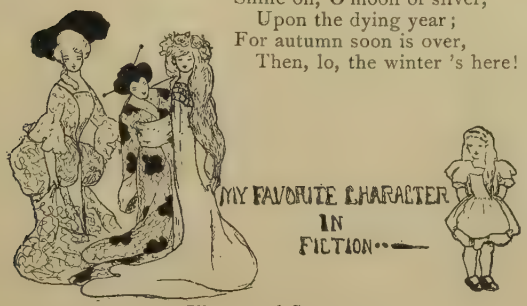
The sun is brightly setting;
Its rays of sifting light
Are falling on the orchards,
And softly comes the night.

The quails now are piping,
Now calls the whip-poor-will;
The harvest moon is rising
From over yonder hill.

Its glowing light envelops
The sleeping world below,
And casts a dark'ning shadow
That wavers to and fro.

Shine on, O moon of silver,
Upon the dying year;
For autumn soon is over,
Then, lo, the winter 's here!

"SUMMER-TIME." BY ADA HARRIET CASE, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)



Illustrated Story.

BY ANNE L. PARRISH (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

I PUT down my pencil with a sigh, and read what I had just written.

"My favorite character in fiction is Alice in Wonderland."

Then I crossed the words out, and sighed again. The fifth bad beginning in as many minutes! The task seemed hopeless.

I was just about to give up, when, to my great surprise, I heard a voice behind me.

"I heard you thinking about me, so I came to help you."

I spun around, and saw her there—Alice! The Alice of my dreams!

She stood in the open doorway, with the sunlight streaming over her, in her blue frock and little white pinafore, just as she had come to me so many times before when I had been sick or unhappy, laughing and dimpling at me, and whispering her stories in my ear, until I had laughed with her.

"Are you really going to write about *me?*" she asked. "There are a lot who thought you would choose *them*—Undine, and Ivanhoe, and Tom, out of the 'Water Babies,' you know, and—oh, lots! And since you have n't, they feel a bit cross."

"Of course I chose you," I said. "But the trouble is, I don't know what to say about you."

"I can't stay but a minute," said Alice. "I 'll help you all I can, though I 'm afraid my adventures are all in the book, are n't they?" she added regretfully.

"Yes," I said. "*Everything* 's in the book, it seems to me. But I don't think ST. NICHOLAS wants a story, anyway. It ought to be more of an essay, you know—all about your character and your looks. What shall I say?"

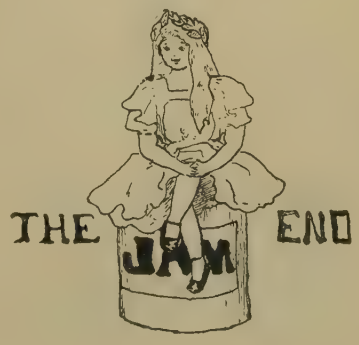
"You might say that I like plum jam better than strawberry, and anything better than lessons. There 's my character. As for my looks, my hair does n't curl—"

"And your eyes are dreamy and blue, and your cheeks are pink, and your mouth is laughing, and you are perfectly dear!"

"Oh!" laughed Alice. "You 're not a bit like the Caterpillar or the Queen. But I must be going. Good-by. Oh, yes! you can put in that Dinah is very well, thank you. Write the story, won't you?"

"I 'll try," I called after her.

And I have.



APPLE-TIME.

BY WYNONAH BREAZEALE (AGE 15).

(*A Former Prize-winner.*)

We ist *loves* to go to gran'ma's,
Apple-time,
When the trees ist loaded *awful*,
An' we climb,

'N get ist *all* the beauties,
Eve'y one;
Up 'fore day to help 'em gather—
Awful fun!

Gre't big Baldwins, yaller Midas,
Sour crabs.
'Nen when we see *extry* beauties,
We ist grabs!

Apple-pie, 'n' apple-dumplin's,
Cider, too!
'Nen we have to have a doctor
'Fore we 're through.

We ist *loves* to go to gran'ma's,
An' to climb
When the trees ist *awful* loaded,
Apple-time.

"SUMMER-TIME." BY BERNARD H. CROMWELL, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

"SUMMER-TIME." BY CORA EDITH WELLMAN, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN FICTION.

BY HELEN J. BESHGETOUR (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge.*)

Helen sat by the window looking disconsolately at the rain.

"Oh, dear, what shall I do?" she said. "I 'm so lonesome. I 've read my St. Nicholas all through, and if I knew what my favorite character in fiction was I would write a story for October."

Then she looked out of the window for a long time, watching the rain.

Suddenly a strange-looking object appeared in the sky. It came nearer and nearer until it stopped right before her window, and Helen discovered it was a funny old woman riding on a broomstick and drawn by a large white goose. This old woman wore a red dress with a white peaked cap.

"Oh, who are you?" cried Helen.

"I am your favorite character in fiction. Can't you guess my name?"

"You look like the pictures of Old Mother Goose I 've seen," said Helen.

"That 's right! Now I will sing you some of your favorite rhymes."

Here followed "Tommy Tucker," "Little Boy Blue," "Pussy, Pussy, with a white foot," and

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall."

"My, what a crash the fall made!" And Helen woke up, finding it was a great peal of thunder.

"SUMMER-TIME." BY JOHN MITCHELL, AGE 7. (SILVER BADGE.)

"YOUNG LONG-EARED OWL." BY ARTHUR DAVENPORT FULLER, AGE 13.
(FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN FICTION.

BY RUTH BAMBERGER (AGE 12).

(*Silver Badge.*)

POOR little Nell! Her I choose as my favorite character. So brave, so patient, so forgiving! Such a character one can read over and over without getting tired of.

How many children her age would have forgiven and cared for a man so deep in vice and misery? Though only a beggar, how beautiful was her character! And no one but Dickens could have ever depicted a life so beautiful as little Nell's. Even when she knew her grandfather had robbed the show-woman, not a word of reproach escaped from her lips.

How patient she was! How she trudged, barefoot, through the cold, wet streets of London, only thinking of the safety of her grandfather!

At her death, who would have thought that a lonely orphan had so many friends as followed her humble coffin to her last resting-place!

Children, tired mothers, and hard-working fathers all came to bid their last farewells to the little spirit of love and patience.

Such is the character I admire, and may I be more like her every day.

APPLE-TIME.

BY NANNIE C. BARR (AGE 12).

HEAR the noise and din and clatter;
It 's apple-time!
What do school and lessons matter
At apple-time?
Pippins yellow, Baldwins red,
Aikens, wine-saps all outspread
On a leafy, grassy bed;
For it 's jolly apple-time!

How they shower! How they scatter!
It 's apple-time!
Hear the laughter and the chatter
At apple-time!
Hear the children's gleeful shout
As the apples fall about;
Gone is frown and banished pout
At the happy apple-time.

"YOUNG BUTCHER-BIRD." BY DUNTON HAMLIN, AGE 14.
(SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

"YOUNG HERONS." BY J. FOSTER HICKMAN, AGE 15.
(THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

APPLE-TIME.

BY HAROLD R. NORRIS (AGE 10).

(*A Former Prize-winner.*)

WHEN orchards red and yellow bloom,
With flowers sweet and fair,
The farmers, and the children too,
Are nearly always there.

The farmers have their baskets large,
The juicy fruit to hold,
While children pick the apples up,
Of red and green and gold.

"SUMMER-TIME." BY MILDRED C. JONES, AGE 14.

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN FICTION.

BY BESSIE BUNZEL (AGE 12).

FLORENCE DOMBEY, in "Dombey and Son," is my favorite character in fiction. I know of no one who is so gentle, kind, beautiful, and forgiving. It is clearly shown in her going back and asking her father to forgive her, after the way in which he treated her.

Though Paul Dombey was such a dear boy, her father should not have slighted Florence.

Florence sat up at night studying so she could help Paul in his lessons. And when he was sick how patient she was! Never leaving him, and gratifying every wish.

She always had a great love and respect for her father.

When he brought home Edith as his wife, Florence was chiefly glad because she thought her new mother would show her how to gain her father's affection.

When her father said Susan Nipper must leave, she did not ask her stepmother if Susan could stay, because she feared this would give rise to some further estrangement between herself and her father.

When her father finally drove her from his house, she was not angry at him, but at herself, saying she should have been more patient.

I think that Florence heartily deserved all the happiness she got in after life.

"SUMMER-TIME." BY GRACE MORGAN JARVIS, AGE 17.

APPLE-TIME.

BY ELISE R. RUSSELL (AGE 10).

APPLES red, green, and yellow
Hanging from the trees,
Often dropping down for you
In the summer breeze.

The trees against the blue background
Make a very pretty sight;
A darker background in the eve,
And darker still at night.

Then pick your red ripe apples;
Your apples nice and sweet.
They give us a lot of pleasure,
And they are good to eat.

THEIR FAVORITE CHARACTERS IN FICTION.

BY DOROTHY FELT (AGE 13).

IT was a mellow October day. Leaves of all shades of yellow, red, and orange covered the ground.

A party of five happy children entered the woods to gather nuts.

"Is n't this fine?" said the oldest girl of the five. "Oh, there are some nuts!"

A pleasant morning was spent in the woods, and as the sun grew warm at noon the children ate their lunch.

After they had all "eaten until we can't eat any more," as one of the boys said, they decided to rest before going home.

They all sat down in a circle, and Margret, the oldest girl, asked: "Who is your favorite character in fiction, and then let us tell why we think so."

"Meg, in 'Little Women,' is my favorite; she is so real and good," said one little girl.

"Oh, Beth is mine; she was so loving and sweet," said Margret's sister.

"Balser, in 'Blue River Bear Stories,' is mine; he could kill so many bears," added ten-year-old Johnny.

"My favorite is the truthful Leatherstocking, who was as much of a friend to an Indian as to a white man!" exclaimed the oldest boy, Rob.

"Now, who is yours?" asked the children, turning to Margret.

"Mine is Mrs. Wiggs," she answered; "and you all know why." Margret had been trying to be like her ever since she read the book.

"She was so cheerful and thankful; even when the house burned and the pig was killed, she was 'glad it was not the baby,'" continued Margret.

"But Leatherstocking could shoot so well, and was so devoted to Uncas and the Big Serpent," said Rob.

A discussion might have followed, but just then several raindrops fell upon the children and warned them to start for home.

The clouds had gathered unnoticed by the five; but they now started for home with their bags of nuts.

As they reached the house the rain fell and the storm commenced.

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN FICTION.

BY SALLY N. CATLETT (AGE 13).

I THINK Sydney Carton must be my favorite character in fiction. Until I read the "Tale of Two Cities" I had many favorites; but I believe now I like Carton best of all.

When I think of the grand deed he did, and what it must have cost him, tears come to my eyes.

Everybody thought he was very lazy and selfish, and nobody liked him, but they could not know. He first gave up the woman he loved to another man, and then saved that man's life at the cost of his own. Oh, think what it must have meant to do this, and how he must have suffered!

It was a glorious and heroic act, and much the more so because no one knew of his intention. How grand it must be to do such things without any one's knowledge until it is all over!

"FROM LIFE." BY RUTH FELT, AGE 15.

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN HISTORY.

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM, BORN 1324.

BY ELSA CLARK (AGE 8).

HIS father was a poor farmer, but his mother was related to educated people, and from her he had his gentle manners and noble ideas. Sir Nicholas Uvedale sent him to school in Winchester, where he often went to pray in the cathedral. He worked so well that he became Uvedale's secretary, and, traveling with him, saw many beautiful buildings. The love of them made him long to be an architect, and he often drew plans for himself. Some were shown to Edward III, who was wanting designs to rebuild Windsor Castle. He asked Wykeham to draw plans, and was so pleased with them that he commanded him to build the castle like them. It is just the same now; I saw it last year. Wykeham became a clergyman, and was made Bishop of Winchester; but he never grew proud: his manners were always as nice to the poor as to the rich. When his coat of arms as bishop was made he chose the simple motto, "Manners makyth man." He was now rich, and he designed and built for the good of others New College Oxford and the fine Winchester College, with its beautiful little chapel. He was made lord chancellor, but was not suited for the work, and, when it was taken away, instead of being jealous, was kind and respectful to his successor. In Richard II's reign he was chancellor again. When over seventy years old he began to alter and beautify his cathedral, and left it nearly as it is now; but he could not quite finish it. He died in 1404, and was buried in the lovely little chantry chapel he built in the cathedral, on the place where he loved to pray when a boy. He was a wonderful architect, a good man, clever in all kinds of business, a great lover of learning, a writer of history, and a trusted friend of the Black Prince.

"SUMMER-TIME." BY HANNAH P. WRIGHT, AGE 15.

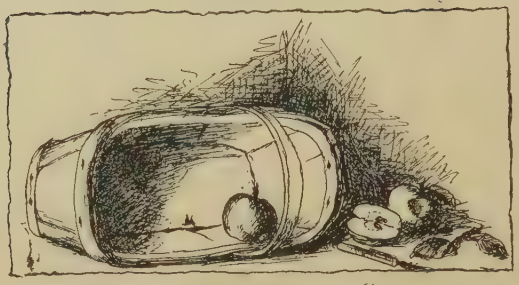
MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN HISTORY.

BY CHESTER TAPLEY SWINERTON (AGE 8).

IN the spring of the year 1775, in the little village of Danvers, lived Amos Tapley. The house that he lived in is situated on a hill, and there is a beautiful view even from the low piazza. Although not yet thirty, he had married and had a child. One day, as he was plowing in his field, a neighbor came hurrying up with the news of Paul Revere's warning. After he had listened to the story, he went up to the house and kissed his wife and child good-by. He went back to the field, took his horse from the plow, and rode off to his father's house to tell him the news. Then they both (father and son) galloped away to Lexington to join the brave army that was going to help defend their country. At the celebrated battle of Lexington he was a sergeant, and at the end of the war he was a first lieutenant. There are many reasons why Amos Tapley is my favorite character in history: he fought in the first battle of the Revolution; the house where I go every summer is next to the one he lived in; I have picked daisies perhaps in the very place where his plow stood; I have picked blueberries in his pasture; I am named after his family; and last, but not least, he was my great-great-grandfather.

APPLE-TIME.

Illustrated Poem.



BY H. DE VEER (AGE 16).

'T is nature sends fair autumn round
To tint the leaves upon the ground,
To change the fields to seas of gold
And paint her path with colors bold.

The apples with their ruddy glow,
Are bending down to let us know
That apple-time has come once more,
When nature renders us her store

IN THE MEADOW.

BY DOROTHY CORT (AGE 13).

In the verdant meadow,
Laughing all the day,
Winds the sparkling streamlet
On its endless way.

Round its brink the grasses
Slender forms do bend;
To the air the flowers
Sweetest fragrance lend.

Buttercups and daisies
Everywhere are seen;
All is joy and sunshine
In this meadow green.

LETTERS.

BURTON, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you might like to hear from me, as I come from far-away China, and I do not imagine you have many readers from so distant a place. Though "born and bred" in old China, I am by no means a Chinese, but am true English blood through and through. My parents are missionaries of the English Baptist Board, in Ching Chou Fu, Shang Tung, China. I was born there, and have lived there eight years altogether, though not successively. I have traveled to England, been through the greater part of Europe, and in Egypt, Africa, Ceylon, Siam, Japan, and the United States and Canada. I cannot remember all those places, as I was very young when I went. I have been right around the world, except crossing the Atlantic. It has only been three years since I left China the last time, and so I can remember it very well. Though it is a greatly crowded and very dirty country, I love it because of the associations I have there. The Chinese people, though very queer to strangers, are lovable and interesting when you know them. I have a Chinese friend who often writes to me. I can read and write the Chinese characters pretty well, and can speak the language as well as they can. My parents and a baby sister are in China now. I am living in a missionary children's home, in Burton, Wash. I was sent here so I could get a good education. There is a good college here. I like the place very much; they are all very kind to us. My brother Norman, aged twelve, is here with me, and we get very homesick for our parents sometimes; though it is lovely here.

I am very interested in reading the ST. NICHOLAS, and have recently written to join the League. I hope *some* day to win a prize for prose work. I am very ambitious along that line. I am just fifteen years old.

Your faithful reader,
N. CRANDFIELD MEDHURST.

CABBÉ ROQUEBRUNE, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received the silver badge this morning, and thank you very much for sending it. I think it very pretty. Mama is writing to you also to thank you.

We have some very strange flowers and plants here. Would you like me to send some specimens for Nature and Science?

It is really warm here, but we are so used to it being warmer, we think it cold. When the sun is out the sea is warm and very nice to swim in, but when the sun is hidden it is very cold.

On Friday, January 2, we went a journey to Castillon, a little village up on top of a mountain. The road up to Castillon is winding and very pretty, far down below us the valley of the Carei, with the Carei a winding strip of blue running through it, while at intervals waterfalls make whirling patches of foam in the rippling water. In comparison with Mentone, Castillon was very cold; we passed through a tunnel (from the roof of which icicles hung, and ice crunched underfoot) to see the Alps better. It was a magnificent sight. The great snow-capped mountain-peaks, glittering in the sunshine, stood clearly defined against the gray-blue sky.

Hoping you will live forever, I remain your devoted and interested reader,
FREDA M. HARRISON (age 12).

24 ST. MARY STREET,
SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thank you very much for my League certificate and button.

Wild flowers interest me so much that last year I entered a competition for children under ten for a small collection of British wild flowers, named and described in English and botanical terms. Professor Hulme, F.L.S., F.S.A., was the judge, and he sent me a certificate with 96 per cent. of the marks and the third prize in Great Britain. We were so much astonished, because I am only eight, and because the summer was so wet all over England that the flowers were not so fine as usual. Besides, we live in town, and we can't go far enough out to get flowers when it is wet.

I wonder if there is any American League member, boy or girl, who would like this summer to change with me twelve American specimens in return for twelve English ones? If any one who reads my letter will do this, please may he or she write either to you or to me and say so, and then we can arrange between ourselves just how we are going to do it.

"FROM LIFE." BY RUTH E. CROMBIE, AGE 15.

Dear ST. NICHOLAS, I have no brother or sister or playmate, so I have been very glad to make your acquaintance, and am looking forward to seeing you again next month. Till then, good-by, with love and best wishes. Yours affectionately,
ELSA BAX CARLTON CLARK (age 8).

HELENA, MON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There is a queer thing about my age and the year Montana was admitted to the Union. I was born August 8, 1889, and Montana was admitted November 8, 1889, so that I am just two months older than the State I live in.

I hope to compete in the next month's work.

Wishing you all the success and prosperity you so honorably deserve, I am your faithful friend,
DOROTHY HOWRY.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading in the ST. NICHOLAS about squirrels, and thought that you might like to hear something about the squirrels of Kankakee, Ill.

Kankakee is a small place, but there are hundreds of squirrels there. The town protects them, and there is a fine of twenty-five dollars for killing squirrels.

They are very tame, and many of them will eat out of your hands. Their nests are very much like large birds' nests, built of twigs and dry leaves.

If you give a nut to a squirrel without taking the shell off he will bury it.

On bright sunny days you can see thirteen or fourteen playing on the lawn. They look as if they were playing "I spy" among the branches, and showering the others with twigs.

I had a squirrel once that if you would scratch on a piece of bark he would come right away.

There was once a little squirrel who used to come in the kitchen window to be fed; if it was shut he would scratch on the pane.

I gave a squirrel some roasted peanuts once, but he would not eat them. They will not eat any but raw ones.

MARY MARGARET WORTHINGTON (age 12).

BALMAIN, SIDNEY, N. S. W., AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read you for such a long time, ever since I could read. I like "The Junior Cup," "Quicksilver Sue," "Pretty Polly Perkins," "The Story of Betty," and "The Boys of Something Ranch" (I can't think of the proper name) best. I have been very interested in the Letter-box, and I thought some of your readers might like to hear a little about me.

A few years ago I lived in Parramatta, in one of the oldest houses in Australia. It was built by convicts, and was over a hundred years old. It was said to be haunted, and there was one gate where none of the servants would go after dark. When having a new post put in, the skeleton of a man, with chains on it, was found under the post. There was one tree down the front where it was said that the convicts used to be hanged on. But I can't be sure that this is true. There were numbers of other ghosts said to be there, but I can't say whether they are true, either.

There were lots of drives about there, and we were very fond of going to a place called the buttercup field. There were buttercups, wild violets, and ferns growing all about, and everything was so pretty.

I am very interested in your Nature and Science, and the other day I caught a beetle all black, with green stripes on its back and yellow stripes underneath. I have never seen one like that before. Another day I found a nest of spiders' eggs. They were such dear little things! Sometimes of an evening I watch the ants; they are so interesting.

I should like some French girl to write to me in French, and I would write to her in English — she to write to my address.

I remain, dear ST. NICHOLAS, your interested reader,

MARGUERITE G. PELE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking you for three years and like you very much.

The other day some one around here set a steel trap and caught an eagle. It was not what we call a very large one, but it measured seven feet from the tip of one wing to the other.

Eagles are very numerous around here. They live on ducks and fish, and have been known to carry off young lambs, so you see the people who have sheep are glad to have eagles killed.

We also have the sea-gull. They lay their eggs in a small hole in the sand. They do not sit on the eggs in the daytime, but only at night.

I would like to correspond with some boy in a city between fourteen and sixteen. My address is

ALBERT READ WESCOTT,
POPLAR BRANCH, N. C.

"FROM LIFE." BY MURIEL CONSTANCE EVANS, AGE 15.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY IN KOREA.

HAIJU, KOREA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have lived in Korea ever since I was born (12 years), and have been a League member three or four years. I won a prize in one of the advertising competitions. In these Eastern countries we find that a great many things have been in use for hundreds of years that we Americans take pride in as the result of Western ingenuity and energy. Korea can boast of having built the first suspension-bridge, used the first movable type, manufactured wood-pulp paper; and all these she had before the United States was born. Two hundred years before the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* were dreamed of Korea had her ironclad (the first ever built), and with it destroyed the invading Japanese fleet. Quite a good deal has been said about the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy, yet Korea had her system of wireless telegraphy three hundred years before Marconi's great-grandfather was born. By this system, which centers in Seoul, the farthest boundary is in direct and almost immediate communication with the capital. The stations are a system of beacons scattered over all the country, and the messages are sent by means of fire signals, which vary according to size, number, and kind. I inclose two photographs of a beacon near Haiju. It is the capital of the province of Whanghai Do. Haiju is about a hundred miles from Seoul. It means sea town. It is a walled city. Perhaps in another letter I may send you some photographs of the picturesque walls and gates of this interesting city. Your devoted reader, H. H. UNDERWOOD.

NORTHUMBERLAND, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to you to tell you of a trip that we had to the Canary Islands, as I thought it might interest some of your readers.

It was fairly rough when we started from Liverpool. A little time after we got on board a huge wave came crashing through my skylight and soaked everything in the cabin, so I and my sister had to sleep in the ladies' cabin for two or three nights till our own was dry. But altogether we enjoyed the voyage very much.

When we got into port at Santa Cruz (Teneriffe) we did not go on shore, but waited till the next day, when we should be at Las Palmas (Grand Canary), where we were going to land.

When we got there we all went on shore in a little steam-tug which was nearly under water. Then we drove to the Metropole Hotel — where we were going to stay for a fortnight — in a *tartarna* (I think it is spelled that way), which is a rickety little carriage, which tore along the sandy road. We expected every minute to be tossed out, but we arrived safely at our destination. The people are very queer; they are nearly always shouting and screaming at something or other. The men wear white cotton trousers and shirts and very brilliantly colored sashes; usually these are crimson, being dyed with the cochineal insect, which is found in great quantities there. The women wear ordinary blouses and skirts, and over their heads they wear large shawls; but in the country the women tie round their heads brightly colored handkerchiefs.

We had a friend living there, which was very nice, as he knew of all the places roundabout which would be worth seeing, and he also could speak the language — which was Spanish — perfectly.

One day we saw the crater of an extinct volcano. It is supposed to be the most perfect in existence. It was just like a huge basin, and at the bottom there was a little farm. We did not go down, though.

Another time we went to a place called Atalaya, where the people are very wild. They make very pretty pots, of which we bought a lot. All the children came shouting round, asking for pennies.

I remain your interested reader,

JOYCE PYBUS (age 11).

BROOKLINE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can't tell you how happy I am to be a winner in the League, and what I think of the beautiful badge. How many times I have tried in vain to win the coveted prize! But "practice, patience, and perseverance" always win the race. Even now I am not satisfied. I mean to have the gold badge yet, and I would n't much mind having a five-dollar bill in my pocket; but this is expecting too much. When I think of the hundreds that are aiming at the same goal it seems pretty hopeless for "poor me."

Your grateful and devoted friend,

ARNOLD W. LAHEE.

ST. PETERSBURG.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little German girl, and live for the time in St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia. I love to read the ST. NICHOLAS, which my American grandmama sends me. In the winter it is very cold, but in the summer it is sometimes quite hot. In the month of June it hardly ever gets dark. In the winter the ice of the Neva is so thick that one drives and walks over it, and there is even an electric car running across it! The nicest thing in St. Petersburg is the sleighing. The Russian sleighs are very narrow and low. How some of your little girls would laugh to see the fat Russian coachmen! They look as if they had several feather pillows under their coat. I inclose a photograph of the electric car on the ice. Your interested reader,

IRMA VON LÜTTWITZ (age 9).

THE ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

BOSTON, MASS.

In Beverly I have a dog whose name is Rexie. He has been taught to give his paw if he wanted anything. One day he saw a dog with a bone. He gave his paw to the dog who had the bone, as if to say, "Please give me that bone!" Was n't that funny?

ELEANOR CARROLL BANCROFT.

Other interesting and appreciative letters have been received from Vera Cunningham, Mary Tucker, Josephine W. Pitman, Vera Weilepp, Elisabeth Banks, Florence L. Bain, Alice Dessart, Frances Keeline, Dorothy Fay, Horace B. Earle, E. Kathleen Carrington, Vashti Kaye, Jane G. Bennett, Katharine A. Page, Laura S. Dow, Lucy Bonket, Agnes D. Louie, Evelyn O. Foster, Amy Peabody, T. Sam Parsons, Ruth L. Rowell, George T. Bagoe, Ruth Rinehart, Charles M. Foulke, Jr., A. H. Kyd, Edna Wise, J. Foster Hickman, Alfred P. Clarke, Gladys Lenore Tilyard, Geo. W. Cronyn, Elsie Schobinger, Christine Graham, Gertrude T. Nichols, Katherine Inez Bennett, Mildred D. Yenawine.

"FROM LIFE." BY DOROTHY OCHTMAN, AGE 11.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

PROSE 1.

Marion Jacqueline Overton
Enola Ward
William Newton Coupland
Elsa Clark
Dorothy Averill
Marion Lane
Joseph W. McGurk
Helen M. Spear
Katharine Stoddard Williams
Maude Bloom
Mary Elsie Newton
Hilda M. Ryan
Elizabeth McCormick
Willia Nelson
Effie C. Watson
Louis F. May
Allene Gregory
Eleanor Hissey
Mary Yeula Westcott
Virginia Wainwright
Elaine Sterne
Chester T. Swinnerton
Elizabeth R. Eastman
Pauline Sawyer
Frances C. Reed
Mildred Newmann
Frances M. F. Randolph
Katherine T. Halsey
Harriette Irene Baer
Ona Ringwood
Julia Wilmarth Williamson
Mabel Fletcher
Helen Dean Fish
Margaret M. Sammond
Frederick D. Seward
Irma Leone Whepley
George Maclean
J. F. Fiebeger
Edith Hunt
Clara Shanafelt
Marion A. Rubicam
Catharine H. Straker
Marie Kurz
Ruth B. Beshgetour

PROSE 2.

John Rice Miner
Bianca Lee Robinson
Priscilla C. Goodwyn, Jr.
Jas. B. Taney
Louise Taylor Preston
Harriette Kyler Pease
Clarence Irving Chatto
Alice Brockway
Emma Bugbee
Ruth F. Londoner
Ellen Dunwoody
Ellen W. Prosser
Ruth McNamee
Olive Benbrook
Lorraine Andrews
Ivy Varian Walshe
Eloise E. Garstin
Helen Greene
Eleanor C. Hamill
Helen R. Schlesinger
Carleton W. Washburne
Elsie Luyties
Marion K. Dilliard
Mabel Wheeler
Lola Hall
Paul H. Smith
Dorothy Walker
Margaret Jones
Helen Wilson
Katherine Taylor
Mathilde Parlett
Dorothy Kent
Anna C. Heffern
Alberta Eleanor Alexander
Katharine Post Ferris
Irvin C. Poley
Mary Anna Yandes Wheeler
Lucy H. Catlett
Esther M. Silsby
Katharine Nora Steinthal
Margaret Douglas Gordon
Agnes L. Weed
Lucy Bonker
Emilie A. Ide
Rosamond Ritchie
Ellice C. von Dorn

VERSE 1.

Sara M. Snedeker
Maud Dudley Shackelford
A. Elizabeth Goldberg
Doris Francklyn
Jessica Nelson
Angus M. Berry
Florence L. Bain
Minnie Chase
Katherine Kurz
Isadore Douglas
Wilkie Gilholm
Isabel Blue
Helen Read
Marie J. Hapgood
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Kathleen T. Nolan
Gertrude T. Nichols

VERSE 2.

Alice Braunlich
Pauline K. Angell
Loretta Garry
Daisy James
Mary E. Osgood
Irma Castle Hanford
Emily Rose Burt
Frances E. Gardner
Ethel Steinhilber
Elsie F. Weil
Ruth Frost
Esther Leslie Reeve
Lillie Vollrath
Helen L. Scobey
Arvine Kelley
Eleanor Taylor
Elsie May George
Bolling Hall Handy
Robert Gillett
Ruth T. Abbott
Margaret Kephart
Grace E. A. Field
Helen Anthony
Katherine G. Chapin
Helen Strehlan
Mary C. Tucker
Dorothy Chapman
Margaret Merriam Sherwood
Mary Blossom Bloss
Lisbeth Harlan
Mary S. Coolidge
Freddie Warren
Edith Louise Smith
Katharine Hammond
Mary Daniel Gordon
Marguerite Eugenie Stephens
Marguerite Borden
Dorothy McKee
Helen R. Janeway

DRAWINGS 1.

Rita Wood
Jesse Friedley
Arthur Gladstone McCoy
Ruth Adams
Florence Murdoch
Frances Ada Mitchell
Anna B. Carolan
Miriam A. De Ford
Thomas Porter Miller
Nancy Barnhart
G. Everett Williamson
Hilda Kohr
Katherine Schweinfurth
Kathrine Forbes Liddell
Courtland Ninde Smith
Dorothy Loeb
Wm. O'Donnell
Phoebe Wilkinson
Raymond G. Murphy
Saidee E. Kennedy
H. H. Cassidy
Joseph B. Mazzano
Helen Cronyn
Margery Fulton
Elizabeth Chapin
Russell S. Walcott
Ella E. Preston
Mary Hazeltine Fewsmith
Margaret Peckham
Elinor Hosie
Ruth Flower Stafford
Bessie B. Styron
Marjorie Newcomb Wilson
Margaret Lantz Daniell
Vieva Marie Fisher
Margaret McKeon
Maurice T. Martin
Nancy Huntly
Shirley Willis

DRAWINGS 2.

Margaret Dobson
Charlotte Ball
Helen M. Lawrence
Georgina Wood
Emilie C. Flagg
Mary W. Woodman
Evelyn O. Foster
Jeanette Stern
Jean Herbet
Ethel Land
Katharine Beaumont Allison
Philip Little
Hester Martha Conklin
Edna Pearl Penn
Helen E. Jacoby
Alice Esther Treat
Anna Howell
Mary L. Crosby
Alice Hartich
Dorothea Clapp
Mel C. Levey
Charlotte Morton
Aimee Vervalen
Elsa Falk
Edna Youngs
Harry Smith
Raymond S. Frost
John L. Binda
Pauline Croll
Florence Mason
Clarice E. Smith
Enid Elizabeth Gunn
Dorothy Adams
I. Bouve Souther
Dorothea M. Dexter
Walter V. Johnson
Elizabeth Pardee
John George Wood
Margaret C. C. Brooks
Harold Gunther Breul
Jack J. Hinman, Jr.
Edith Plonsky
Clark Souers
Dorothy F. Howry
Gertrude Elizabeth Allen
Sumner F. Larchar
Leila Tucker
W. A. Anderson
Elizabeth Robinson
Marie Atkinson
Joseph Charlat
Anna E. Foster
Amy L. Moore
Jack Morse
Charlotte Waugh
Charlotte Pennington
Katie Nina Miller
Florence Gardiner
Mildred Glover
Julia Coolidge
Sophia T. Cole
Margaret Ellen Payne
Margaret Shayse
Dorothy Mulford Riggs
Patience Barron
Elizabeth B. Simpson
Isabel Howell
Eugene V. Connett
Mildred Willard
Majel Buckstaff
Howard R. Patch
Thomas Ware Maires
Phebe Ropes
Edna Stevens
Henry Emerson Tuttle
Louise Miller
Mary F. Cromer
Catherine D. Shepherd
Mary Ross
Ethel Messervy
Louise Gleason
Margery Bradshaw
Hilda Bronson
John Sinclair
J. E. Fisher, Jr.
Calvin Hooker Goddard
Bessie Brown
Arthur Graham Carey
Margaret King
Katherine Dulsebella Barbour
Robert Gannett
Elsa Hempe
Stanto Azoy
William Hazlett Upson
Katharine Thompson
Eleanor Wilson
Ellen Winters
Henrie Wickenden
Donald McNamee
Elizabeth W. Henry
Henry I. Fitz
Paul Mayo McNamee
Joseph B. Cumming, Jr.
M. R. Beltzhoover
Frances Shippen
Winifred Wood
Russell L. Bruch
Katharine Avery Leeming
Elsa Rochester Farnham

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Dean M. Kennedy
Henry Ormsby Phillips
Angelica Mumford
Robert Scarborough Erskine
Janet Lance
Constance Freeman
Carl Dusenbury Matz
Frank J. Trelease
Julius Golde
Clarence L. Hauthaway
Howard John Hill
Woodruff W. Halsey
Marion L. Howarth
John S. Perry
Hugh Wells Hubbard
Grover T. Corning
George Schobinger
Edith Prindeville
Walter P. Schuck
Farrell S. Durment
Muriel Foster
Mildred R. Betts
Florence R. T. Smith
Ethel Derby
Gertrude Winans
Alice L. Cousens
Elizabeth Walbridge
Mabel W. Whiteley
Dorothy Williams
Anita Tinges
Philip H. Bunker
Ruth Anthony
Jeanette B. Fuqua

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Fred A. Messervy
Florence L. Kenway
Elizabeth B. Milliken
W. W. Swayne
Thad R. Goldsberry
George T. Bagoe
William Laird Brown
Elizabeth H. Briggs
Miriam Russell
Marjorie Taylor
Elizabeth Morrison

Walter I. Barton
Edith Wesley
Lawrence Sheridan
John P. Phillips
Edward McKey Very
William Keller
Abbott L. Norris
Lawrence T. Hemmenway
Levant M. Hall
Janette Bishop
Nora Brainard
Gertrude W. Smith
Amy Eliot Mayo
Leila Houghteling
Marguerite G. de Neuf
Roderick Classen
T. Sam Parsons
Ruth M. Turner
Alice Tattersall
Frederick Doyle
J. Stuart Jefferies
George E. Goldthwaite
Marguerite T. Rose
Angela Hubbard
Aloise M. Gebhardt
Donald Ford
Ruth Perkins Vickery
Marie Russell
Wellesley Armatage
Beverley Lambe
Joe R. Shriver
Amy M. Walker
Arthur K. Hulme
Eleanor Park
Katharine L. Marvin
Pauline Greider
Robert Gummey
Cynthia J. Stevens
Marjorie Freeth
Josephine S. Raymond
Margaret Prussing
Mildred Barbara Scholle
Amy Peabody
Gertrude H. Henry
Phyllis M. Critcherson
Marjorie Mullins
H. Marguerite Wickham
Edith M. Deacon
Mary I. Fletcher
Elizabeth Bryant
Elizabeth G. Olyphant
Gertrude V. Trumplette
Kenneth W. Payne
Rosalie Day
Edith Fish
Randolph Payne
J. Faxson Passmore
Dorothy Gray Brooks
W. Caldwell Webb
John Campbell Townsend
Harold M. Hirsh
Thorndike Saville
Carolyn C. Bailey
Chalmers Hall
Henry Reginald Carey
Harvey Deschere
Char. Jernegan, Jr.

Roberta Haslett
Jane B. Wheeler
Harry H. Dunn
Harrison Fuller
Ignacio Bauer

PUZZLES 1.

Gertrude Louise Cannon
Bonnie Angell
E. Adelaide Hahn
Olive A. Brush
Margaret Stevens

Ella L. Baer
Margaret W. Mandell
Louise Fitz
Elisabeth L. Whittemore
Eleanor Marvin
Ferdinand W. Haasis
Dorothy G. Thayer
Vera A. Fueslein
Raymond Stringfield
Walter J. Schloss
Elmore McKee
Mary Clarke

"FROM LIFE." BY LETTY S. McDONALD, AGE 14.

Robert Cox
Marjorie Holmes
Dorothy Knight
Lillian Jackson
Joseph Wells
Dorothy Carr
Clarence A. Southerland
Alastair Hope Kyd

PUZZLES 2.

Bertha V. Emmerson
M. Enid Hately

Competition No. 49 will close **October 20** (for foreign members **October 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for January.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Title to contain the words "Trees" and "Winter."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words. Title, "The Story of a Word," being the history of the origin, use, and evolution of any word the author may select.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Action."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, one illustration for "Boxer and the Goslings," published in this issue, and "A Heading for January."

Puzzles. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answer. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild-animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

EVERY contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 49.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A Special Cash Prize. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, *a cash prize of five dollars* will be awarded, *instead of another gold badge.*

"TAILPIECE." BY MARION MYERS, AGE 9.

BOOKS AND READING.

THE COMPETITORS.

In order that you may have your attention free for other matters, we will begin by telling you the names of the prize-winners in the July race —writing a description of an act of kindness, courtesy, or bravery. Here are the three successful competitors:

Emma Bugbee (15), Methuen, Mass.
Dorothy Place (10), Westwood, Mass.
Constance H. Irvine (11), Minneapolis, Minn.

The judges also demanded that especial honorable mention should distinguish three more:

Mabel Fletcher (16), Decatur, Ill.
Fern L. Patten (16), Richmond, Kan.
Hazel D. Peeke (17), Chicago, Ill.

We print the little story which all the judges decided to be the best received—though there was some disappointment expressed that the story came to no conclusion. Of course we all believe that the wandering father was able to conduct the castaways to their home, but we should like to know how he got over that big boulder. Won't the author let us know?

A LITTLE COMFORTER.

By Emma Bugbee.

Yes, they were lost! They had started off so gaily, and had such a happy time on the summit! and now, tired, hungry, frightened, with clothes torn, faces and hands scratched and bleeding, they came to a pause in the wilds of Monadnock.

This was the reason. The father, who was fairly familiar with the mountain, had proposed "cutting 'cross lots." But they had walked and walked without a sign of the path. Over stones and through underbrush they had stumbled until the little one cried with weariness. Then papa picked him up, and on they went. They all were tired and nervous. Papa amused them with stories and called their attention to the birds and flowers. But the grown-up daughter noticed the ever-increasing anxiety which he tried to hide from the children, and she, in her turn, helped him by being cheery and hopeful.

No one mentioned such a thing as being actually lost. On they went. At last they came to a little mountain brook. The father saw it with joy, for he knew that it must lead them to familiar spots at the foot of the mountain. They followed the stream with renewed hope but greater difficulties, for the bed was rocky and slippery. But when they saw looming up before them a huge boulder, seemingly impassable, the father halted in despair. All the party felt his hopelessness. The little one struggled with his tears, for he was *so* tired. Then he remembered that he was "mama's little man" and must comfort papa. He slipped his little hand into the big brown one, and looking smilingly into his father's anxious face, said:

"Are n't we having a good time, papa?"

THE GREAT OCEAN.

The surface of the earth is, as your geographies have been careful to inform you, more than two thirds water, and consequently the larger part of the globe is that which is known best to sailors. And yet, of all the items that have been published in this department, not one has been especially devoted to the books that treat of life on the ocean wave and homes on the rolling deep. It is time we remedied this omission.

Let us, therefore, this month make books relating to the ocean or to sea life the subject of our next prize competition, but giving the subject a new heading, so that little Henry Readstoofast and little Mary Skimmer may not in their great haste overlook the competition, and thus deprive us of what light they are able to shed upon the subject.

THE PRIZE COMPETITION.

Three prizes of subscriptions to St. Nicholas, or an equivalent value in books published by The Century Co., will be given to the readers under eighteen years of age who will send us the best list of books on subjects relating to the sea and sea life. The object is to collect the names of good books for young people who love to read about the ocean and its wonders, of sailors, ships, adventure at sea, and information about the sea—both story-books and books of information that young people would like to read. You may obtain all the help you can from your elders, for the object of the competition is to secure a good list—not necessarily

a *long* one. Twenty or thirty good volumes are better than fifty or a hundred worse chosen. Send your lists to the Books and Reading department before September 25, 1903.

ADVICE DESIRED. Two young correspondents have written asking that lists of books be recommended for girl readers. One is sixteen years of age, and asks "what books a girl of sixteen should read, and should have read?" The other has been disturbed by reading the paragraph, in this department for August, entitled "Wait-a-bit." It will be remembered that Thackeray's "Esmond" was there said to be too old for young people's reading. This correspondent also desires to know whether Dickens is too old for her. She is thirteen.

This is a case where a young girl should find her best advice from those who know her most intimately. You all must have learned that there is much to be considered besides years in estimating "age." The question of home associations, of friends and surroundings, generally must be thought of in deciding when a young reader is mature enough for any especial book or author.

Indeed, a bright young girl of good judgment should be able to decide for herself whether she is properly choosing her reading. She will know whether a book is doing her harm or good, and then, if she is sensible, she will protect herself from it or reap all possible benefit from its pages.

As for book lists, there have been published in this department the names of more good books than are needed to supply any of you with reading through your teens. It seems a waste to give up space to repetition of these names.

Librarians, if properly approached, will gladly recommend good books. They have made it their life-work to know, and are willing to share the knowledge.

The same correspondent adds, "Don't forget poetry." But all the generally popular American poets — Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Emerson — may be read with profit and pleasure. Their books are gardens free of noxious weeds, wherein you may wander as your taste may direct.

As to prose, we repeat the counsel, "Go to those elders who know you best."

THE NATURE BOOKS. It is to be hoped that during your vacations you have made acquaintance with some of the new books that are guides to the great mysterious world upon which we all are traveling through space. Nowadays there is no excuse for not knowing something about the animals and plants, for the knowledge is put up in so attractive a shape that it may be taken like bonbons from a box, instead of being hammered out of the hard rock of scientific lingo that so long withheld it from the less learned. But, as has been hinted before in these pages, do not make all nature your province. Select the one subject which most interests you, and keep to that — if it is only the shape of leaves or the habits of ants or the plumage of birds.

WHAT IS A "CLASSIC"? If some young readers were to define a "classic" according to their honest impressions, they would say that "classic" was another word for "stupid." Let us ask a really good authority to tell us what the term means. Under the word in the Century Dictionary, Lowell is quoted thus: "A *classic* is properly a book which maintains itself by virtue of that happy coalescence of matter and style, that innate and requisite sympathy between the thought that gives life and the form that consents to every mood of grace and dignity, . . . and which is something neither ancient nor modern, always new and incapable of growing old."

This sounds like high praise, and Lowell was no stupid, dry-as-dust old professor, but one of the jolliest, funniest, brightest, and noblest of critics, poets, and essayists. *He* would n't like stupid books. Let us see whether we cannot put his definition into words the younger readers will understand better than the ones Lowell used for older ears. Let us say, following him, that "a classic is a book that lives because it says rightly what is worth saying, and is grave or gay as fits its purpose, living on because readers continue to love it." Or, to put the matter more shortly, "a classic is a book that is too good to die." Remembering this, when you hear a book called "classic" by a capable critic, it should be a work worth examination at least.

THE LETTER-BOX.

MARION, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old, and I have lived in North Carolina for over six years. I am a Northern little girl, but I have two very nice Southern friends. I go to school, and am in the sixth grade.

I have taken you ever since Christmas, and like you very much. I like "King Arthur and his Knights," the best of the stories. We have a horse named "Mary Ann," and I ride her, and I sometimes drive.

I love to read the Letter-box, and as most of the members tell about their pets, I will tell about mine. I have a black-and-white cat named "Spot," and a squirrel that has been with us for over a year, and he bites strangers sometimes, but has never bitten me.

Your interested reader,
RUTH MACNAUGHTON.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have ever written to you.

I think I will tell you a true story now about Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow, two little birds who lived in a nest under the eaves of our house.

One morning a very sad accident happened to Mrs. Sparrow. She was ready to fly away from the nest, when her foot caught in some of the straws, and there she hung, so high that we could not reach her.

She hung there and soon died. Poor Mrs. Sparrow! What would Mr. Sparrow do without a wife?

Then all the birds came from the trees, fluttering and making such a twittering noise all around the window where we were watching. The next morning, very early, the birds met again to talk of some way to get Mrs. Sparrow down from the nest.

One of the birds must have told all the other birds a plan, for they began to tear down the nest, and before we were up Mrs. Sparrow and the nest were down in the vines on the porch.

Then Mr. Sparrow chose a new wife, and built a new nest in the same place; and there we can see them both, Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow No. 2, living happily together.

Your little reader,
MARION WHITE ROWLAND (age 8).

HAMBURG, OKLA.

DEAR OLD FRIEND ST. NICHOLAS: Several years ago I wrote to you, but my letter was not published, so I thought I would try once again, and also send you a picture to illustrate it.

We are living on the side of a big, red, stony hill, a few hundred yards from the Washita River, in a red stone house, with double window in the south for flowers, and flower-beds on the south and west.

We lived for several years in the valley, in a nice, shady elm grove; but the river overflowed and scared us out, so we had to climb the hill.

We used to have two pet deer, "Joe" and "Major." Joe was a big, quiet fellow, a great friend of the dogs with whom he would drink milk out of a pan, "Dot," the cat, helping them. A happy family indeed!

"COW-BOY." DRAWN BY AUGUSTA I. CORSON.

Both of the deer were caught when they were little spotted fawns. I was fortunate enough to get Major with the help of my pet pony, "Jane."

They became very tame, but would occasionally wander several miles away, and so they were both killed, although they wore red collars and bells.

The country has filled up so much with settlers that there is not a deer to be seen now.

When the country was wild there were great herds of cattle on the ranges, and cow-boys were a common sight, with an occasional one who could roll a cigarette while seated on a bucking bronco.

My drawing, which accompanies this, represents such a one. I draw nearly all Western life and scenes.

Yours truly,
AUGUSTA I. CORSON.

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the winter, as a rule, I go to Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, which is quite an old city.

There is a little negro village out of Halifax, and the negroes come into the city every Saturday. They always drive an ox, and they drive in a rude wooden cart which they make themselves out of trees. The negro who was driving an ox one day by our house stopped to sell some sticks to a person who lived next door to us. As he was unloading his sticks I thought I would take a picture of the ox with my Brownie camera. The negro insisted that I should make him pay for taking his picture, and as I would not do this he refused to be taken. I remain, your devoted League member,
MARY GRAHAM BONNER (age 13).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

DIAGONAL. U. S. Grant. Cross-words: 1. Upright. 2. Aspired. 3. Logical. 4. Sparrow. 5. Lockage. 6. Adamant. 7. Servant.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Mary. 2. Area. 3. Rear. 4. Yarn.

SOME OLD-FASHIONED LETTERS. 1. Ruffian, Russian. 2. Fix, six. 3. Fail, sail. 4. Found, sound. 5. Fame, same. 6. Fit, sit. 7. Fat, sat. 8. Fawn, sawn. 9. Foul, soul. 10. Fun, sun. 11. Feat, seat. 12. Fleet, sleet. 13. Fight, sight. 14. Flash, slash. 15. Feed, seed. 16. Fly, sly. 17. Fee, see.

NOVEL ZIGZAG. From 1 to 6, Robert; from 7 to 11, Burns. Cross-words: 1. Rest. 2. Corn. 3. Barn. 4. Peru. 5. Robe. 6. Stop.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, John; finals, Penn. Cross-words: 1. Jump. 2. Once. 3. Horn. 4. Noon.

DIAMOND. 1. S. 2. She. 3. Stems. 4. Sherman. 5. Emmet. 6. Sat. 7. N.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Sir Edwin Landseer. Cross-words: 1. Stud. 2. Dirk. 3. Cart. 4. Cone. 5. Pods. 6. Ewer. 7. Inch. 8. Ends. 9. Bolt. 10. Flea. 11. Fans. 12. Ides. 13. Spar. 14. Tear. 15. Reed. 16. Boar.

ZIGZAG. Hurrah for vacation. Cross-words: 1. Hoist. 2. Ruddy. 3. Cargo. 4. Ivory. 5. Maria. 6. Sight. 7. Muffs. 8. Hover. 9. Rebel. 10. Avert. 11. Beast. 12. Larch. 13. Arena. 14. Forty. 15. Olive. 16. Dogma. 17. Night.

OCTAGON. Upper Octagon, Dumfries; lower octagon, Landshaw. Cross-words: 1. Rumbled. 2. Deified. 3. Scarify. 4. Reining. 5. Brigand. 6. Mallard. 7. Prowess. 8. Hurrahs.

DIAGONAL. September. Cross-words: 1. Secretary. 2. Centerbit. 3. Applicant. 4. Doctrinal. 5. Extremely. 6. Facsimile. 7. Plausible. 8. Submerged. 9. Protector.

CONNECTED WORD-BLOCKS. From 1 to 2, Longfellow; from 3 to 4, Paul Revere. I. 1. Pail. 2. Echo. 3. Plan. 4. Brag. II. 1. Pale. 2. Alms. 3. Ugly. 4. Lean. III. 1. Agile. 2. Afire. 3. Level. 4. Olive. IV. 1. Wool. 2. Full. 3. Also. 4. Plow. V. 1. Vest. 2. Easy. 3. Rude. 4. East.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from Joe Carlada — Sara Lawrence Kellogg — M. McG. — Marjorie Anderson — Bessie Garrison — Christine Graham — Alice T. Huyler — The Spencers — Frances Hunter — Florence Steel — "Chuck" — Laura E. Jones — Adeline C. Thomas — Lillian Jackson — Olga Lee — Allil and Adi — "Johnny Bear" — Elliot Quincy Adams — Rosalie Aylett Sampson — Elsie Turner — Lilian Sarah Burt — Marion E. Senn — George T. Colman — Rachel Rhoades — Jessie K. Angell — Harold M. Sawyer — Olive R. T. Griffin — Betty Brainerd — Wilmot S. Close.

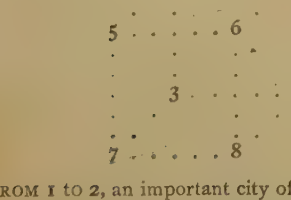
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from L. F. Lacy, 1 — D. Nevin, 1 — R. Wisner, 1 — H. Tripp, 1 — S. Lamprecht, 1 — E. B. Beatty, 1 — E. Brale, 1 — R. Turner, 1 — K. Clark, 1 — R. C. Case, 1 — Alma Risch, 1 — C. V. Perkins, 1 — M. R. Woodard, 1 — G. Post, 1 — H. Kingsley, 1 — P. Carter, 1 — Irene Beir, 1 — T. Vinal, 1 — Alice W. Brockett, 2 — S. Lawrence Levengood, 2 — A. W. Coldham, 1 — J. B. Marr, 1 — D. Hungerford, 1 — Malcolm Bogue, 9 — Elizabeth Pilling, 2 — Dorothea M. Dexter, 7 — Gertrude Coit, 2 — Catherine H. Steel, 7 — D. Stewart, 1 — L. M. Bullitt, Jr., 1 — Zelme E. Hamlin, 2 — Katherine L. Hamlin, 2 — M. Chapin, 1 — Eleanor Underwood, 9 — Nettie Barnwell, 5 — M. A. Hovey, 1 — R. L. Moss, 1 — L. Williams, 1 — Emilie and Anna, 4 — Edward Bentley, 3 — Madge Oakley, 7 — Ruth Bartlett, 9 — Helen Jelliffe, 9 — J. Elliott, 1 — E. Dreher, 1 — Margaret C. Wilby, 8 — Sidney F. Kimball, 9 — Ruth MacNaughton, 6 — Jean S. Davis, 4 — Irma J. Gehres, 6 — C. H. Smith, 1 — Nathalie and Marian Swift, 8 — A. L. Arnold, 1 — Laurence T. Nutting, 9 — Deane F. Ruggles, 9 — C. Knight, 1 — W. G. Rice, Jr., 3 — Margaret Sagendorph, 8 — W. T. Slover, 1 — Rufus S. Frost, 1.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. SECURE. 2. Tart. 3. To march in a line. 4. Paradise. HELEN L. JELLIFFE (League Member).

GEOGRAPHICAL CUBE.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition).



FROM 1 TO 2, an important city of Ireland; from 1 to 3, a region along the northern coast of Africa; from 2 to 4, a seaport on the northern coast of Africa; from 3 to 4, a river of Siberia; from 5 to 6, one of the United States; from 5 to 7, the name of the yacht which won the cup in 1851; from 6 to 8, a town and county in Vermont; from 7 to 8, the name of some islands in the Bay of Bengal; from 1 to 5, one half of the name of a small island off the coast of Norway, a little farther north than the city of Bergen; from 2 to 6, the name of a lake and volcano in Sumatra; from 4 to 8, a county in Wisconsin; from 3 to 7, a county in Arizona. LEONARD BARRETT.

INSERTIONS.

EXAMPLE: Insert a letter between a notch and a cord, and make a variety of German silver. Answer: Nick-e-line.

1. Insert a letter between a pronoun and the price of passage, and make happiness. 2. Insert a letter between want and a division of a week, and make an exclamation of despair. 3. Insert a letter between a small carriage and era, and make a vegetable. 4. Insert a letter between a tavern and a coin, and make free from guilt. 5. Insert a letter between a name for a parent and a machine invented by Eli Whitney, and make an edge. 6. Insert a letter between an article and something used in the laundry, and make a fire-dog. 7. Insert a letter between a support and a means of entrance, and make to disseminate. Insert a letter between a feminine nickname and a suffix meaning "like," and make infantile.

The inserted letters will spell an annual holiday.

MARJORIE HOLMES (League Member).

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described are of equal length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the name of a Roman orator, the middle letters the name of a Roman poet, and the final letters the name of a Roman soldier.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Relating to a city. 2. The smallest of the Balearic Islands. 3. An enchantress slain by Ulysses. 4. Borders. 5. A Spanish word for destruction. 6. One who conveys contraband goods.

MARJORIE FAY.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

WHEN the nine objects in the above illustration have been rightly guessed and the names placed one below another in the order given, the initial letters will spell the name of an old-time celebration. Designed by

ROGER K. LANE.

CONCEALED WORDS.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Is drab a gray color? To the concealed word in this sentence add R, transpose the letters, and make to snatch. Answer, bag-r, grab.

1. The next event will be a spelling-match at the district school. Add C, and make to seize.

2. Bayard Raymond lives three doors from my house. Add H, and make a many-headed monster.

3. Carlo returned for some more lunch. Add N, and make to register.

4. "Was Henry going?" they asked. Add L, and make a covering for the shoulders.

5. I said to Sambo, "Others will need you." Add A, and make to forbid.

6. All the questions but one we answered correctly. Add V, and make a kind of small turnip.

7. Clarissa kept her medal in a purple case. Add U, and make a Russian edict.

8. Yellow fever is a common disease at many tropical ports. Add E, and make to torment.

9. Wilbur entered at that moment. Add S, and make austere.

When the nine new words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals and finals will each name something good which comes in October.

H. A. BUNKER, JR.

INTERLACING ZIGZAG.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

. 1 . . 11 .
. . 2 12 .
. . 13 3 . .
. 14 . . 4 .
15 5
. 16 . . 6 .
. . 17 7 . .
. . 8 18 . .
. 9 . . 19 .
10 20

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A narrow passage. 2. To desert one party or leader for another. 3. The last movement of a symphony. 4. Viewing with bold side glances. 5. Withering. 6. Consequence. 7. Affected with ill humor. 8. One who rails. 9. An instrument for holding a ship in one place. 10. To shun.

From 1 to 10, a feminine name; from 11 to 20, a famous American.

THURSTON BROWN.

CONCEALED WORDS.

IN each of the following sentences one word is concealed. When read in order they will form a well known line.

1. "No thir," said the president, with a youthful lisp; "no, thir, tyranth mutht not be allowed to rule uth."

2. If it rains on Saturday, Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, I shall carry my new umbrella, but I will not wet it on Wednesday, Thursday, or Friday.

3. "Ho! ho! ho!" the boys shouted. "Ha! ha! ha!" the girls laughed; and, indeed, the old horse with a trimmed straw hat was a funny sight.

4. The devout sister always sat in the transept ember-days, which are fast-days, and in the nave on feast-days.

ANNA M. PRATT.

DIAMOND.

1. IN Saturday. 2. A small piece of anything. 3. A large and powerful wild animal found in southern Asia. 4. A beverage. 5. In Saturday.

A. WEINBERG (League Member).

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ONE word is concealed in each sentence. When these have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters will spell the name of an annual holiday.

1. He left me long ago.
2. Eva delayed on the way.
3. Is Harriet able to do it?
4. Was Flo at the party?
5. The jolly old tar rowed quickly.
6. It was always cool and shady in the arcade, though the sun might be very hot outside.
7. Did you read the long saga in the quaint old book about the Norsemen?
9. Have you lived in Troy always?

E. ADELAIDE HAHN (League Member).

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